BOOKS OF SONGS

FIFTH BOOK OF SONGS

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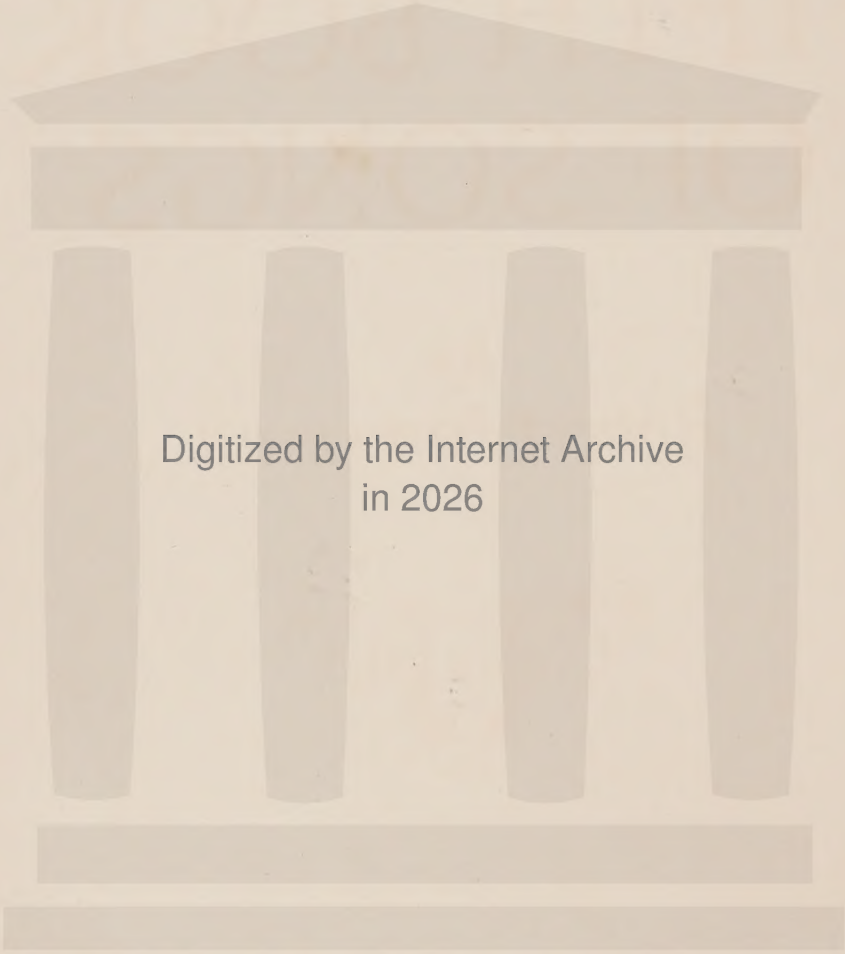
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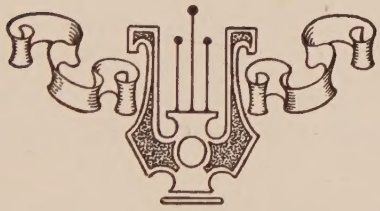
Books of Songs

FIFTH BOOK OF SONGS

by
Robert Foresman



AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
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BOSTON ATLANTA

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Foresman—Fifth Bk. Songs
W. P. 3

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PREFACE

The Fifth Book of the Foresman *Books of Songs* provides the basis for definite training in music for the upper elementary grades or junior high school. It carries out the general plan of the preceding books of the series while meeting the growing demands of the pupils in the higher grades.

The problem for the teacher in presenting music in the schools, beginning with the seventh grade or thereabouts, is to make the sight reading processes begun in the preceding years so definite and so accurate that they of themselves contribute to the spontaneity and expressiveness of the singing.

During the years preceding, a thorough basis of feeling reaction has been laid and the children have been taught to use the technical elements of music in a practical way, since these elements are part of the songs which they have sung. In other words, there are two preliminary steps in musical training: the first is singing songs by imitation without any thought of technical elements or efforts to apply them consciously; the second is the introduction and application of technical elements for the purpose of reënforcing and strengthening the imitative and memory processes. In this way the use of such elements serves a really musical purpose, quickening memory recall, and intensifying mood reaction and expression—the basic factors of musical development.

While the fundamental purpose of music instruction has been served by such use of technical elements, experience shows that most pupils have not gained real, independent power in sight reading at the end of this period—approximately the sixth year. Their knowledge of technical elements and their power to apply such knowledge is too frequently superficial and ephemeral: it will not carry over into the seventh, eighth, and high school grades, nor into after life, should the pupils' music training be stopped at this point.

In order to make sight reading a definite and lasting capacity, the same program of problem study and application as followed in the lower grades must be repeated in the seventh, eighth and ninth grades, the work being readjusted to the greater mental maturity of older pupils. This readjustment is brought about through the greater technical difficulty of the songs and their broader musical content.

Accordingly, songs in this book are arranged in the order of their difficulty. The problems are brought in sequentially, and each problem is repeated a sufficient number of times to fasten it in the mind. The mastery of sight reading is a matter of repetition under emotional reaction at a stage when the mind is so matured that it is ready to register and hold permanently these facts as definitely related to musical expression.

The Fifth Book is so arranged that each two opposite pages may in nearly every instance be considered a musical unit, that is, either a complete song or two or more songs of similar structure. The songs so arranged are almost without exception either

in the same key or in musically related keys. The problems of time are introduced according to a definite plan of gradation; the single and multiple beat tones coming first, then the two tones to the beat, the unequally divided beat, etc. The problems of pitch are introduced in their natural order, beginning with scale and chord progressions and gradually introducing the different interval relations. The same is true of repeated note groups and all problems in musical form; in each instance the method of approach is from the simple to the more complex with sufficient repetition.

The songs in this book have been chosen because each achieves a certain standard of beauty and a consequent emotional reaction. The artistic quality of each song is a challenge to the pupil's interest, and the varying moods expressed will adapt themselves to his ever-growing emotional demands. While a large proportion of the songs are new in their present form, they have been drawn from sources rich in traditional charm, and their feeling-value has been tested through long racial and individual experience.

The changing voices of boys have had ample provision. Most of the unison songs are within medium range. Many part songs provide an alto part of very limited range, not too high for the so-called tenor-alto voice, while the bass melodies, generally speaking, may be sung by most of the boys. Numerous optional bass parts are provided.

The Fifth Book of Songs will be found to have been so planned that its proper use will perfect sight-reading study while at the same time it furnishes a large number of songs of the highest musical quality.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS. The author wishes to express his grateful appreciation of the assistance rendered by the many persons whose services have been enlisted in various phases of the work, and in criticism and suggestion. Especial acknowledgment is due to Miss Laura Bryant, Director of Music in the Public Schools of Ithaca, New York; to Mr. Robert A. Coan; and to Mr. Mayhew L. Lake, who has written many of the harmonizations and accompaniments and whose musical judgments have been of the greatest value.

The words of "Stars of the Summer Night" from *The Spanish Student*, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, are used by permission of, and special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers of this author.

The words of "Uncheeda's Sleep Song," from *Indian Boyhood*, by Dr. Charles A. Eastman, are used by permission of Little, Brown & Company.

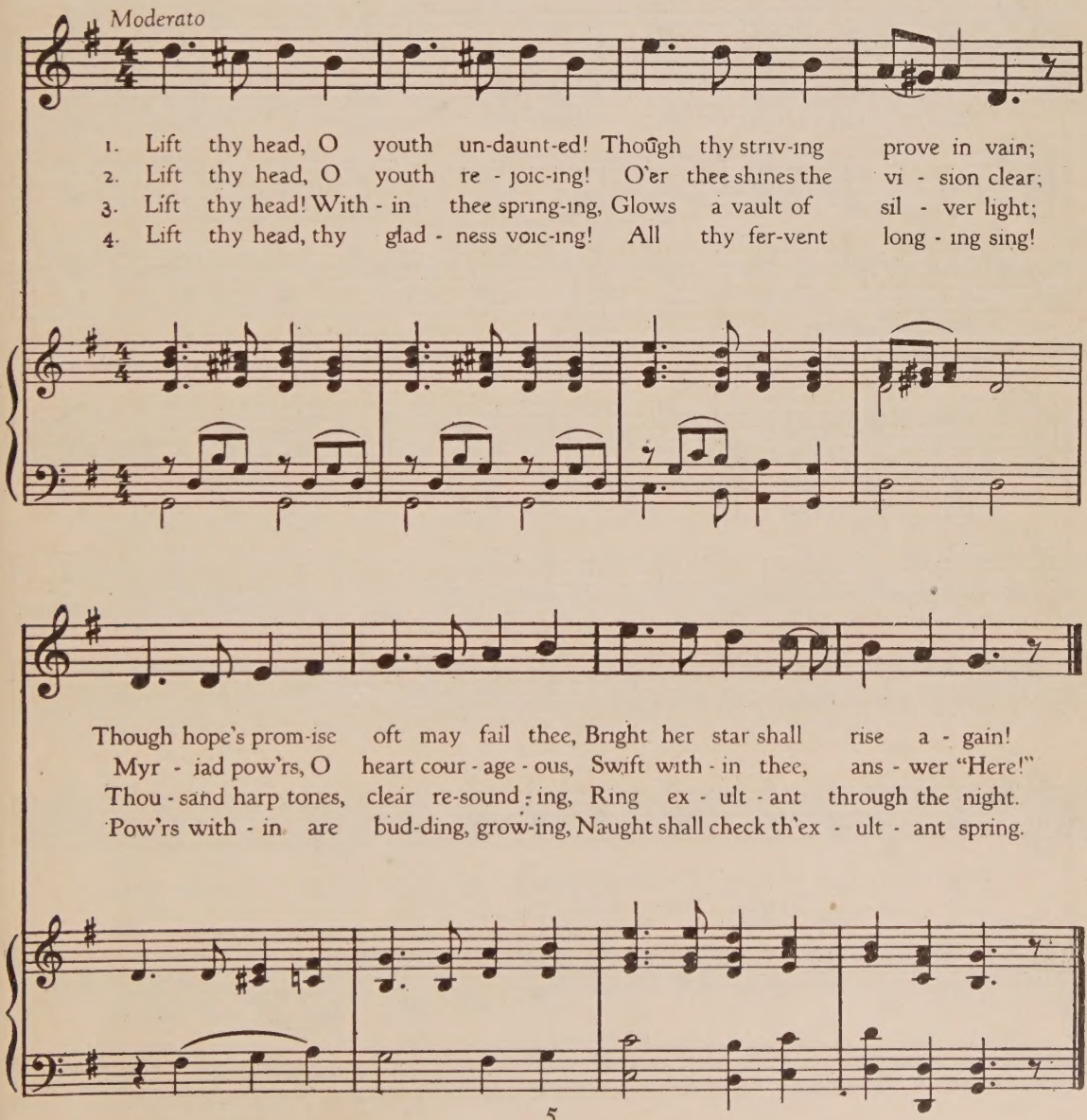
Fifth Book of Songs

LIFT THY HEAD

Translated from
B. Björnson

Hungarian Folk Song

Moderato


1. Lift thy head, O youth un-daunt-ed! Though thy striv-ing prove in vain;
2. Lift thy head, O youth re - joic-ing! O'er thee shines the vi - sion clear;
3. Lift thy head! With - in thee spring-ing, Glows a vault of sil - ver light;
4. Lift thy head, thy glad - ness voic-ing! All thy fer-vent long - ing sing!
Though hope's prom-ise oft may fail thee, Bright her star shall rise a - gain!
Myr - iad pow'rs, O heart cour - age - ous, Swift with - in thee, ans - wer "Here!"
Thou - sand harp tones, clear re-sound - ing, Ring ex - ult - ant through the night.
Pow'rs with - in are bud-ding, grow-ing, Naught shall check th'ex - ult - ant spring.

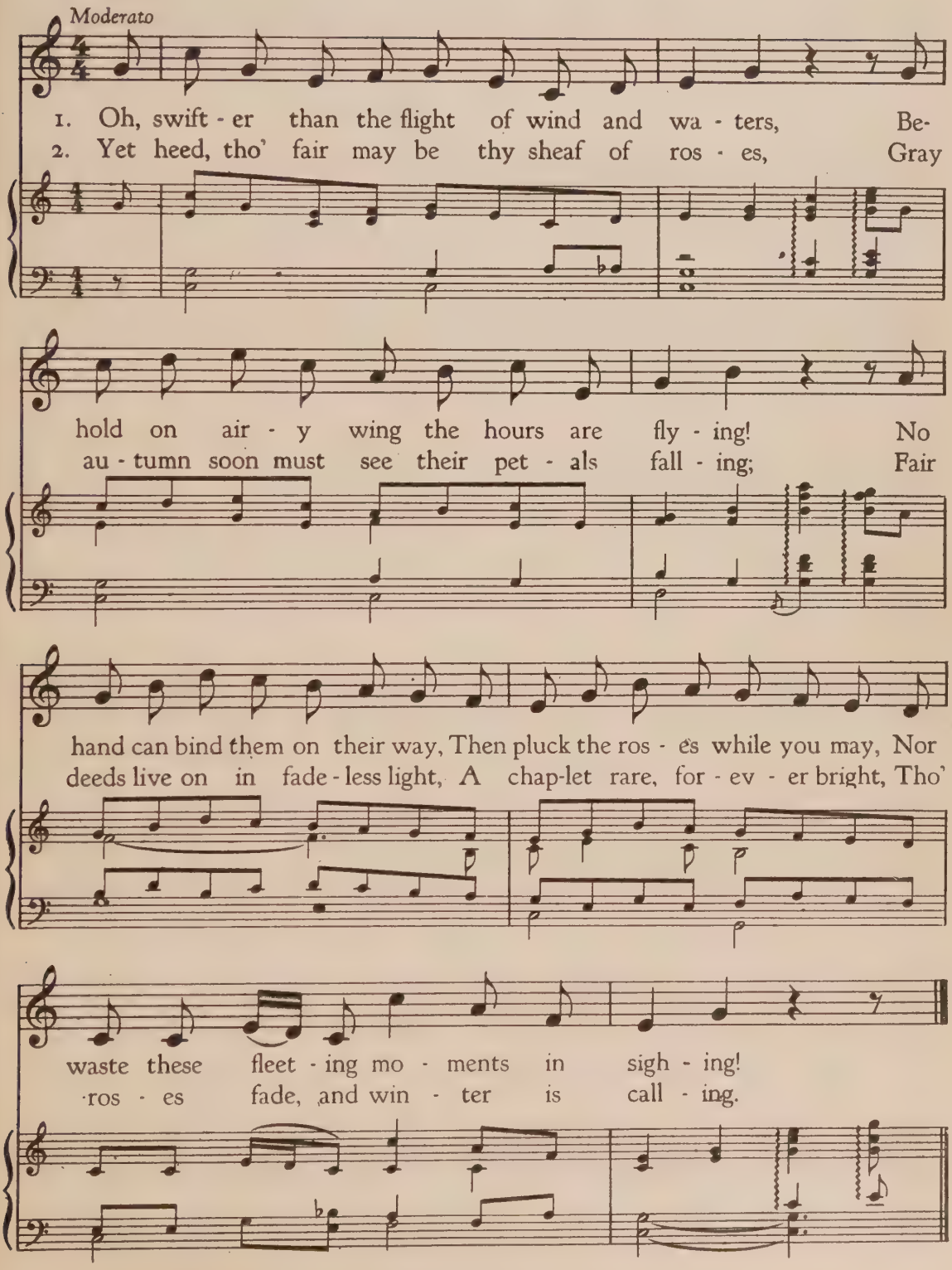
THE FORTY-SECOND PSALM

Adapted from a French Metrical Version — French Chant

Moderato
1. As the thirst - y hart would has - ten Where the cool - ing wa-ters glide,
2. Why, my soul, thus heav - y lad - en, Art thou fear - ful now in me?
So my soul, O Lord, is sigh - ing In Thy dwell - ing to a - bide.
Let me trust the Lord and bless Him, Bless the con - stant care I see.
For the Lord of life and light Thirsts my
Day and night to Him I'll sing, Laud and
Optional Bass
soul both day and night; Glad I come, with ar - dor
praise to Him I'll bring; High - est hon - or glad - ly
near - ing, In Thy pres - ence, Lord, ap - pear - ing
giv - ing, Praise the Lord of all things liv - ing

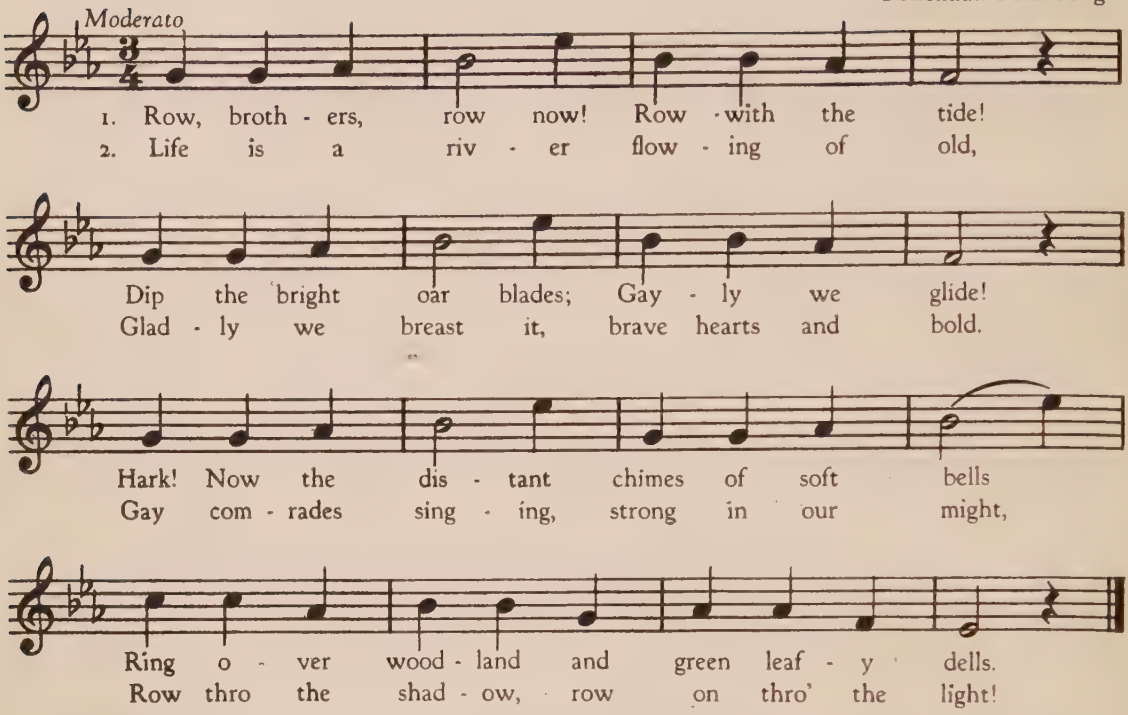
Translated from the German

Robert Franz


Moderato
1. Oh, swift - er than the flight of wind and wa - ters, Be-
2. Yet heed, tho' fair may be thy sheaf of ros - es, Gray
hold on air - y wing the hours are fly - ing! No
au - tumn soon must see their pet - als fall - ing; Fair
hand can bind them on their way, Then pluck the ros - es while you may, Nor
deeds live on in fade - less light, A chap-let rare, for - ev - er bright, Tho'
waste these fleet - ing mo - ments in sigh - ing!
ros - es fade, and win - ter is call - ing.

ROWING

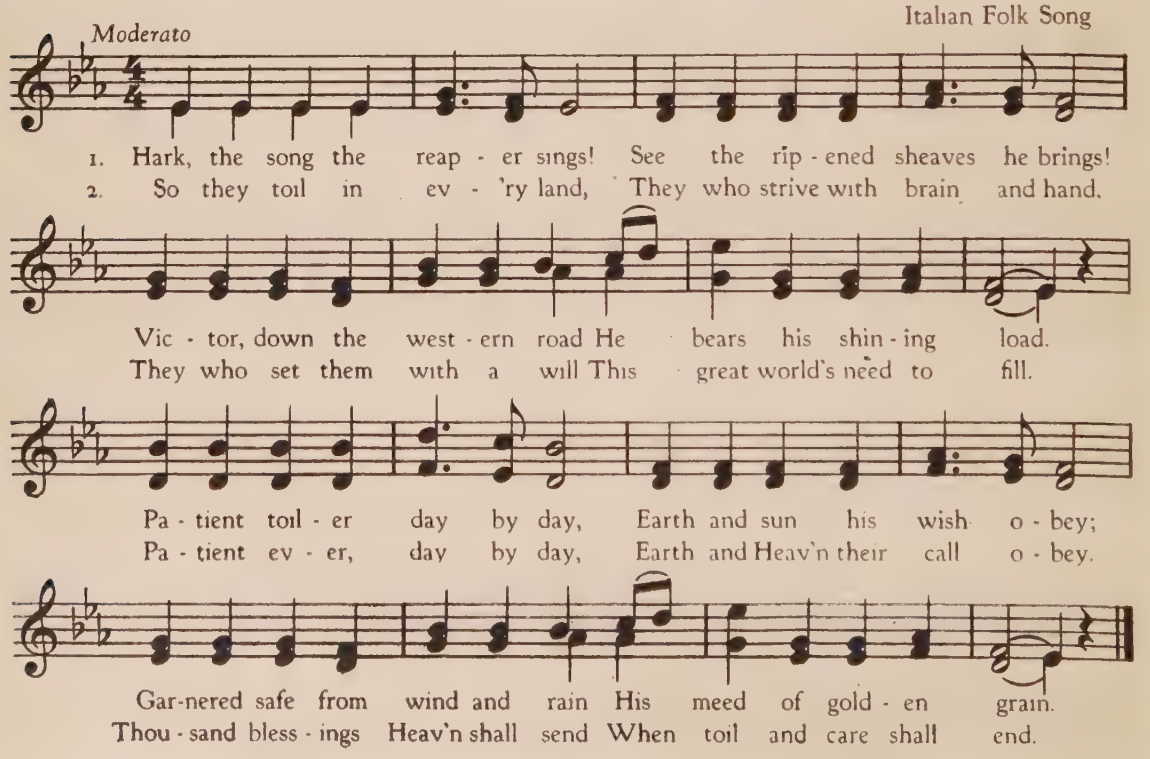
Bohemian Folk Song


Moderato
1. Row, broth - ers, row now! Row with the tide!
2. Life is a riv - er flow - ing of old,
Dip the bright oar blades; Gay - ly we glide!
Glad - ly we breast it, brave hearts and bold.
Hark! Now the dis - tant chimes of soft bells
Gay com - rades sing - ing, strong in our might,
Ring o - ver wood - land and green leaf - y dells.
Row thro the shad - ow, row on thro' the light!

THE REAPER'S SONG

Cecil Cowdrey

Italian Folk Song

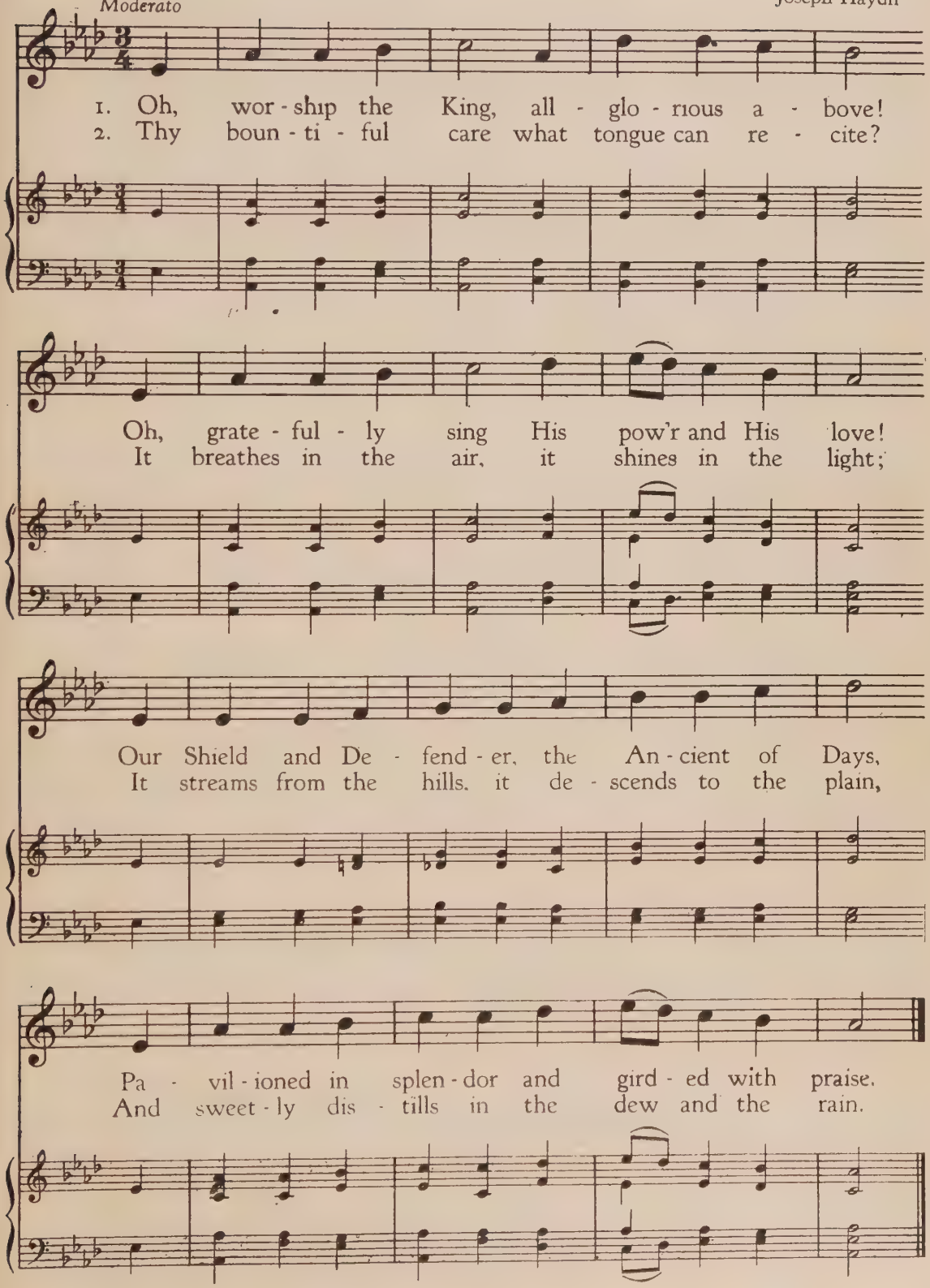

Moderato
1. Hark, the song the reap - er sings! See the rip - ened sheaves he brings!
2. So they toil in ev - 'ry land, They who strive with brain and hand.
Vic - tor, down the west - ern road He bears his shin - ing load.
They who set them with a will This great world's need to fill.
Pa - tient toil - er day by day, Earth and sun his wish o - bey;
Pa - tient ev - er, day by day, Earth and Heav'n their call o - bey.
Gar-nered safe from wind and rain His meed of gold - en grain.
Thou - sand bless - ings Heav'n shall send When toil and care shall end.

OH, WORSHIP THE KING

Sir Robert Grant

Joseph Haydn

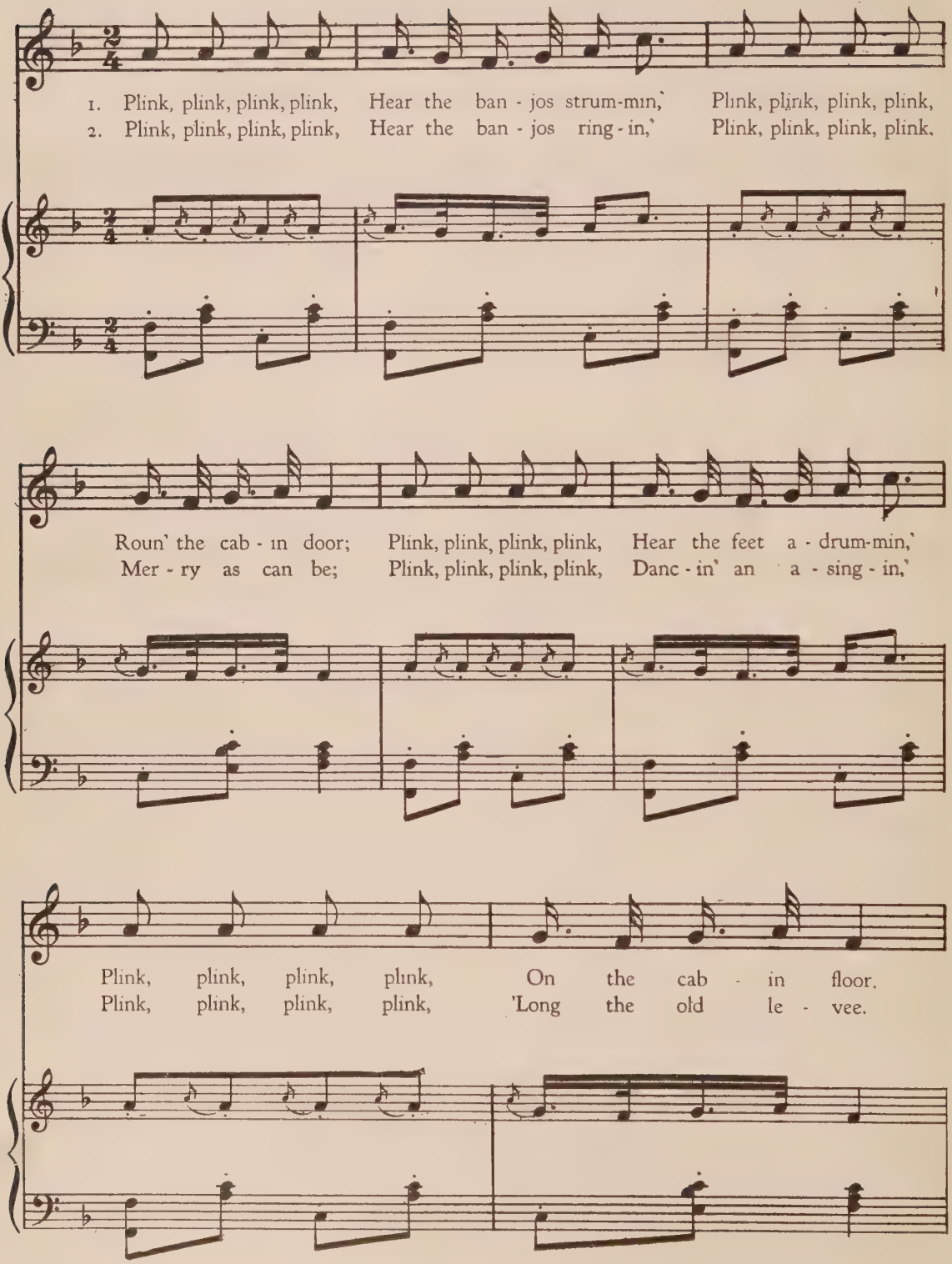
Moderato

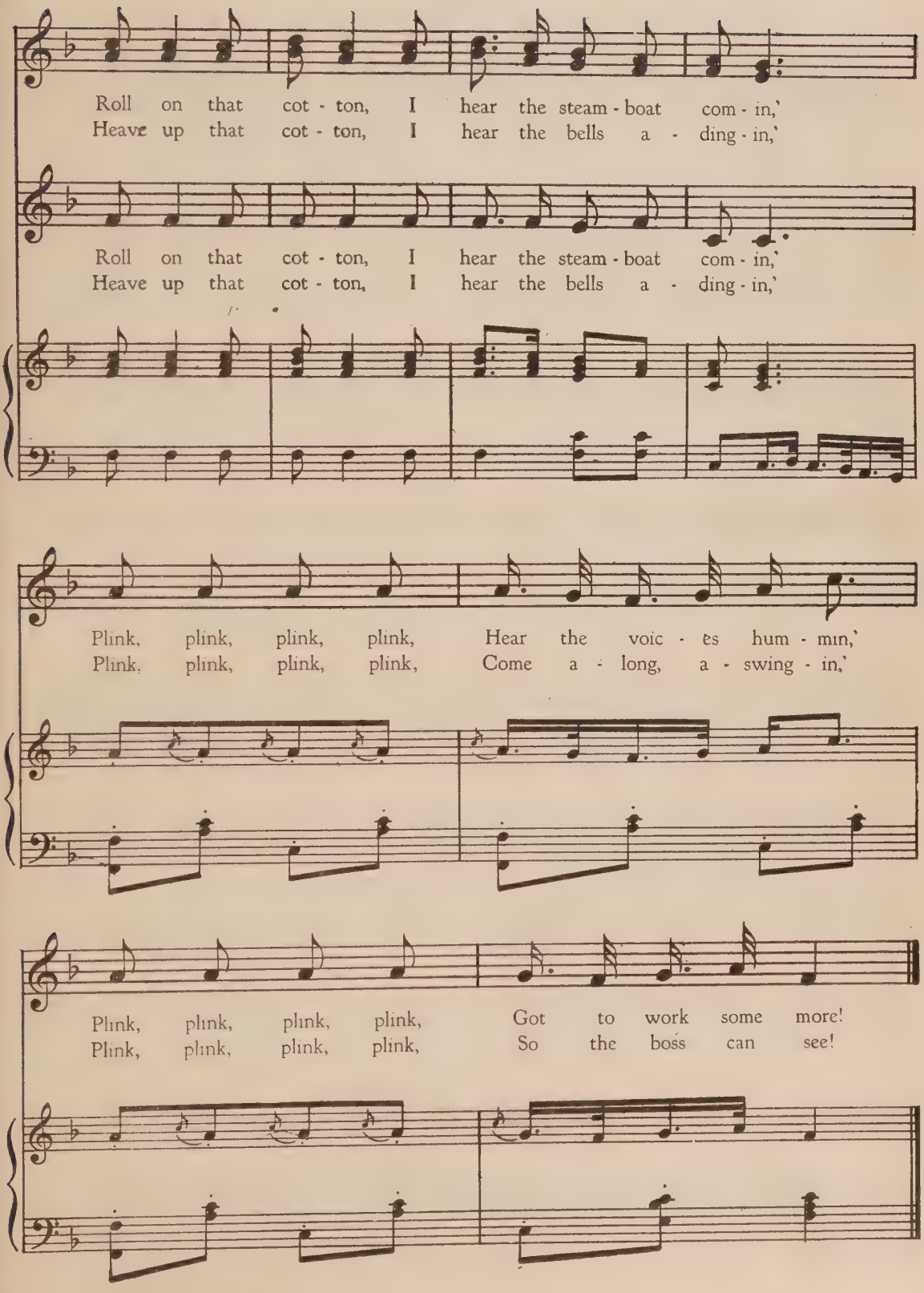

1. Oh, wor - ship the King, all - glo - rious a - bove!
2. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite?
Oh, grate - ful - ly sing His pow'r and His love!
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
Our Shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of Days,
It streams from the hills, it de - scends to the plain,
Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor and gird - ed with praise.
And sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.

ON THE LEVEE

Moderately, but with marked rhythm

American Folk Tune

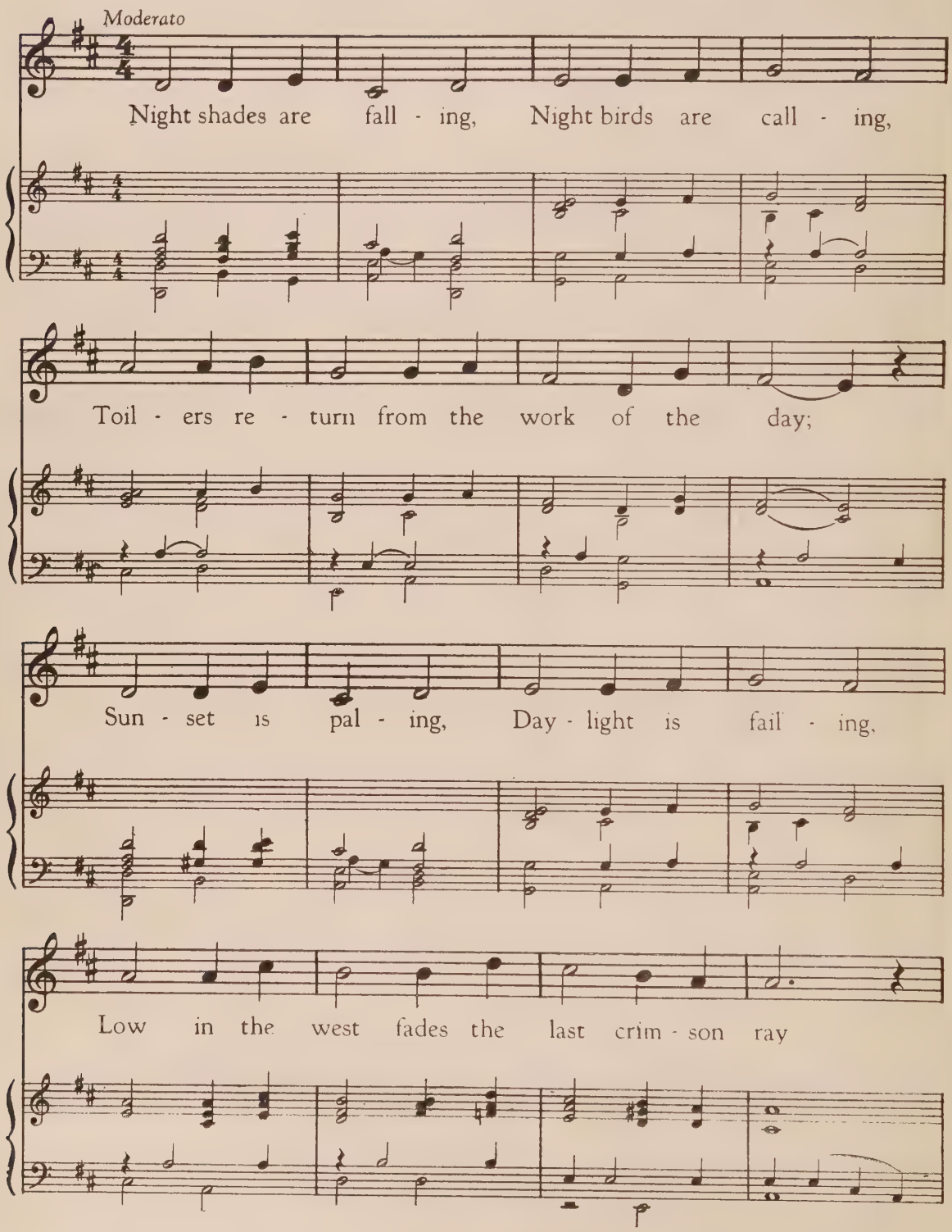

1. Plink, plink, plink, plink, Hear the ban - jos strum-min,' Plink, plink, plink, plink,
2. Plink, plink, plink, plink, Hear the ban - jos ring - in,' Plink, plink, plink, plink.
Roun' the cab - in door; Plink, plink, plink, plink, Hear the feet a - drum-min,'
Mer - ry as can be; Plink, plink, plink, plink, Danc - in' an a - sing - in,'
Plink, plink, plink, plink, On the cab - in floor.
Plink, plink, plink, plink, 'Long the old le - vee.

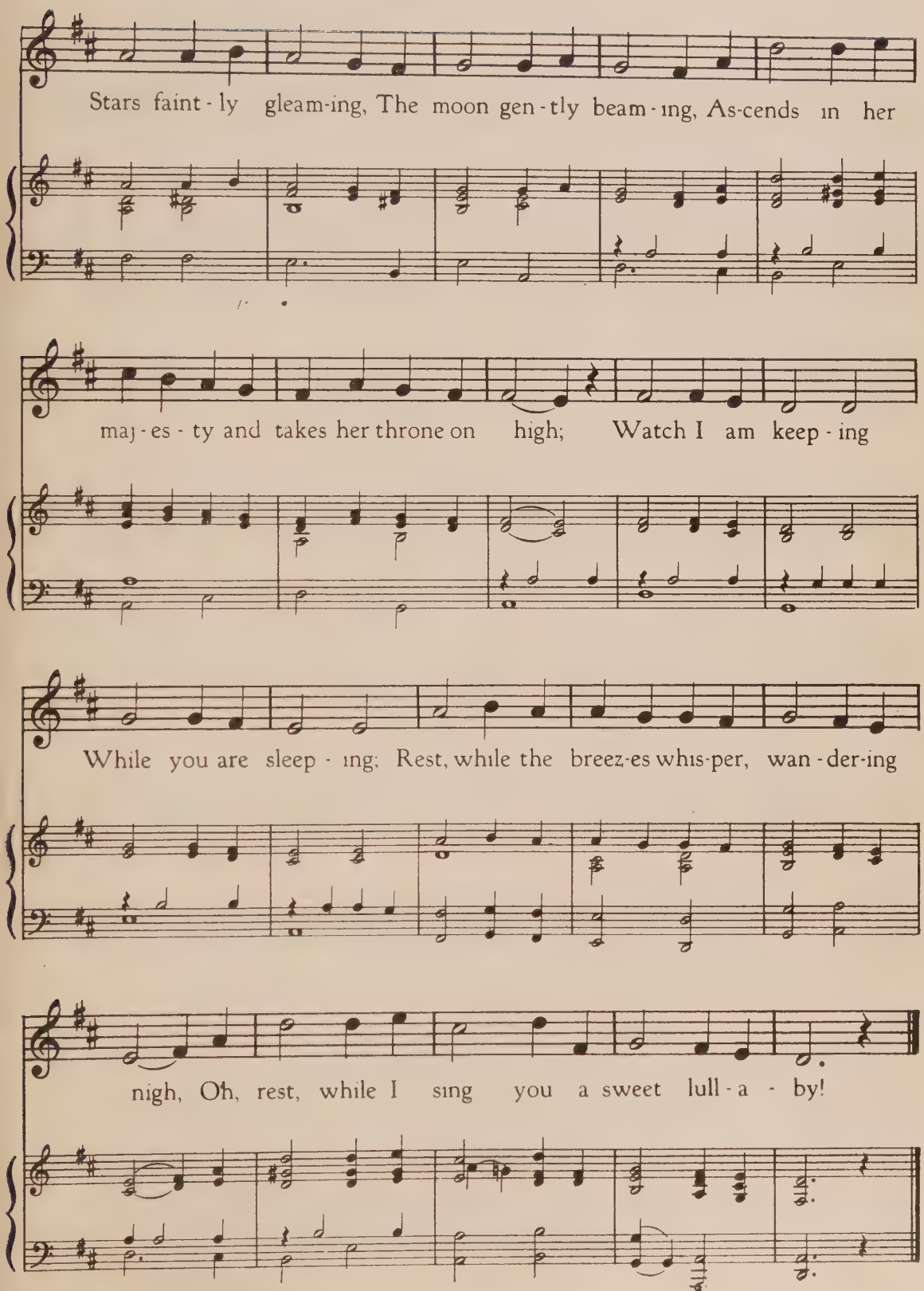

Roll on that cot - ton, I hear the steam - boat com - in,'
Heave up that cot - ton, I hear the bells a - ding - in,'
Roll on that cot - ton, I hear the steam - boat com - in,'
Heave up that cot - ton, I hear the bells a - ding - in,'
Plink, plink, plink, plink, Hear the voic - es hum - min,'
Plink, plink, plink, plink, Come a - long, a - swing - in,'
Plink, plink, plink, plink, Got to work some more!
Plink, plink, plink, plink, So the boss can see!

EVENING SONG

Robert A. Coan

C. W. Gluck
"Air de Ballet" from "Alceste"


Moderato
Night shades are fall - ing, Night birds are call - ing,
Toil - ers re - turn from the work of the day;
Sun - set is pal - ing, Day - light is fail - ing,
Low in the west fades the last crim - son ray


Stars faint - ly gleam-ing, The moon gen - tly beam - ing, As-cends in her
maj - es - ty and takes her throne on high; Watch I am keep - ing
While you are sleep - ing; Rest, while the breez-es whis-per, wan - der-ing
nigh, Oh, rest, while I sing you a sweet lull - a - by!

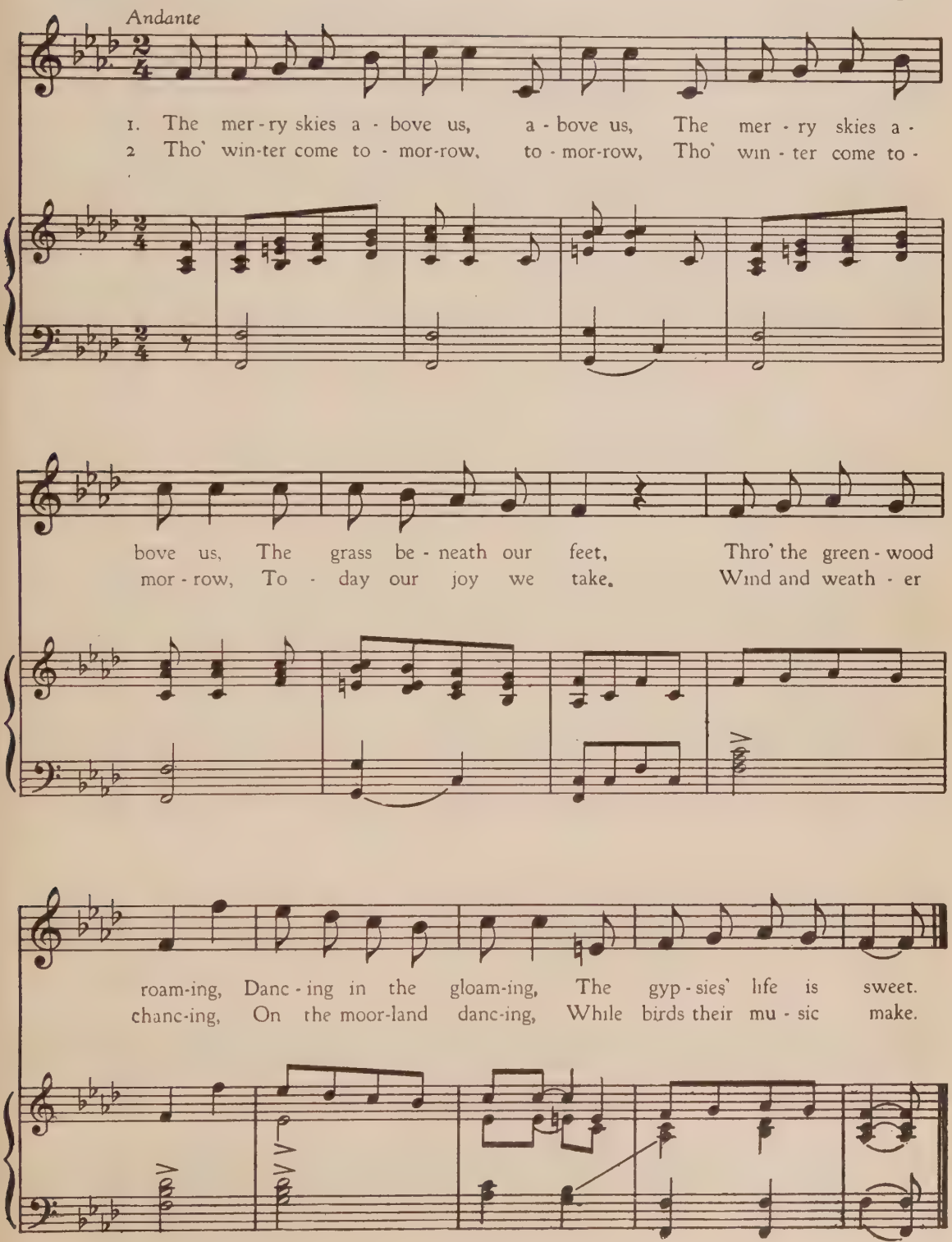
DOWN IN THE VALLEY

American Folk Song
Words and melody from the Kentucky Mountains

Moderato
1 Down in the val - ley, the val - ley so low; Hang your head o - ver,
4. Hear the wind blow, dear, hear the wind blow. Hang your head o - ver,
Hum
Optional Bass
hear the wind blow. 2. Ros - es love sun - shine, vio - lets love
hear the wind blow. 3. Knows I love you, dear, knows I love
Hum
dew. An - gels in Heav - en knows I love you.
you. An - gels in Heav - en knows I love you.
Hum

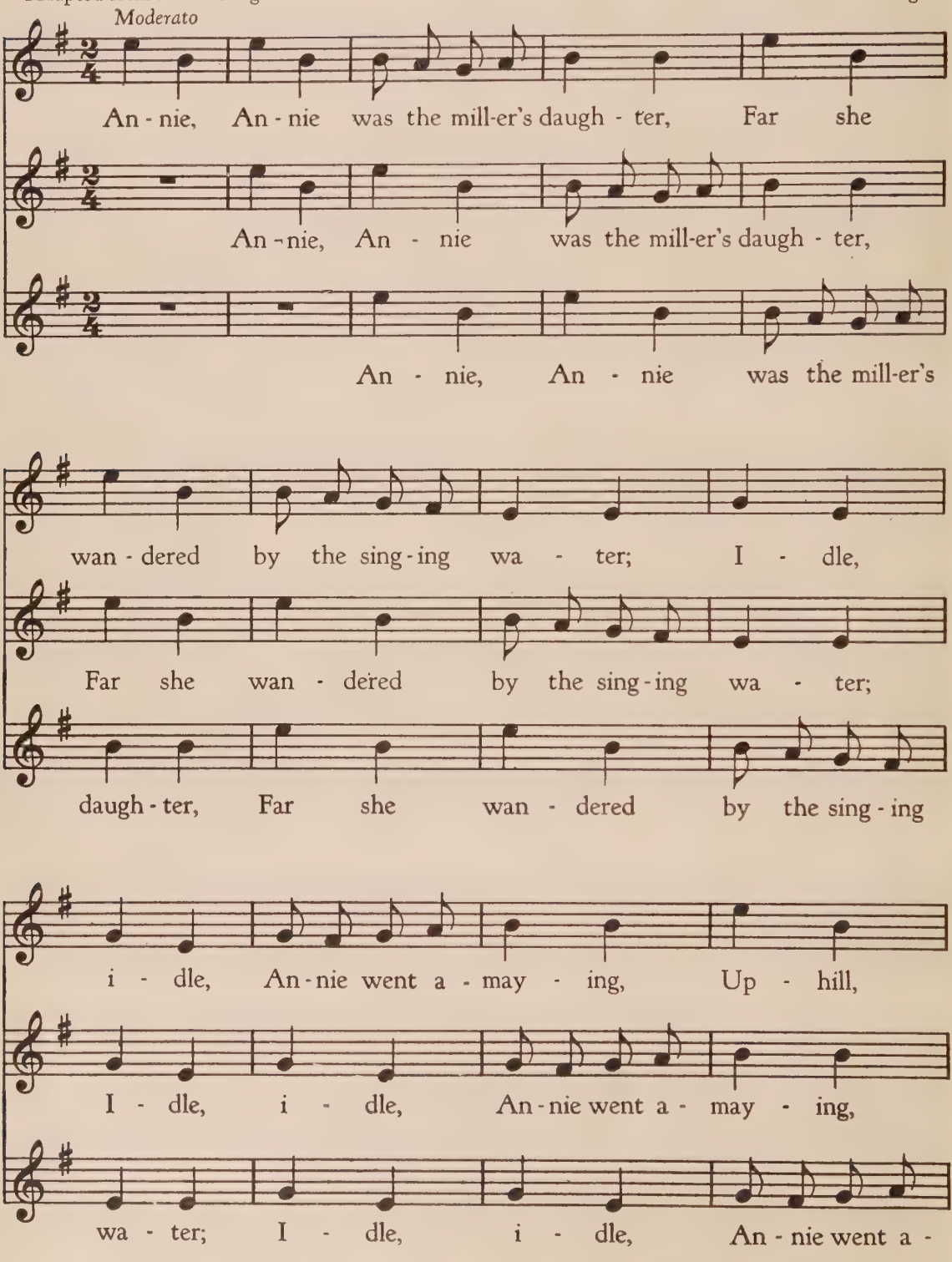
Cecil Cowdrey

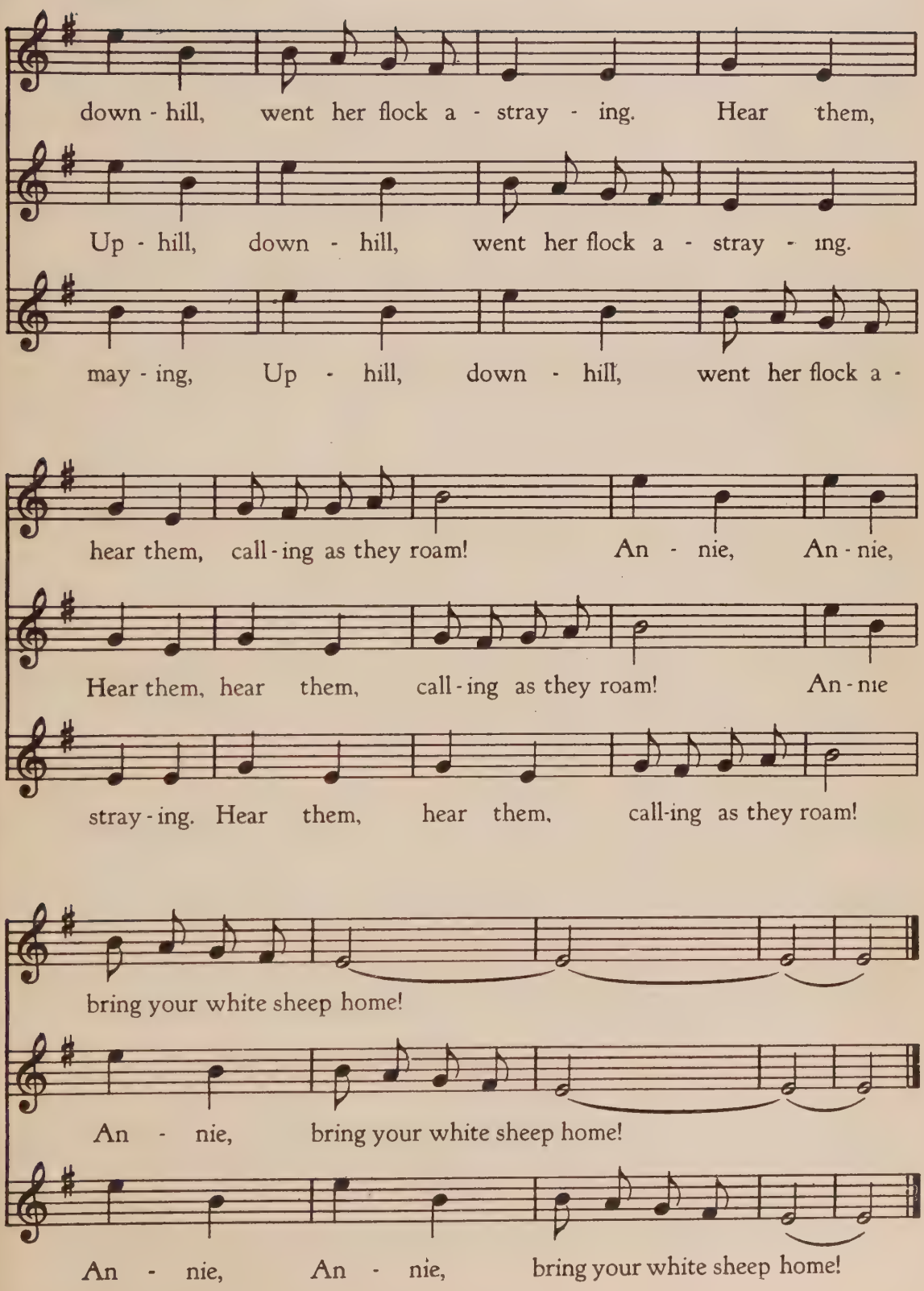
Slovak Folk Song


Andante
1. The mer - ry skies a - bove us, a - bove us, The mer - ry skies a -
2 Tho' win-ter come to - mor-row, to - mor-row, Tho' win - ter come to -
bove us, The grass be - neath our feet, Thro' the green - wood
mor - row, To - day our joy we take. Wind and weath - er
roam-ing, Danc - ing in the gloam-ing, The gyp - sies' life is sweet.
chanc-ing, On the moor-land danc-ing, While birds their mu - sic make.

Adapted from a Folk Song

Slovak Folk Song


Moderato
An - nie, An - nie was the mill-er's daugh - ter, Far she
An - nie, An - nie was the mill-er's daugh - ter,
An - nie, An - nie was the mill-er's
wan - dered by the sing - ing wa - ter; I - dle,
Far she wan - dered by the sing - ing wa - ter;
daugh - ter, Far she wan - dered by the sing - ing
i - dle, An - nie went a - may - ing, Up - hill,
I - dle, i - dle, An - nie went a - may - ing,
wa - ter; I - dle, i - dle, An - nie went a -


down - hill, went her flock a - stray - ing. Hear them,
Up - hill, down - hill, went her flock a - stray - ing.
may - ing, Up - hill, down - hill, went her flock a -
hear them, call - ing as they roam! An - nie, An - nie,
Hear them, hear them, call - ing as they roam! An - nie
stray - ing. Hear them, hear them, call-ing as they roam!
bring your white sheep home!
An - nie, bring your white sheep home!
An - nie, An - nie, bring your white sheep home!

HYMN OF PRAISE

Ludwig van Beethoven

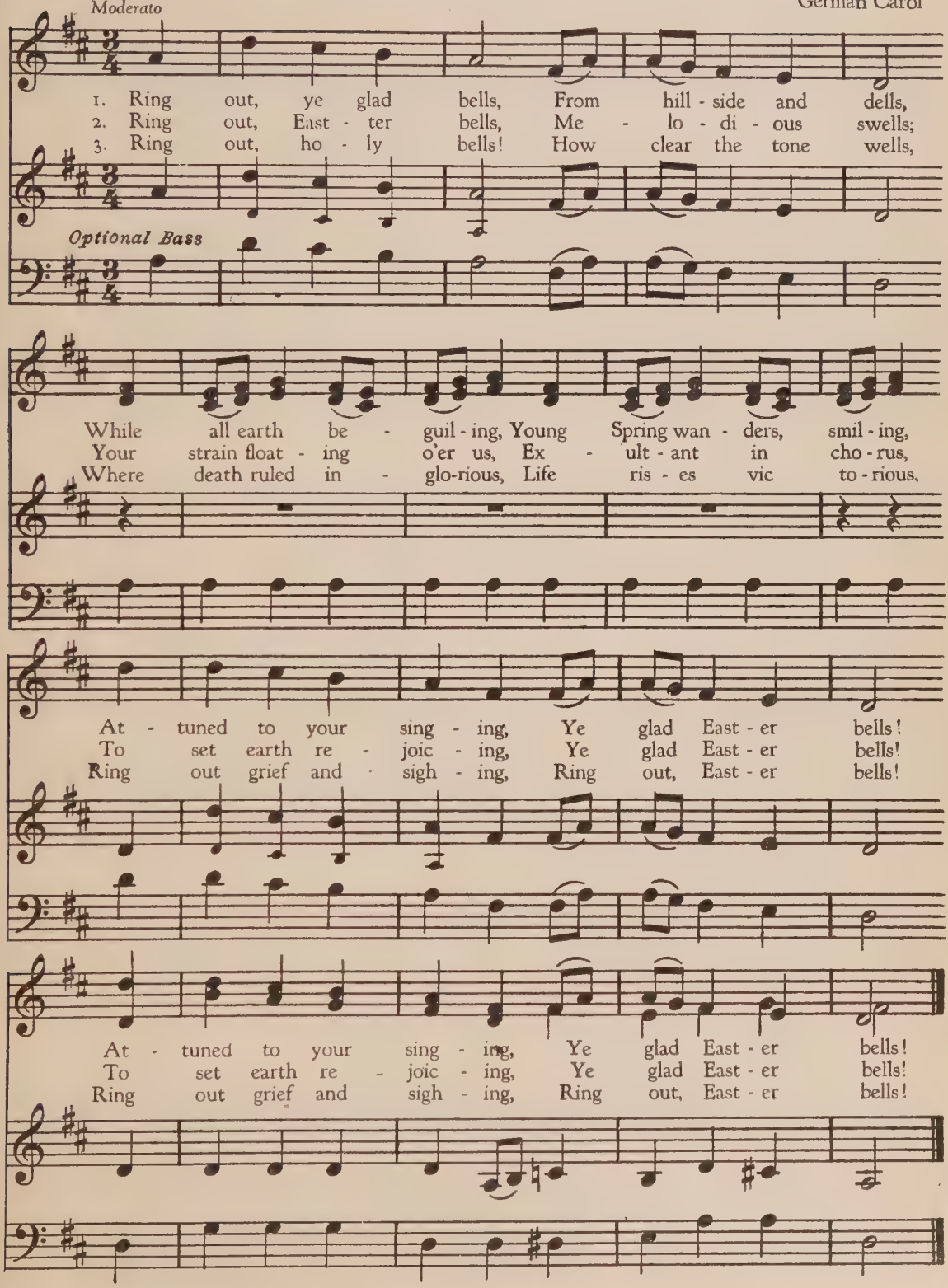
Moderato
1. The sun shines in splen-dor, and blue is the sky,
2. The bil - lows of o - cean are sound - ing His praise,
3. Then lift up your voic - es, ye chil - dren of men,
The birds are all sing - ing with joy as they fly;
Who liv - eth for - ev - er, the An - cient of Days;
Your hearts lift in an-thems of wor - ship a - gain;
The riv - ers are wind - ing be - tween wood - ed shores;
The moun-tains their sum - mits lift up to the sky,
For we, too, will praise Him, the Fa - ther of love,
The whole world of na - ture its Mak - er a - dores.
His al - tars, Who reign - eth e - ter - nal on high.
Who send - eth His pow - er and grace from a - bove.

RING OUT, YE BELLS

Cecil Cowdrey

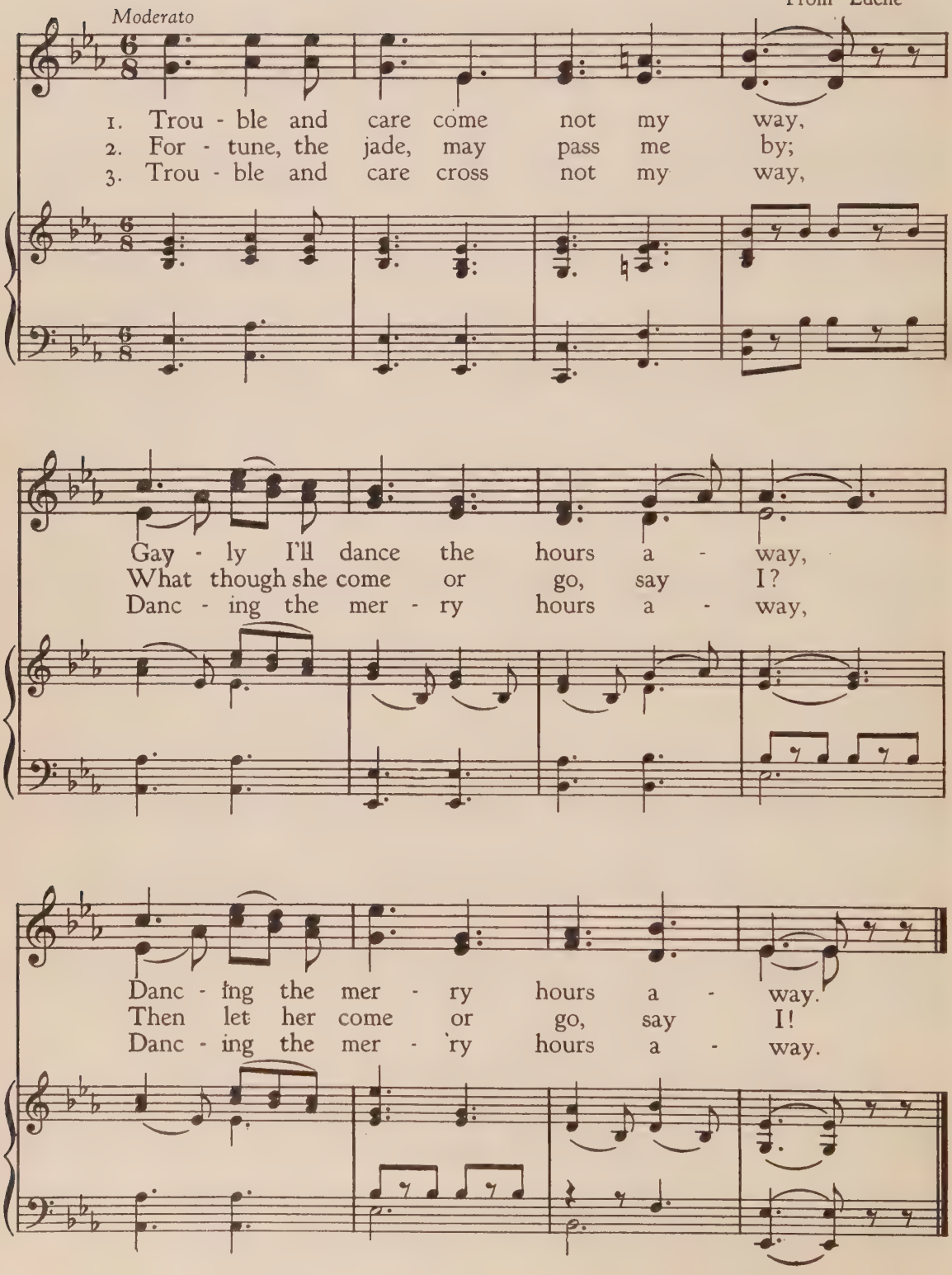
German Carol

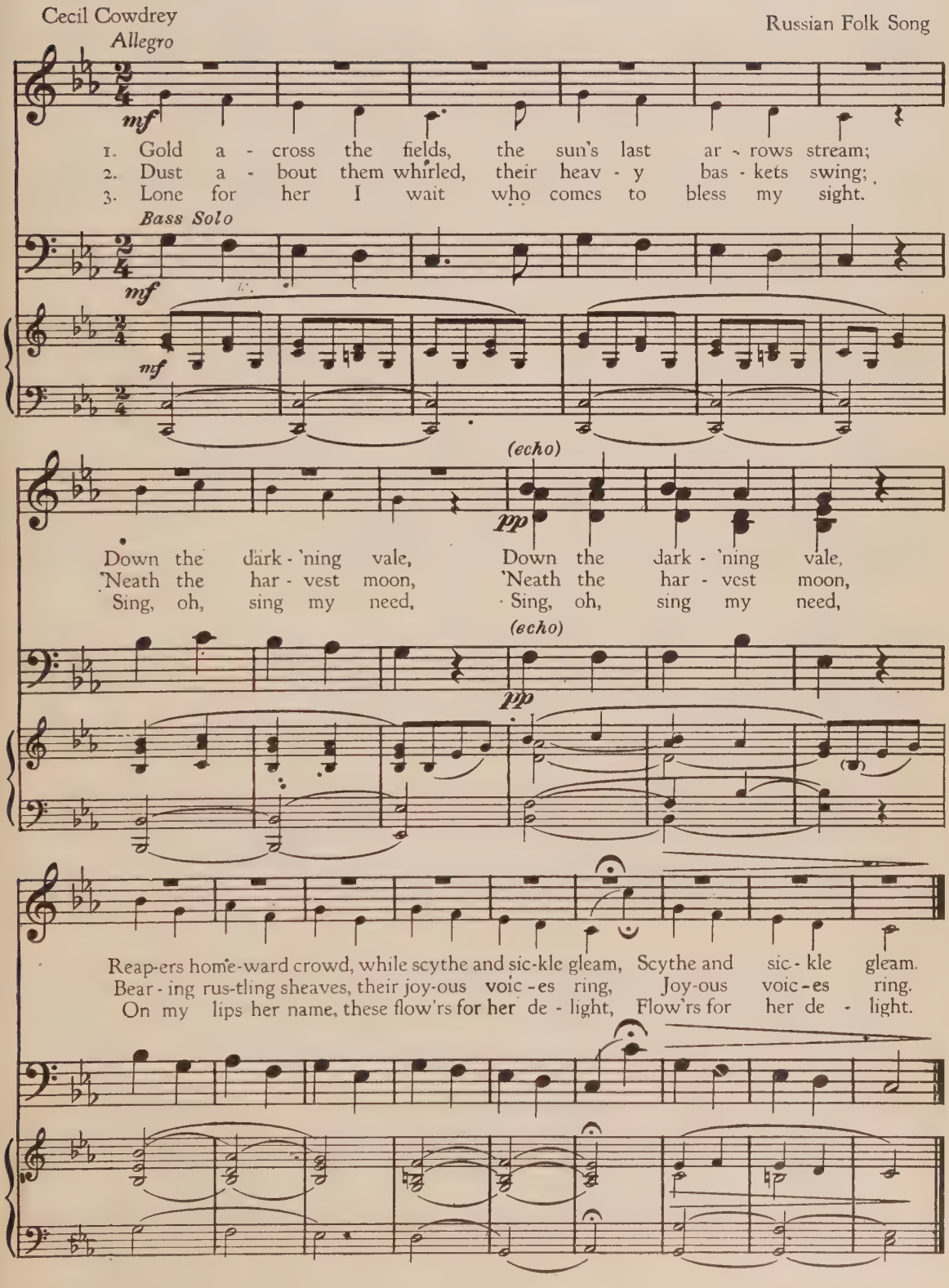
Moderato


1. Ring out, ye glad bells, From hill - side and dells,
2. Ring out, East - ter bells, Me - lo - di - ous swells;
3. Ring out, ho - ly bells! How clear the tone wells,
Optional Bass
While all earth be - guil - ing, Young Spring wan - ders, smil - ing,
Your strain float - ing o'er us, Ex - ult - ant in cho - rus,
Where death ruled in - glo-rious, Life ris - es vic to - rious.
At - tuned to your sing - ing, Ye glad East - er bells!
To set earth re - joic - ing, Ye glad East - er bells!
Ring out grief and sigh - ing, Ring out, East - er bells!
At - tuned to your sing - ing, Ye glad East - er bells!
To set earth re - joic - ing, Ye glad East - er bells!
Ring out grief and sigh - ing, Ring out, East - er bells!

TROUBLE AND CARE

A. E. M. Grétry
From "Lucile"

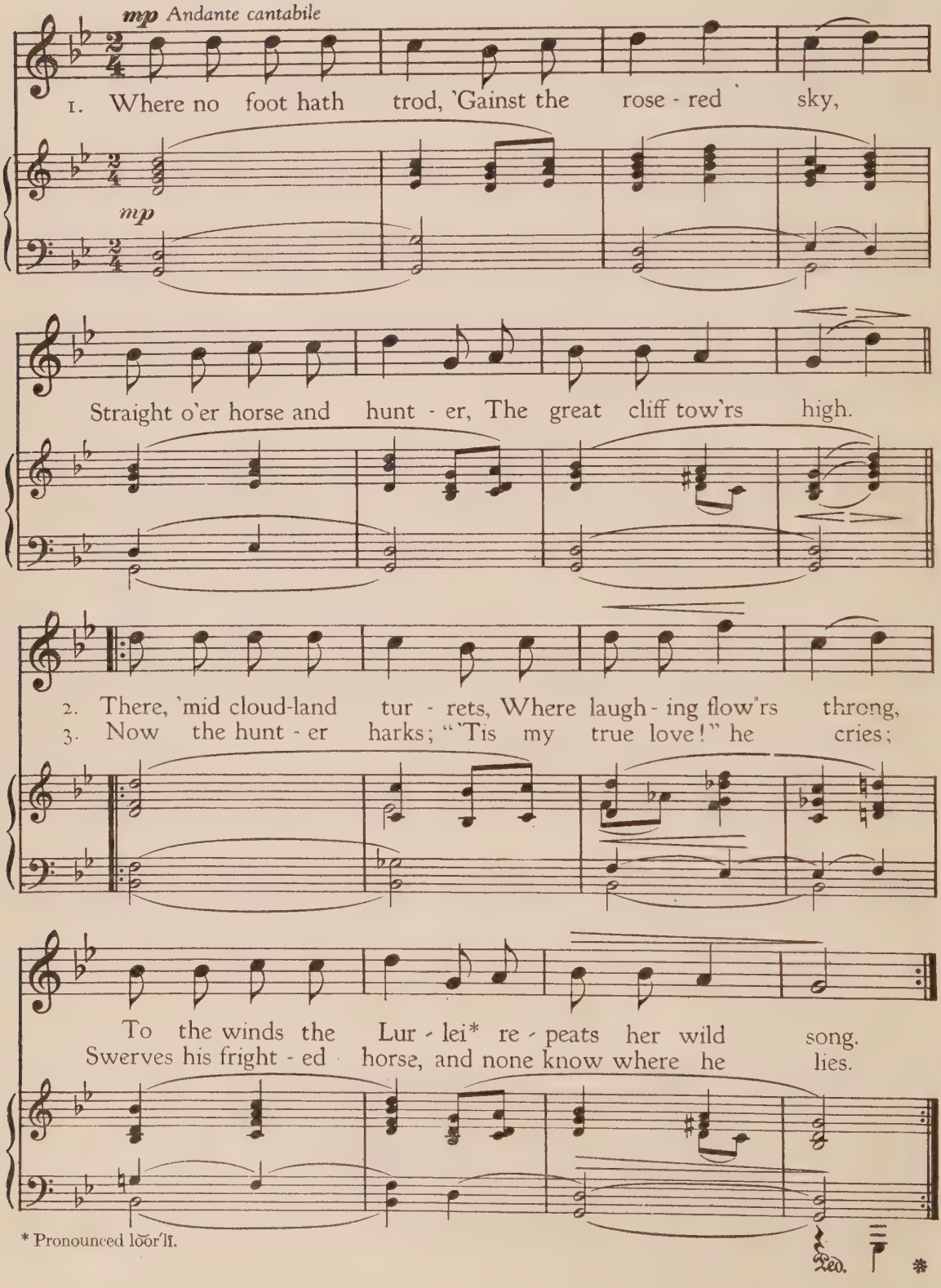

Moderato
1. Trou - ble and care come not my way,
2. For - tune, the jade, may pass me by;
3. Trou - ble and care cross not my way,
Gay - ly I'll dance the hours a - way,
What though she come or go, say I?
Danc - ing the mer - ry hours a - way,
Danc - ing the mer - ry hours a - way.
Then let her come or go, say I!
Danc - ing the mer - ry hours a - way.


Cecil Cowdrey
Allegro
Russian Folk Song
mf
1. Gold a - cross the fields, the sun's last ar - rows stream;
2. Dust a - bout them whirled, their heav - y bas - kets swing;
3. Lone for her I wait who comes to bless my sight.
Bass Solo
mf
mf
(echo)
pp
Down the dark - 'ning vale, Down the dark - 'ning vale,
'Neath the har - vest moon, 'Neath the har - vest moon,
Sing, oh, sing my need, Sing, oh, sing my need,
(echo)
pp
Reap-ers home-ward crowd, while scythe and sic-kle gleam, Scythe and sic - kle gleam.
Bear - ing rus-tling sheaves, their joy-ous voic - es ring, Joy-ous voic - es ring.
On my lips her name, these flow'rs for her de - light, Flow'rs for her de - light.

THE WILD RIDER

Cecil Cowdrey

Russian Folk Song
Used by Rimski-Korsakov

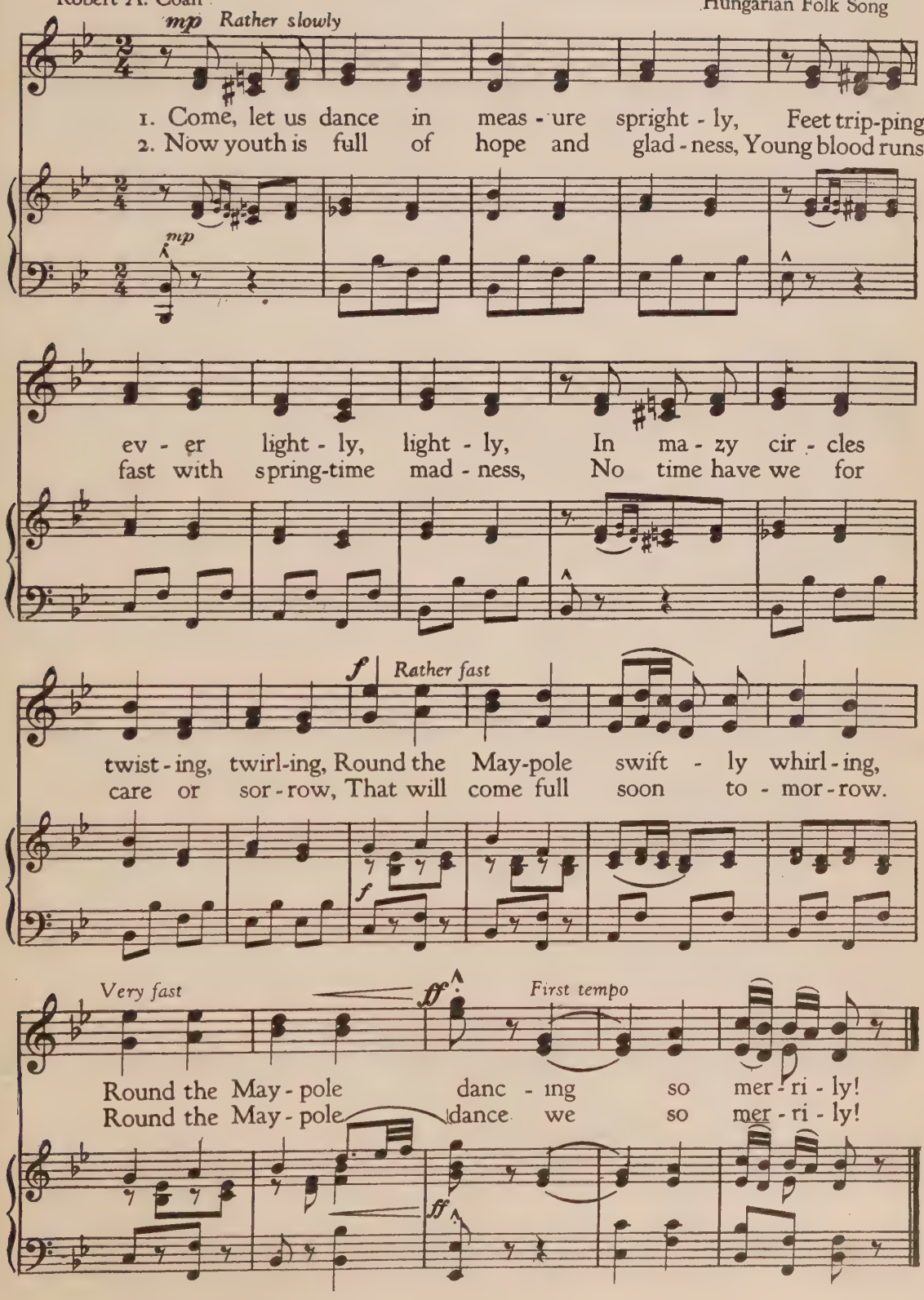

mp Andante cantabile
1. Where no foot hath trod, 'Gainst the rose - red sky,
mp
Straight o'er horse and hunt - er, The great cliff tow'rs high.
2. There, 'mid cloud-land tur - rets, Where laugh - ing flow'rs throng,
3. Now the hunt - er harks; "'Tis my true love!" he cries;
To the winds the Lur - lei* re - peats her wild song.
Swerves his fright - ed horse, and none know where he lies.
Ped.
*

* Pronounced lo͝or'lī.

DANCING SONG

Robert A. Coan

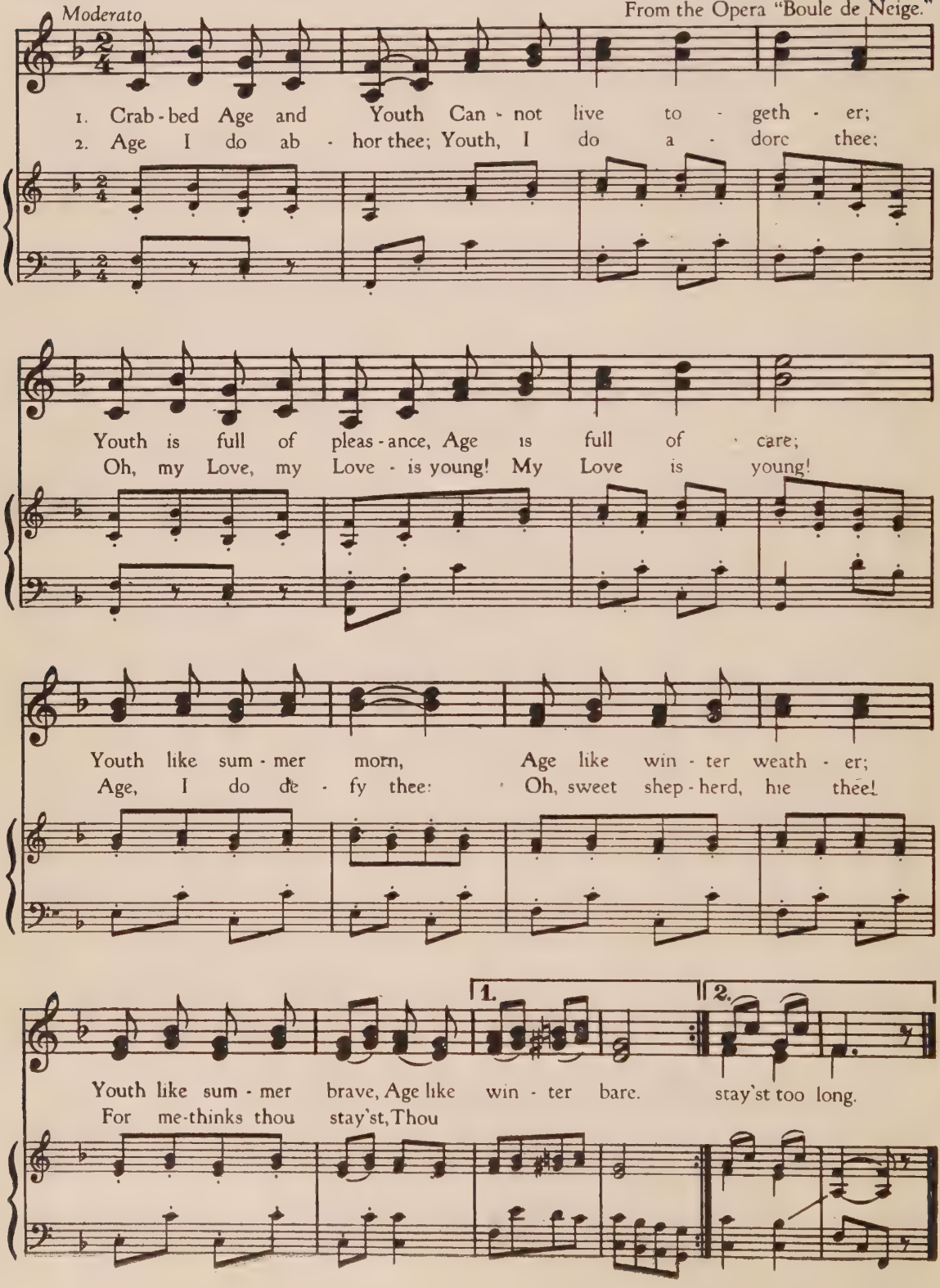
Hungarian Folk Song


mp Rather slowly
1. Come, let us dance in meas - ure spright - ly, Feet trip-ping
2. Now youth is full of hope and glad - ness, Young blood runs
mp
ev - er light - ly, light - ly, In ma - zy cir - cles
fast with spring-time mad - ness, No time have we for
f Rather fast
twist - ing, twirl-ing, Round the May-pole swift - ly whirl - ing,
care or sor - row, That will come full soon to - mor - row.
f
Very fast
ff
First tempo
Round the May - pole danc - ing so mer - ri - ly!
Round the May - pole dance we so mer - ri - ly!
ff

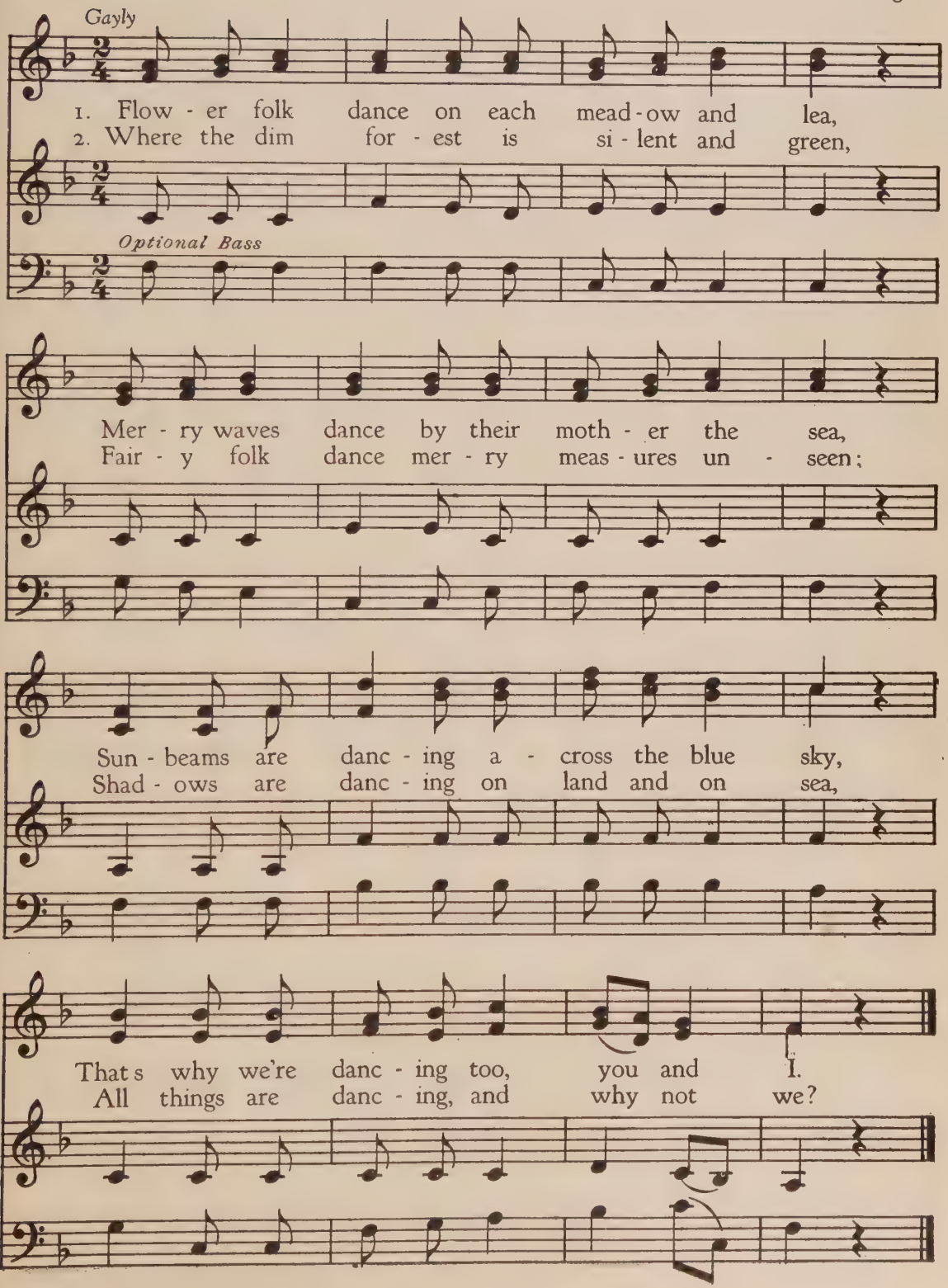
AGE AND YOUTH

Adapted from William Shakespeare

Jacques Offenbach.
From the Opera "Boule de Neige."


Moderato
1. Crab-bed Age and Youth Can-not live to-geth-er;
2. Age I do ab-hor thee; Youth, I do a-dore thee;
Youth is full of pleas-ance, Age is full of care;
Oh, my Love, my Love-is young! My Love is young!
Youth like sum-mer morn, Age like win-ter weath-er;
Age, I do de-fy thee: Oh, sweet shep-herd, hie thee!
1.
2.
Youth like sum-mer brave, Age like win-ter bare.
For me-thinks thou stay'st, Thou stay'st too long.

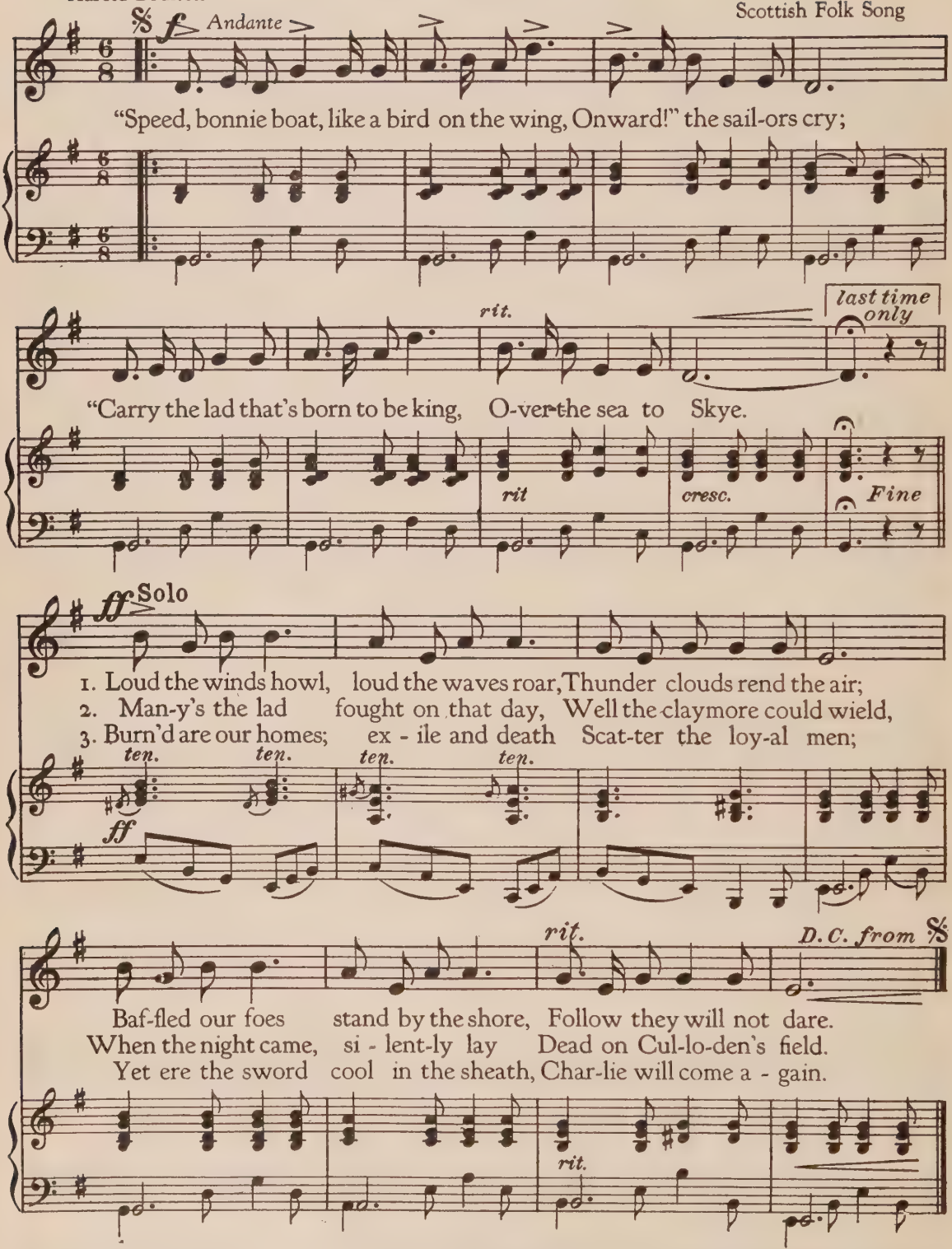
Slovene Folk Song


Gayly
1. Flow - er folk dance on each mead - ow and lea,
2. Where the dim for - est is si - lent and green,
Optional Bass
Mer - ry waves dance by their moth - er the sea,
Fair - y folk dance mer - ry meas - ures un - seen;
Sun - beams are danc - ing a - cross the blue sky,
Shad - ows are danc - ing on land and on sea,
That's why we're danc - ing too, you and I.
All things are danc - ing, and why not we?

SKYE BOAT SONG*

Harold Boulton

Scottish Folk Song

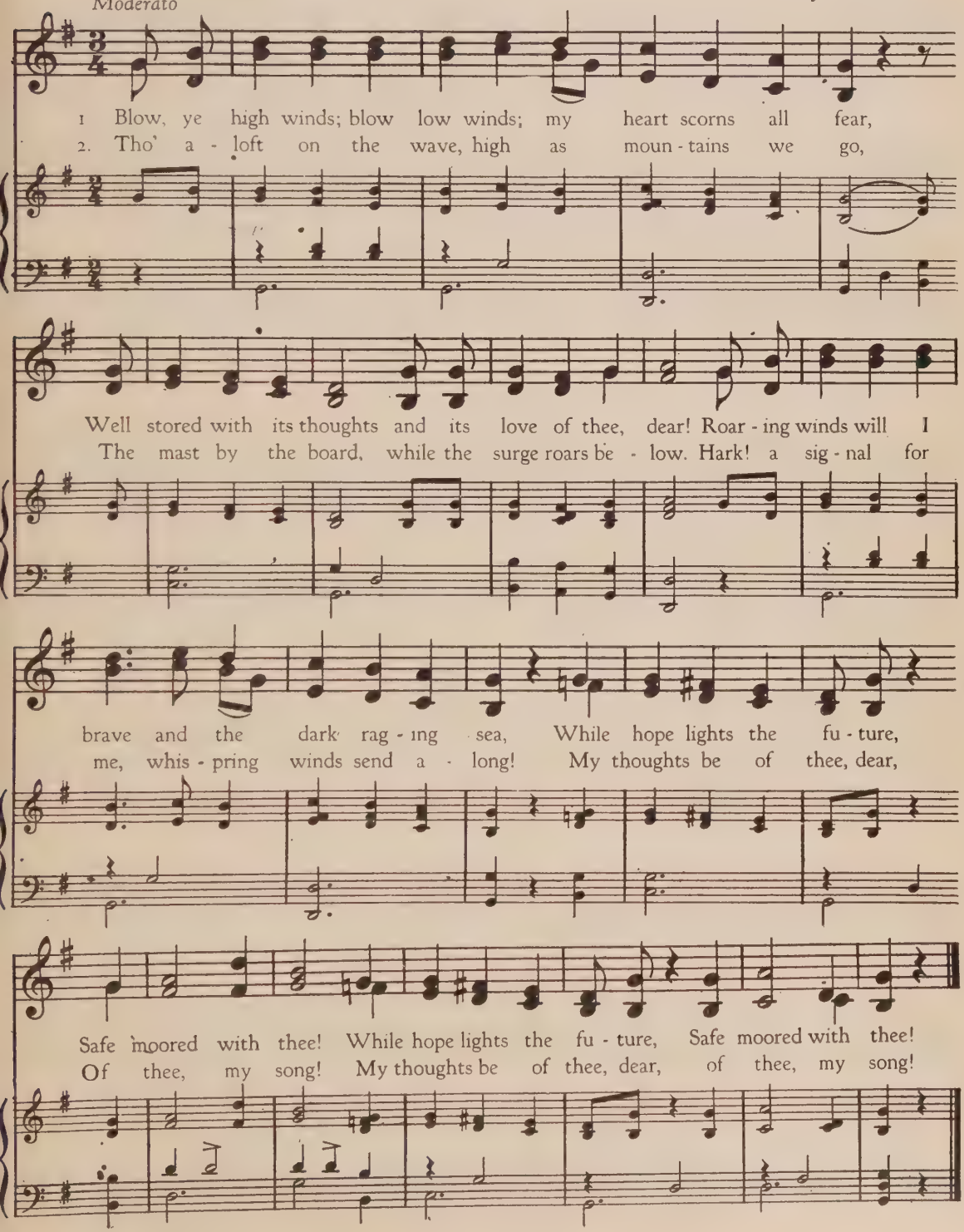

Andante
"Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing, Onward!" the sail-ors cry;
rit.
last time only
"Carry the lad that's born to be king, O-ver the sea to Skye.
rit
cresc.
Fine
Solo
1. Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar, Thunder clouds rend the air;
2. Man-y's the lad fought on that day, Well the claymore could wield,
3. Burn'd are our homes; ex - ile and death Scat-ter the loy-al men;
ten.
ten.
ten.
ten.
rit.
D.C. from
Baf-fled our foes stand by the shore, Follow they will not dare.
When the night came, si - lent-ly lay Dead on Cul-lo-den's field.
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath, Char-lie will come a - gain.
rit.

* This is one of the many Scottish songs which refer to the long struggle to restore the exiled Stuart kings to the throne of England. "The lad that's born to be king" was Charles Edward Stuart, who made a vain attempt to recover the throne in 1745. He was defeated at the battle of Culloden (kŭ-lŏd'ĕn) and afterwards fled to the wild hills and islands of the west of Scotland, where he remained in hiding until his loyal friends helped him to escape to France.

Adapted from Charles Dibdin

Moderato

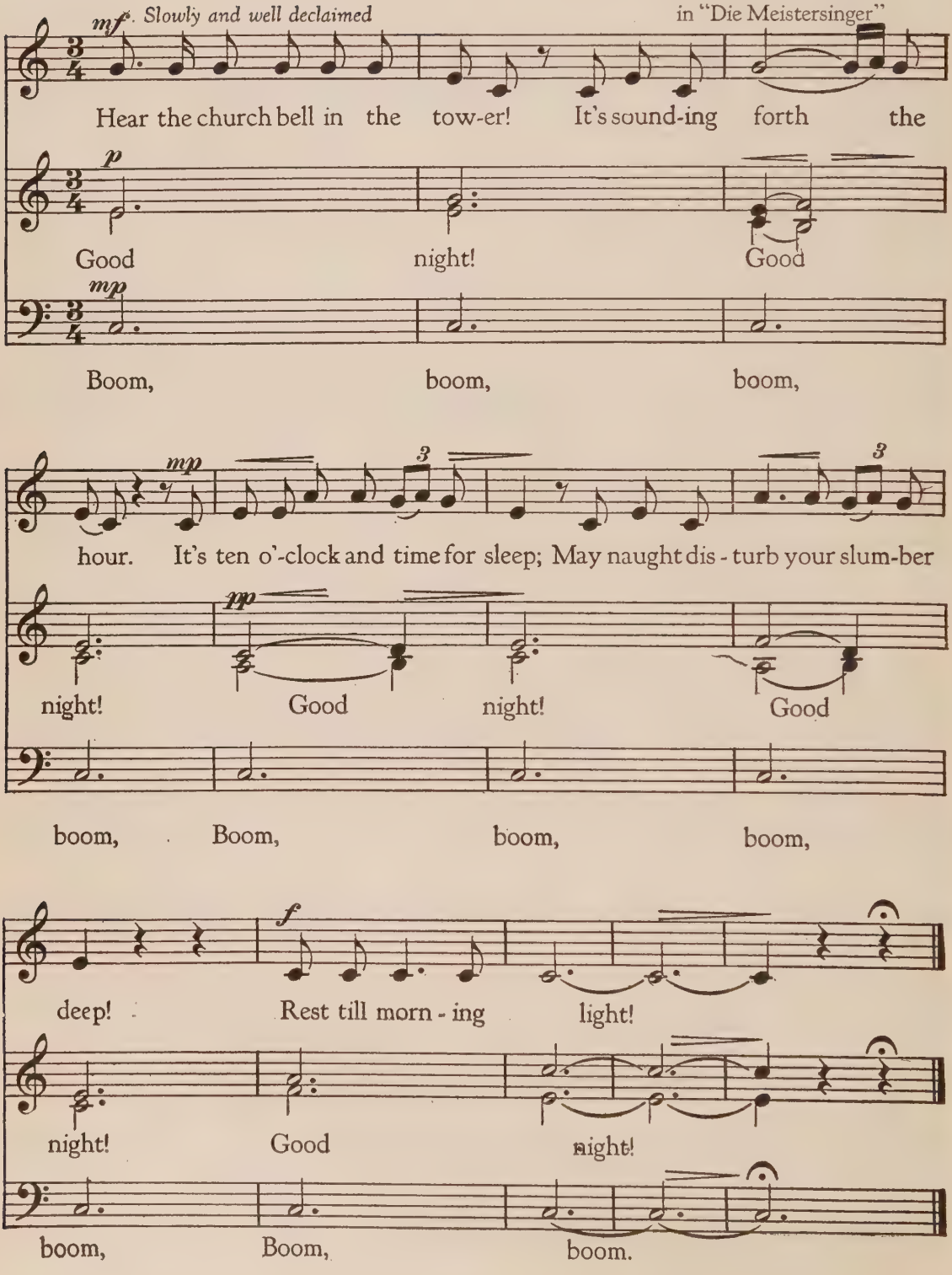
John Braham


1 Blow, ye high winds; blow low winds; my heart scorns all fear,
2. Tho' a - loft on the wave, high as moun - tains we go,
Well stored with its thoughts and its love of thee, dear! Roar - ing winds will I
The mast by the board, while the surge roars be - low. Hark! a sig - nal for
brave and the dark rag - ing sea, While hope lights the fu - ture,
me, whis - pring winds send a - long! My thoughts be of thee, dear,
Safe moored with thee! While hope lights the fu - ture, Safe moored with thee!
Of thee, my song! My thoughts be of thee, dear, of thee, my song!

GOOD NIGHT

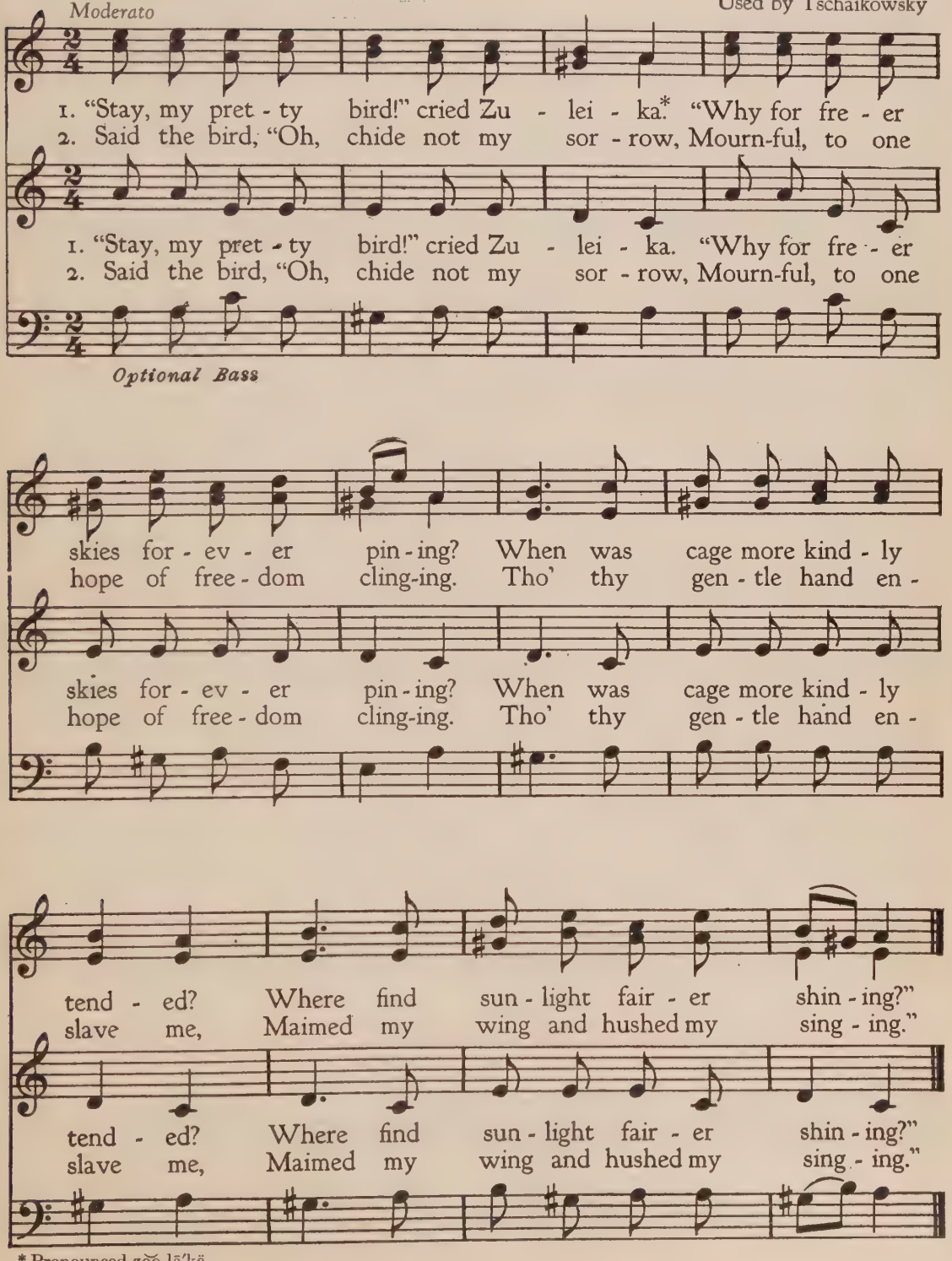
(Trio with Optional Bass)

Folk Song of the Thuringian Forest
By Richard Wagner
in "Die Meistersinger"


mf. Slowly and well declaimed
Hear the church bell in the tow-er! It's sound-ing forth the
p
Good night! Good
mp
Boom, boom, boom,
mp
hour. It's ten o'-clock and time for sleep; May naught dis - turb your slum-ber
pp
night! Good night! Good
boom, Boom, boom, boom,
f
deep! Rest till morn - ing light!
night! Good night!
boom, Boom, boom.

From the Russian

Russian Folk Song
Used by Tschaikowsky

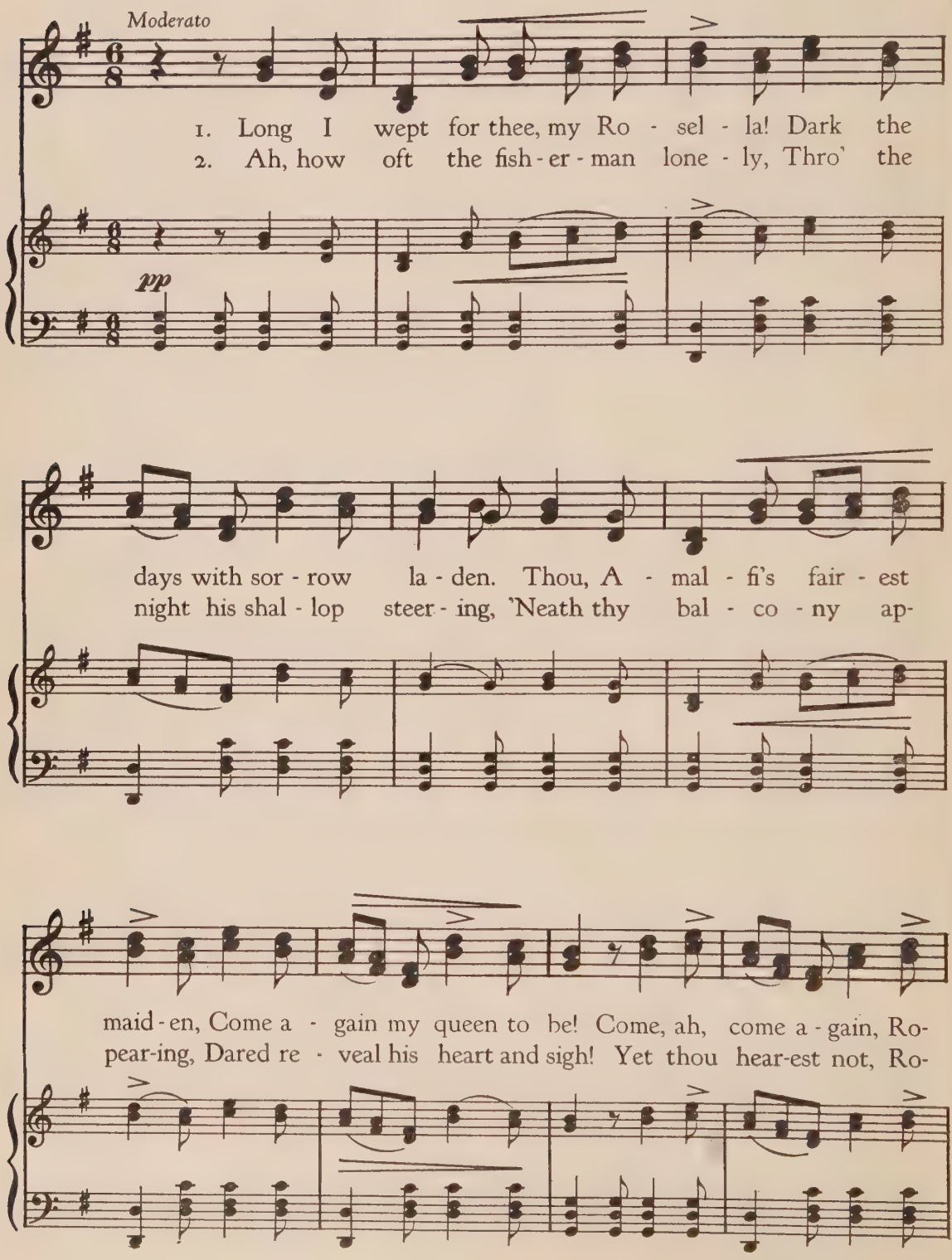

Moderato
1. "Stay, my pret - ty bird!" cried Zu - lei - ka.* "Why for fre - er
2. Said the bird, "Oh, chide not my sor - row, Mourn-ful, to one
1. "Stay, my pret - ty bird!" cried Zu - lei - ka. "Why for fre - er
2. Said the bird, "Oh, chide not my sor - row, Mourn-ful, to one
Optional Bass
skies for - ev - er pin - ing? When was cage more kind - ly
hope of free - dom cling-ing. Tho' thy gen - tle hand en -
skies for - ev - er pin - ing? When was cage more kind - ly
hope of free - dom cling-ing. Tho' thy gen - tle hand en -
tend - ed? Where find sun - light fair - er shin - ing?"
slave me, Maimed my wing and hushed my sing - ing."
tend - ed? Where find sun - light fair - er shin - ing?"
slave me, Maimed my wing and hushed my sing - ing."

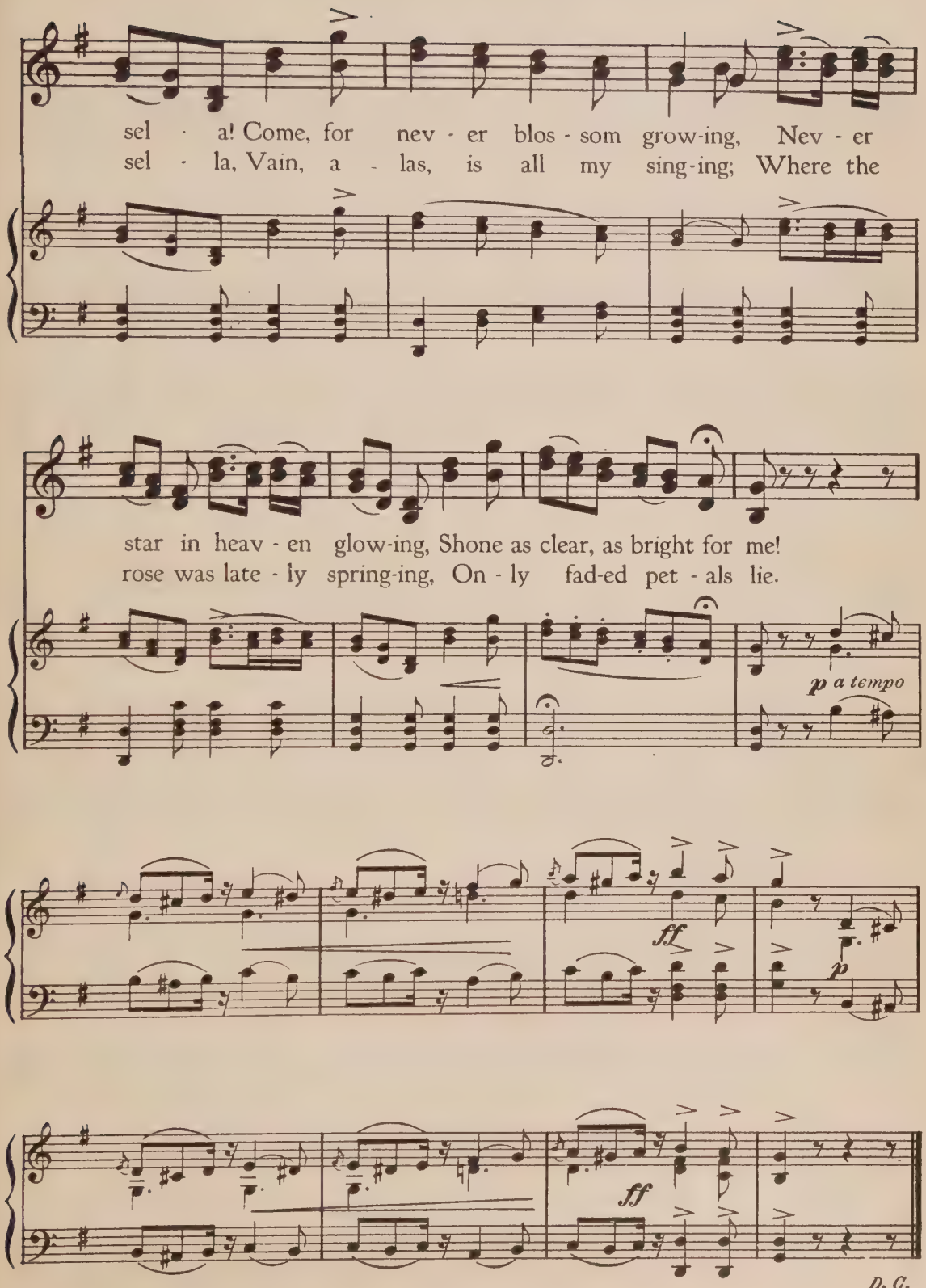
* Pronounced zŏŏ-lā'kä.

TO ROSELLA

From the Italian

Italian Folk Song

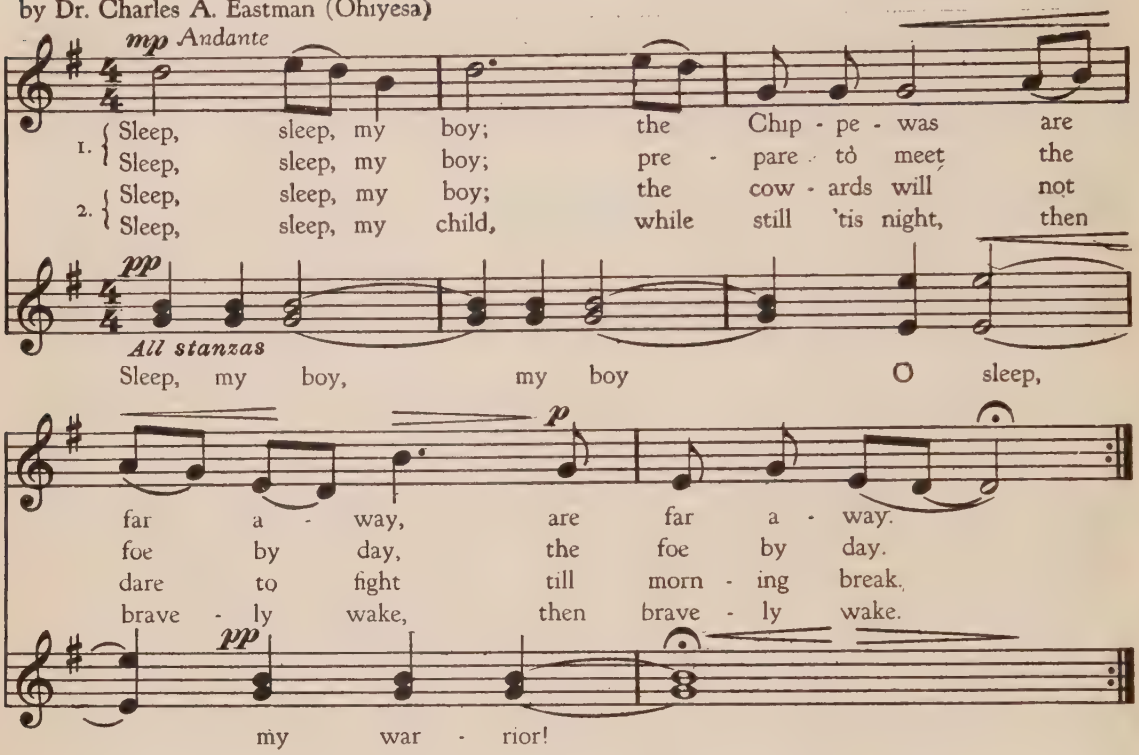

Moderato
1. Long I wept for thee, my Ro - sel - la! Dark the
2. Ah, how oft the fish - er - man lone - ly, Thro' the
pp
days with sor - row la - den. Thou, A - mal - fi's fair - est
night his shal - lop steer - ing, 'Neath thy bal - co - ny ap-
maid - en, Come a - gain my queen to be! Come, ah, come a - gain, Ro-
pear-ing, Dared re - veal his heart and sigh! Yet thou hear-est not, Ro-


sel - a! Come, for nev - er blos - som grow-ing, Nev - er
sel - la, Vain, a - las, is all my sing-ing; Where the
star in heav - en glow-ing, Shone as clear, as bright for me!
rose was late - ly spring-ing, On - ly fad-ed pet - als lie.
p a tempo
ff
p
ff
D. C.

UNCHEEDA'S SLEEP SONG

From "Indian Boyhood"
by Dr. Charles A. Eastman (Ohiyesa)

American Indian Air


mp Andante
1. Sleep, sleep, my boy; the Chip - pe - was are
Sleep, sleep, my boy; pre - pare to meet the
2. Sleep, sleep, my boy; the cow - ards will not
Sleep, sleep, my child, while still 'tis night, then
pp
All stanzas
Sleep, my boy, my boy O sleep,
p
far a - way, are far a - way.
foe by day, the foe by day.
dare to fight till morn - ing break.
brave - ly wake, then brave - ly wake.
pp
my war - rior!

SADKO'S FLEET

Adapted from the Russian

Rimski-Korsakov
From the opera "Sadko"

Moderato
1. On the bright blue waves rid - ing fair and free,
2. Thir - ty ships, and the Fal - con in brave ar - ray,
3. But a - las! what is this? Now the Fal - con fails!
4. And the sail - ors cry out as their own sails fill,
Thir - ty ships come sail - ing a - cross the sea.
Bears the mer - chant, Sad - ko, and leads the way.
Slack and emp - ty all, hang her life - less sails.
"Luck - less Sad - ko, mis - for - tune pur - sues thee still!"

Harvey Worthington Loomis — Chinese Melody

Lightly

1. Sweet were the flow'rs as they hung on the vine,
2. Bright were the pearls of the dew on the spray,
3. Now, when I gaze at a star in the sky,

Gay were the tunes that were sung on the vine; Jas - mine stars on the
Soft was the breeze as he blew on the spray. Bore the scent o-ver
Gold in the gar - den, a - far in the sky, I shall dream of a

rall.

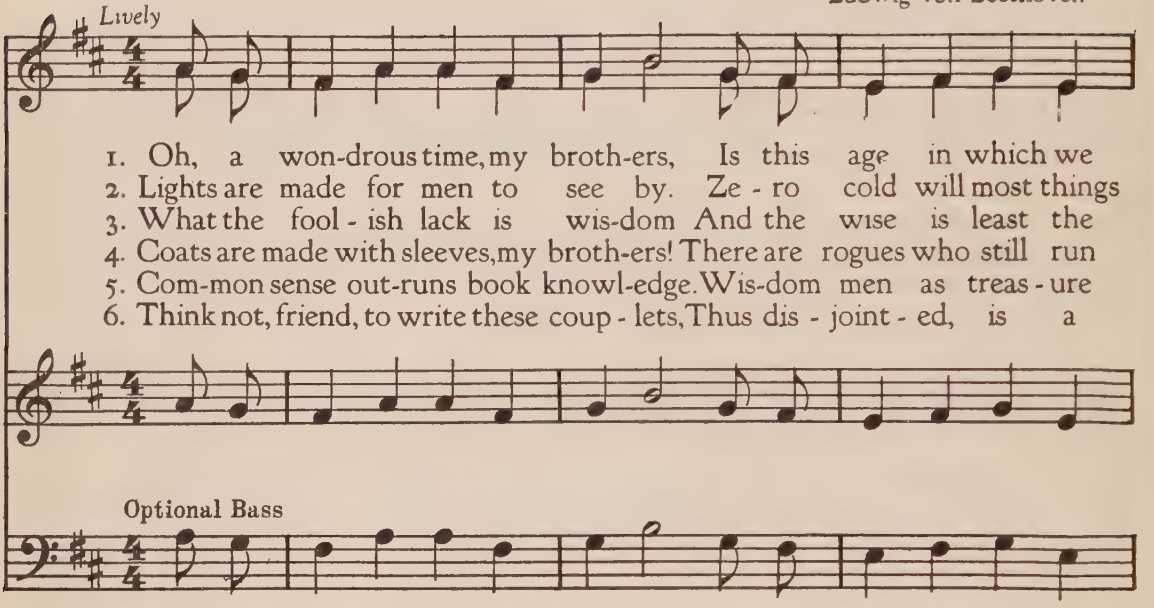
green, green spray, Bloomed for the birds at the dawn of the day.
land and sea; Here, with a song, he has brought it to me.
jas - mine flow'r, Waked by the birds in the dawn's dew - y hour.

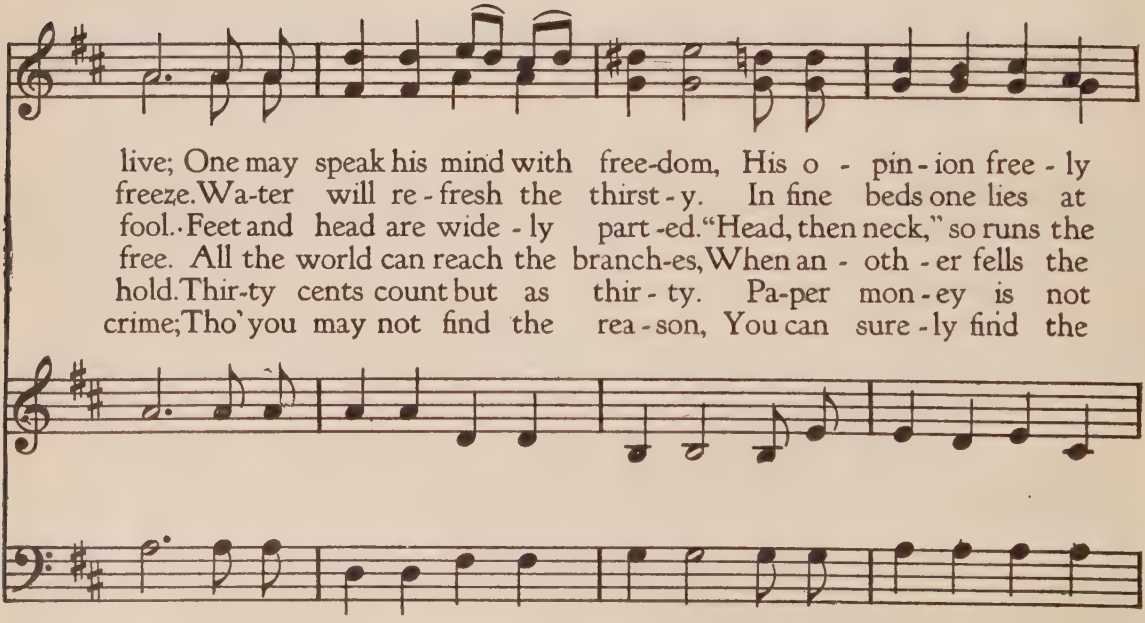
rall.

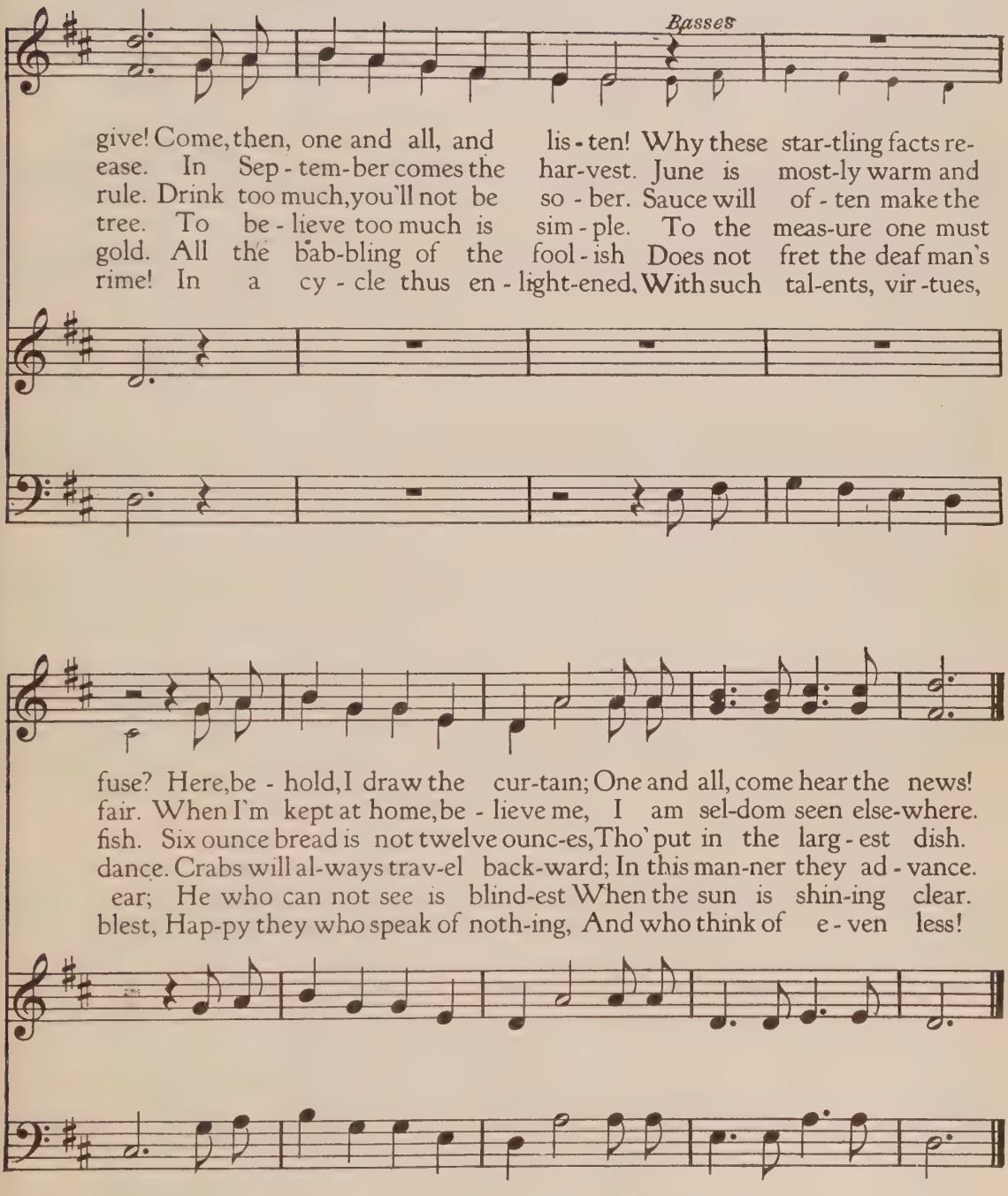
GREAT TRUTHS

Translated from the French
by Cecil Cowdrey

Ludwig von Beethoven

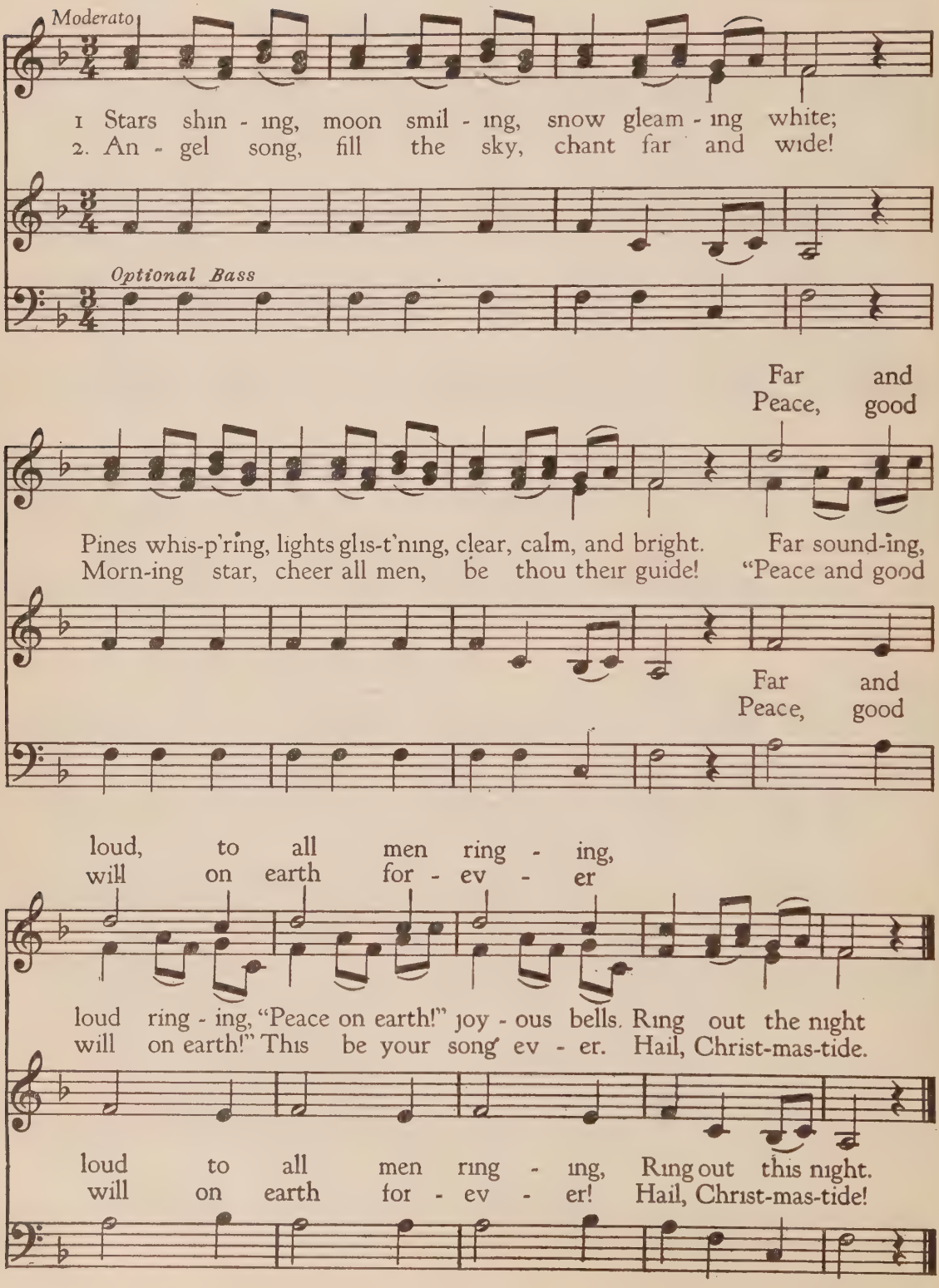

Lively
1. Oh, a won-drous time, my broth-ers, Is this age in which we
2. Lights are made for men to see by. Ze - ro cold will most things
3. What the fool - ish lack is wis-dom And the wise is least the
4. Coats are made with sleeves, my broth-ers! There are rogues who still run
5. Com-mon sense out-runs book knowl-edge. Wis-dom men as treas - ure
6. Think not, friend, to write these coup - lets, Thus dis - joint - ed, is a
Optional Bass


live; One may speak his mind with free-dom, His o - pin - ion free - ly
freeze. Wa-ter will re - fresh the thirst - y. In fine beds one lies at
fool. Feet and head are wide - ly part - ed. "Head, then neck," so runs the
free. All the world can reach the branch-es, When an - oth - er fells the
hold. Thir-ty cents count but as thir - ty. Pa-per mon - ey is not
crime; Tho' you may not find the rea - son, You can sure - ly find the


Basses
give! Come, then, one and all, and lis - ten! Why these star-tling facts re-
ease. In Sep - tem-ber comes the har-vest. June is most-ly warm and
rule. Drink too much, you'll not be so - ber. Sauce will of - ten make the
tree. To be - lieve too much is sim - ple. To the meas-ure one must
gold. All the bab-bling of the fool - ish Does not fret the deaf man's
rime! In a cy - cle thus en - light-ened, With such tal-ents, vir -tues,
f
fuse? Here, be - hold, I draw the cur-tain; One and all, come hear the news!
fair. When I'm kept at home, be - lieve me, I am sel-dom seen else-where.
fish. Six ounce bread is not twelve ounc-es, Tho' put in the larg - est dish.
dance. Crabs will al-ways trav-el back-ward; In this man-ner they ad - vance.
ear; He who can not see is blind-est When the sun is shin-ing clear.
blest, Hap-py they who speak of noth-ing, And who think of e - ven less!

YULETIDE NIGHT

Sigmund Spaeth — Bohemian Carol

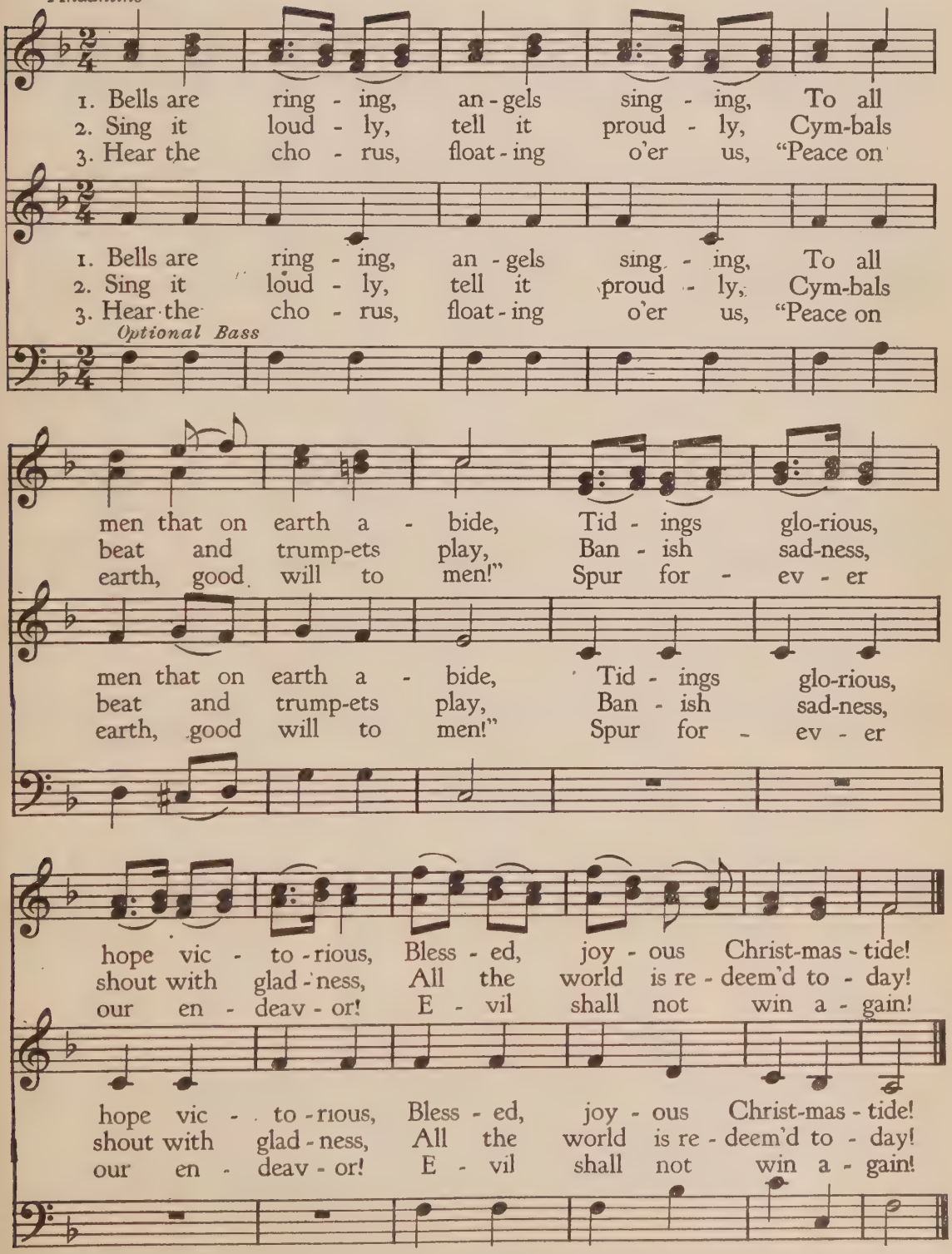

Moderato
1 Stars shin - ing, moon smil - ing, snow gleam - ing white;
2. An - gel song, fill the sky, chant far and wide!
Optional Bass
Far and
Peace, good
Pines whis-p'ring, lights glis-t'ning, clear, calm, and bright. Far sound-ing,
Morn-ing star, cheer all men, be thou their guide! "Peace and good
Far and
Peace, good
loud, to all men ring - ing,
will on earth for - ev - er
loud ring - ing, "Peace on earth!" joy - ous bells. Ring out the night
will on earth!" This be your song ev - er. Hail, Christ-mas-tide.
loud to all men ring - ing, Ring out this night.
will on earth for - ev - er! Hail, Christ-mas-tide!

CHRISTMAS SONG

Sigmund Spaeth

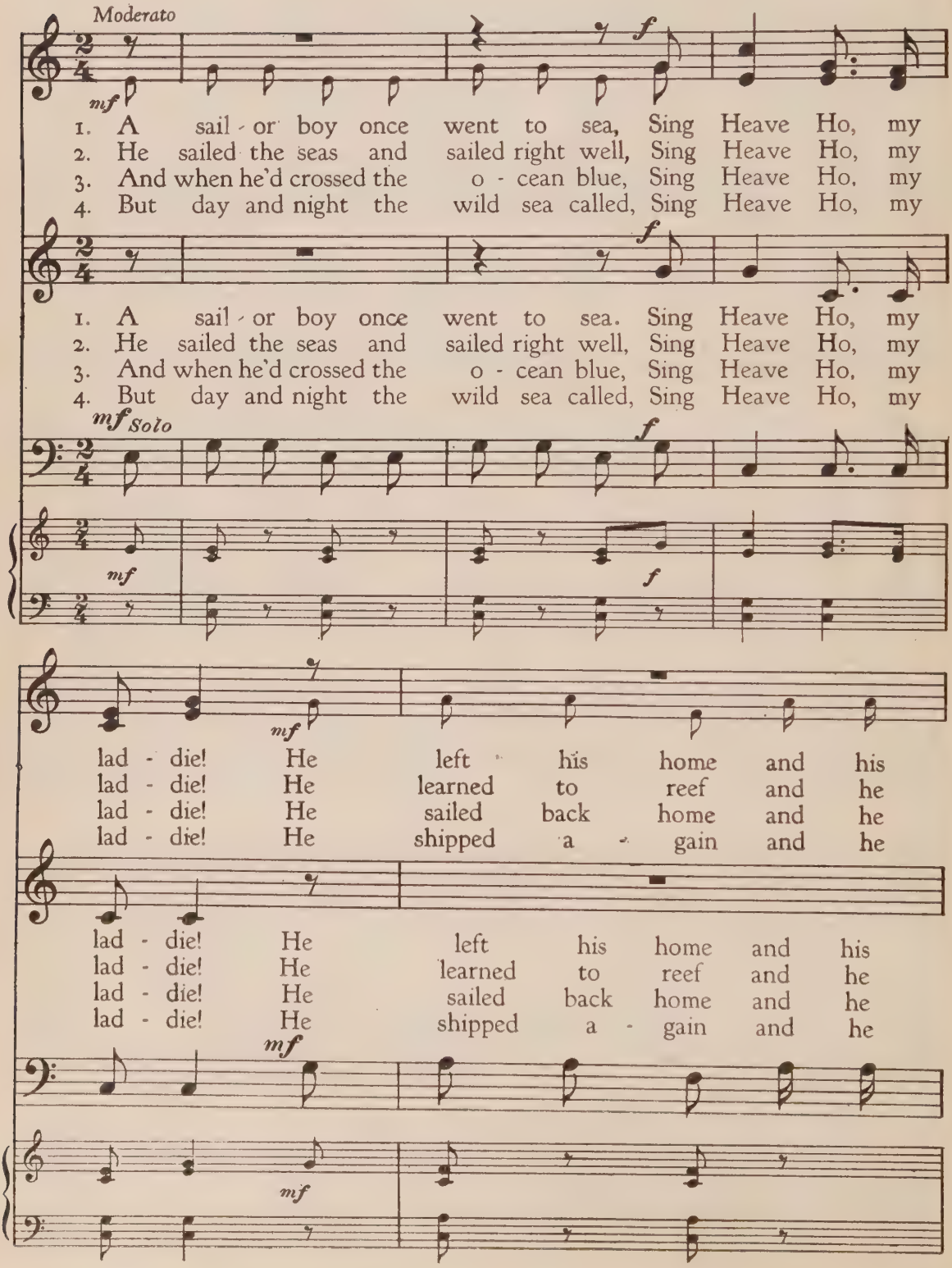
Sicilian Hymn Tune

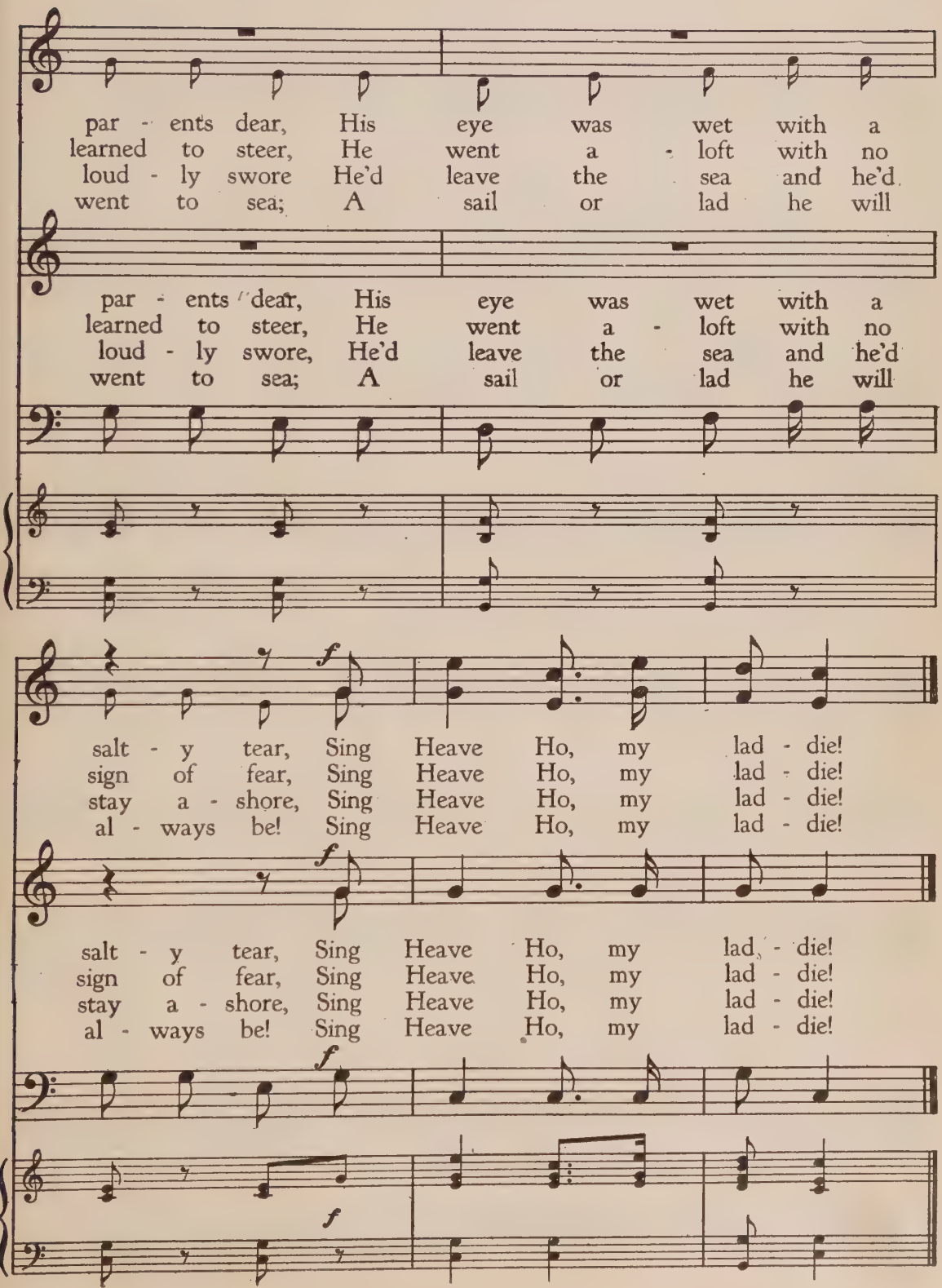
Andantino


1. Bells are ring - ing, an - gels sing - ing, To all
2. Sing it loud - ly, tell it proud - ly, Cym-bals
3. Hear the cho - rus, float - ing o'er us, "Peace on
1. Bells are ring - ing, an - gels sing - ing, To all
2. Sing it loud - ly, tell it proud - ly, Cym-bals
3. Hear the cho - rus, float - ing o'er us, "Peace on
Optional Bass
men that on earth a - bide, Tid - ings glo-rious,
beat and trump-ets play, Ban - ish sad-ness,
earth, good will to men!" Spur for - ev - er
men that on earth a - bide, Tid - ings glo-rious,
beat and trump-ets play, Ban - ish sad-ness,
earth, good will to men!" Spur for - ev - er
hope vic - to - rious, Bless - ed, joy - ous Christ-mas - tide!
shout with glad - ness, All the world is re - deem'd to - day!
our en - deav - or! E - vil shall not win a - gain!
hope vic - to - rious, Bless - ed, joy - ous Christ-mas - tide!
shout with glad - ness, All the world is re - deem'd to - day!
our en - deav - or! E - vil shall not win a - gain!

HEAVE HO, MY LADDIE

Robert A. Coan — After an English Folksong


Moderato
mf
f
1. A sail - or boy once went to sea, Sing Heave Ho, my
2. He sailed the seas and sailed right well, Sing Heave Ho, my
3. And when he'd crossed the o - cean blue, Sing Heave Ho, my
4. But day and night the wild sea called, Sing Heave Ho, my
1. A sail - or boy once went to sea. Sing Heave Ho, my
2. He sailed the seas and sailed right well, Sing Heave Ho, my
3. And when he'd crossed the o - cean blue, Sing Heave Ho, my
4. But day and night the wild sea called, Sing Heave Ho, my
mf Soto
lad - die! He left his home and his
lad - die! He learned to reef and he
lad - die! He sailed back home and he
lad - die! He shipped a - gain and he
lad - die! He left his home and his
lad - die! He learned to reef and he
lad - die! He sailed back home and he
lad - die! He shipped a - gain and he


par - ents dear, His eye was wet with a
learned to steer, He went a - loft with no
loud - ly swore He'd leave the sea and he'd
went to sea; A sail or lad he will
par - ents dear, His eye was wet with a
learned to steer, He went a - loft with no
loud - ly swore, He'd leave the sea and he'd
went to sea; A sail or lad he will
f
salt - y tear, Sing Heave Ho, my lad - die!
sign of fear, Sing Heave Ho, my lad - die!
stay a - shore, Sing Heave Ho, my lad - die!
al - ways be! Sing Heave Ho, my lad - die!
f
salt - y tear, Sing Heave Ho, my lad - die!
sign of fear, Sing Heave Ho, my lad - die!
stay a - shore, Sing Heave Ho, my lad - die!
al - ways be! Sing Heave Ho, my lad - die!
f
f

OCTOBER

Kate Forman

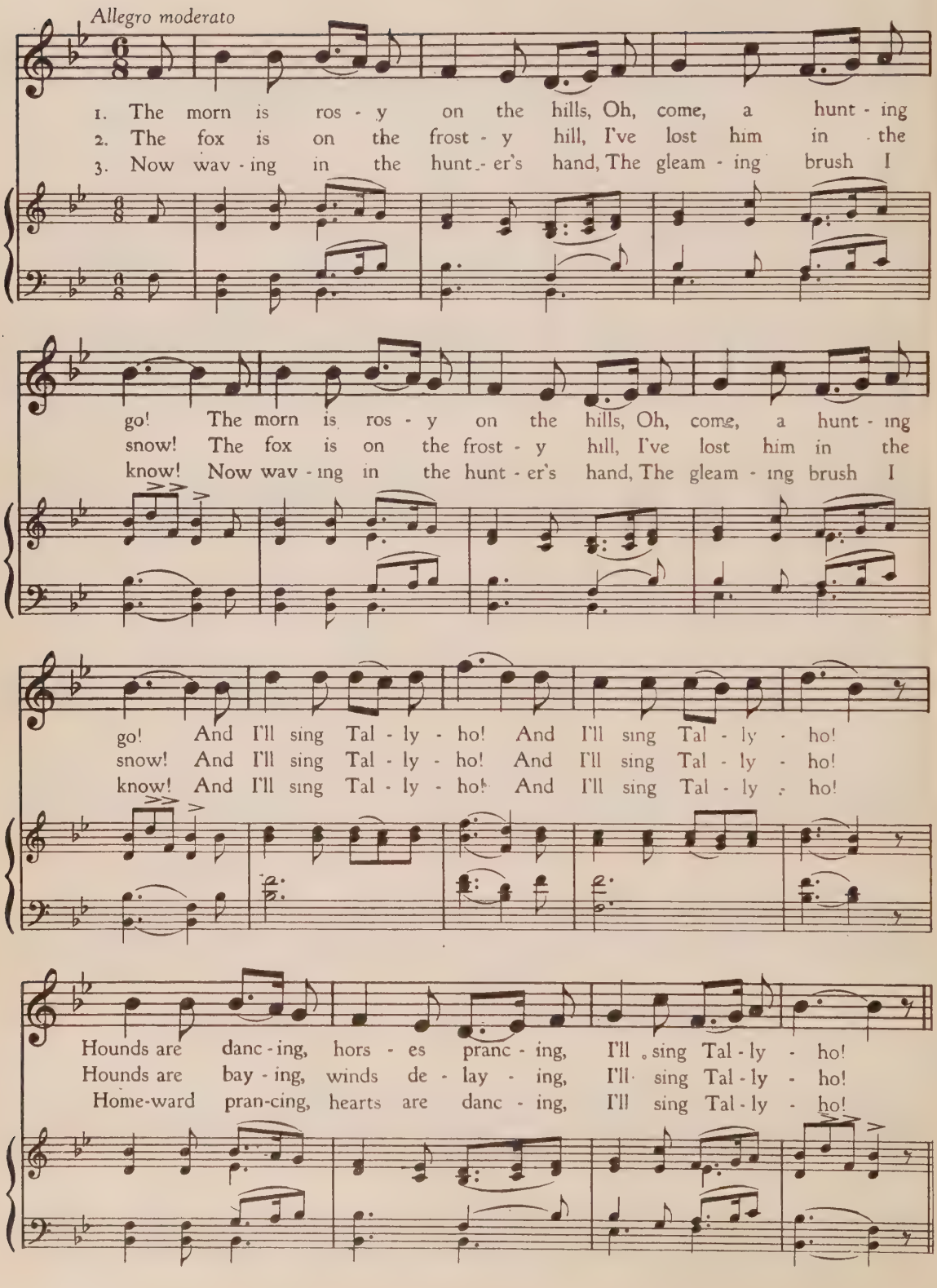
W. W. Gilchrist

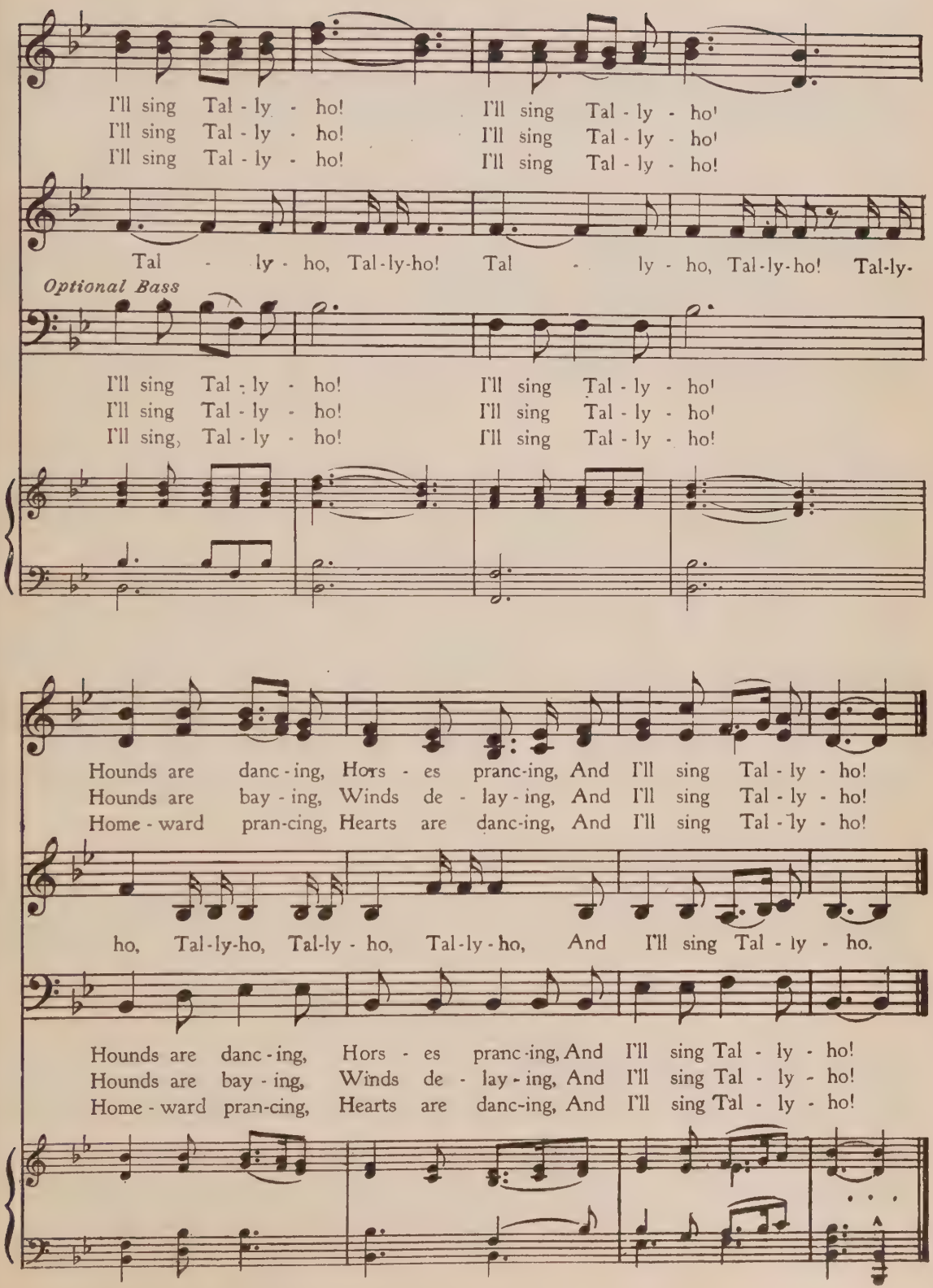
Allegretto
mf
1. You gath - er all the bless - ings of the year, Oc -
2. The fier - y heat of sum - mer smol-ders still, Oc -
3. Your per-fumed glad-ness calls us all to rove, Oc -
Optional Bass
to - ber, Oc - to - ber! And spread them out to make us joy - ous
to - ber, Oc - to - ber! On har - vest field and ev - 'ry wood-land
to - ber, Oc - to - ber! And seek you in your fair - est in - most
cheer, Oc - to - ber, Oc - to - ber! Oh, the
hill, Oc - to - ber, Oc - to - ber! Oh, the
grove, Oc - to - ber, Oc - to ber! Oh, the

tin - gling, frost - y nights as light as noon! Oh, the
wav - ing crim - son flame of dy - ing leaves! Oh, the
ripe - ning corn is grow - ing am - ber brown! As the
days soft - ly fair and blue as June, Oc - to - ber, Oc -
glow in the heart of gold-en sheaves, Oc - to - ber, Oc -
nuts, pelt - ing gay - ly, rat - tle down, Oc - to - ber, Oc -
1st & 2nd
3rd verse
to - ber! Oc - to ber!
ber!
ber!

HUNTING SONG

Highland Folksong


Allegro moderato
1. The morn is ros - y on the hills, Oh, come, a hunt - ing
2. The fox is on the frost - y hill, I've lost him in the
3. Now wav - ing in the hunt - er's hand, The gleam - ing brush I
go! The morn is ros - y on the hills, Oh, come, a hunt - ing
snow! The fox is on the frost - y hill, I've lost him in the
know! Now wav - ing in the hunt - er's hand, The gleam - ing brush I
go! And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho! And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!
snow! And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho! And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!
know! And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho! And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!
Hounds are danc - ing, hors - es pranc - ing, I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!
Hounds are bay - ing, winds de - lay - ing, I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!
Home-ward pran-cing, hearts are danc - ing, I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!

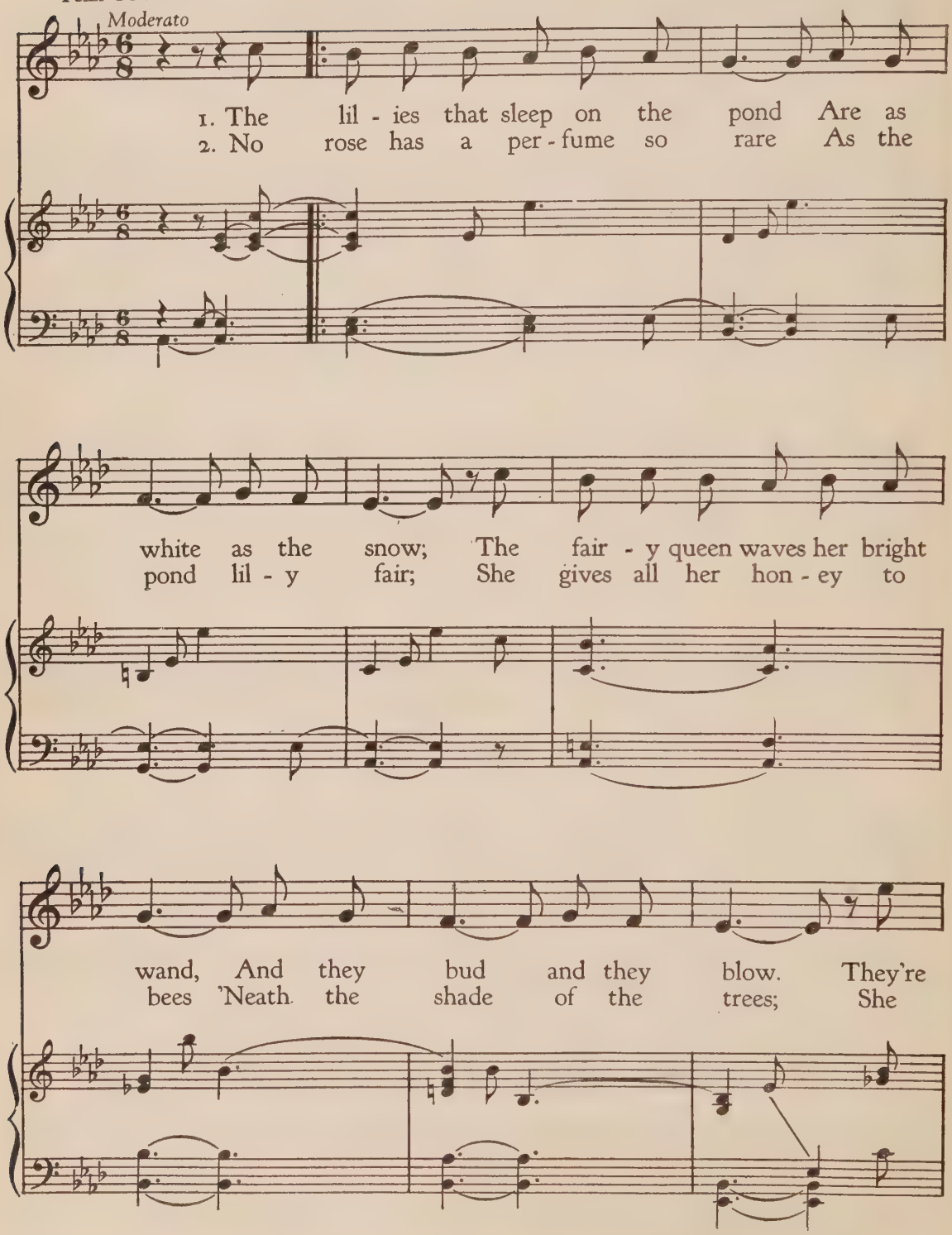

I'll sing Tal - ly - ho! I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!
I'll sing Tal - ly - ho! I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!
I'll sing Tal - ly - ho! I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!
Tal - ly - ho, Tal-ly-ho! Tal - ly - ho, Tal-ly-ho! Tal-ly-
Optional Bass
I'll sing Tal - ly - ho! I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!
I'll sing Tal - ly - ho! I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!
I'll sing, Tal - ly - ho! I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!
Hounds are danc - ing, Hors - es pranc-ing, And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!
Hounds are bay - ing, Winds de - lay - ing, And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!
Home - ward pran-cing, Hearts are danc-ing, And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!
ho, Tal-ly-ho, Tal-ly - ho, Tal-ly - ho, And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho.
Hounds are danc - ing, Hors - es pranc - ing, And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!
Hounds are bay - ing, Winds de - lay - ing, And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!
Home - ward pran-cing, Hearts are danc-ing, And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!

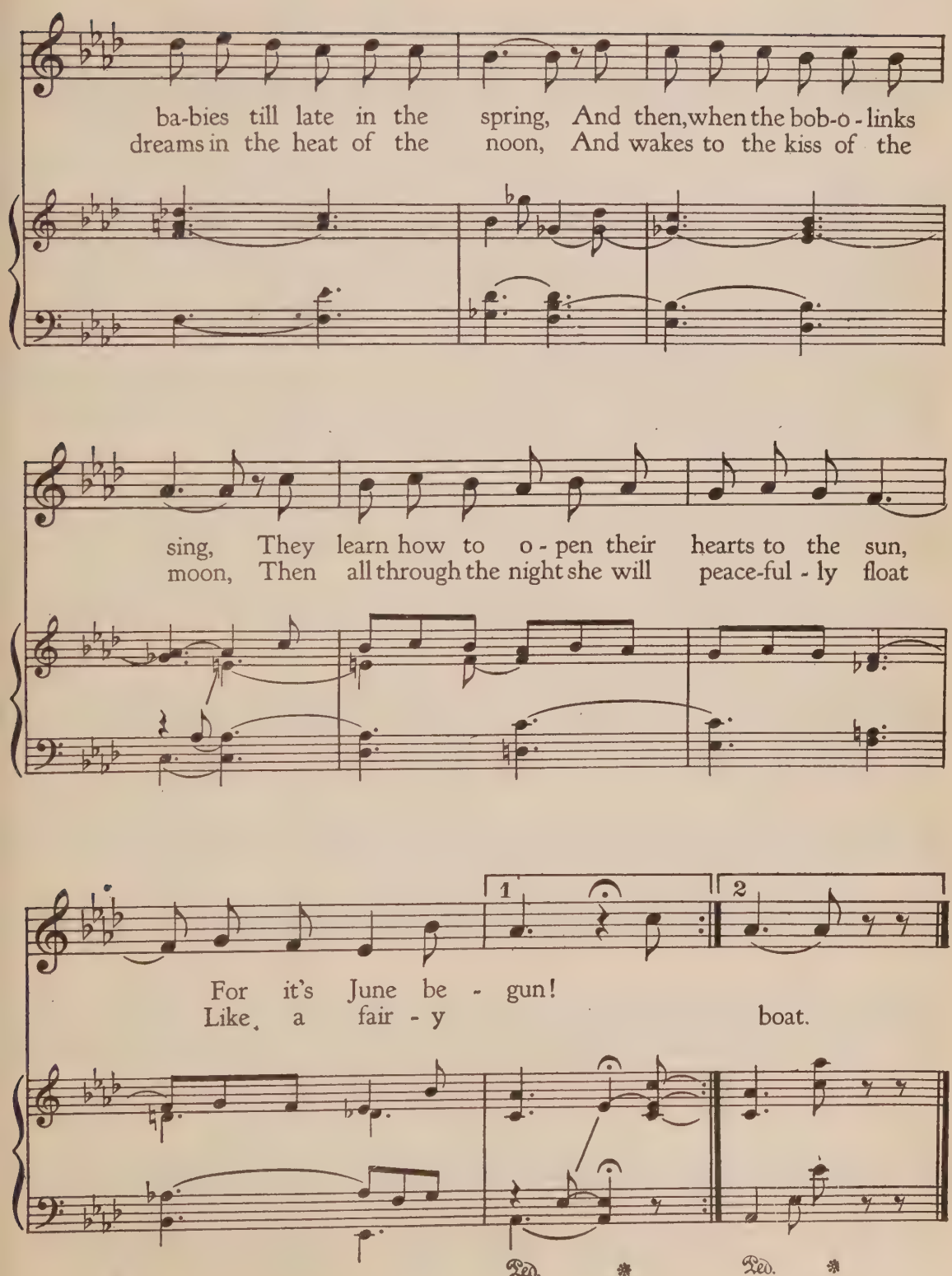
WATER LILIES

Felix Goddard

Arthur Edward Johnstone

Moderato


1. The lil - ies that sleep on the pond Are as white as the snow; The fair - y queen waves her bright wand, And they bud and they blow. They're
2. No rose has a per - fume so rare As the pond lil - y fair; She gives all her hon - ey to bees 'Neath the shade of the trees; She


ba-bies till late in the spring, And then, when the bob-o - links
dreams in the heat of the noon, And wakes to the kiss of the
sing, They learn how to o - pen their hearts to the sun,
moon, Then all through the night she will peace-ful - ly float
1
2
For it's June be - gun!
Like a fair - y boat.
Ped.
Ped.

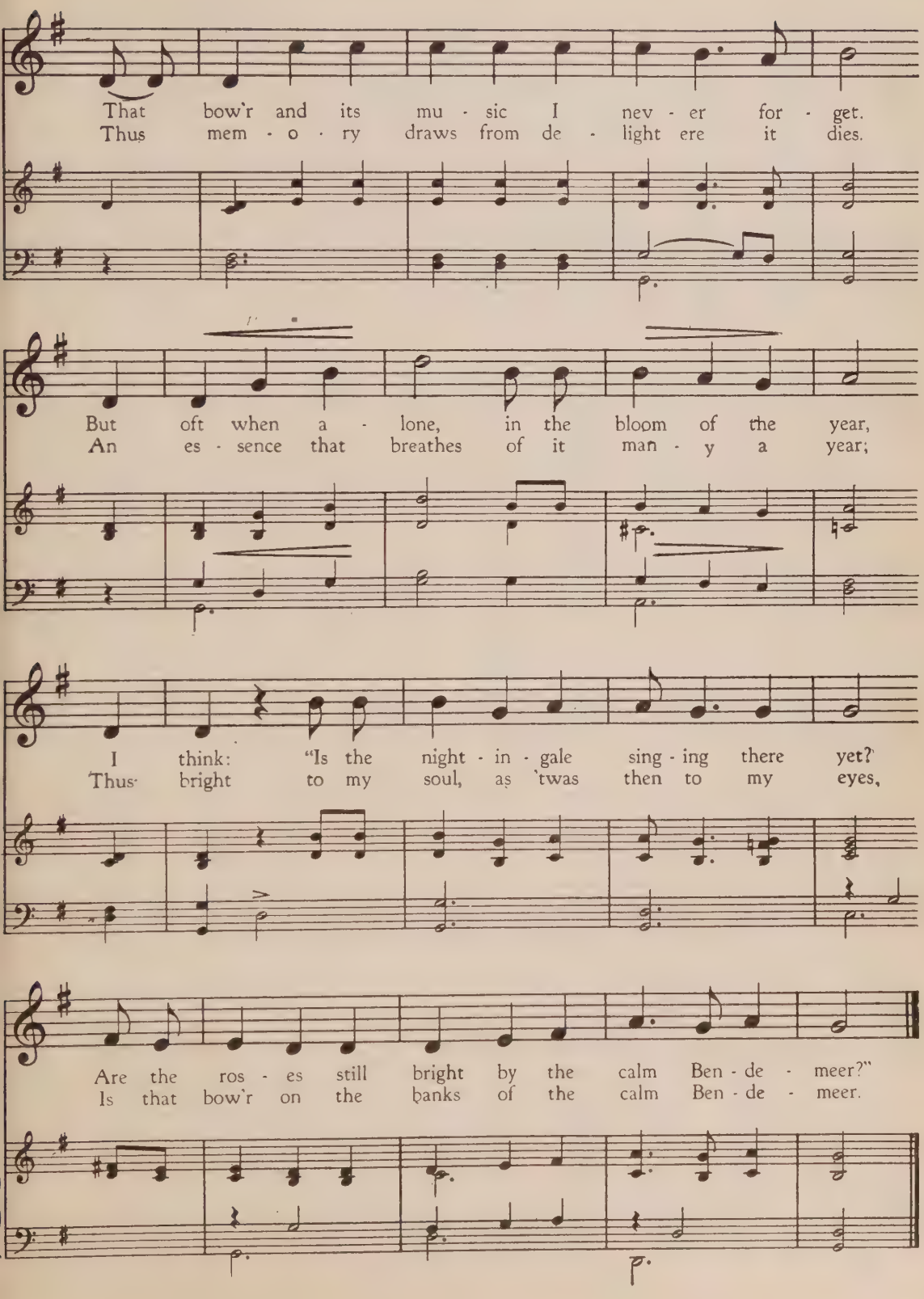
BENDEMEER'S STREAM

Thomas Moore

Irish Folk Song

Moderato

1. There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
2. No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
But some blossoms were gathered while freshly they shone,
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
And a dew was distilled from their flowers that gave
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.


That bow'r and its mu - sic I nev - er for - get.
Thus mem - o - ry draws from de - light ere it dies.
But oft when a - lone, in the bloom of the year,
An es - sence that breathes of it man - y a year;
I think: "Is the night - in - gale sing - ing there yet?
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Are the ros - es still bright by the calm Ben - de - meer?"
Is that bow'r on the banks of the calm Ben - de - meer.

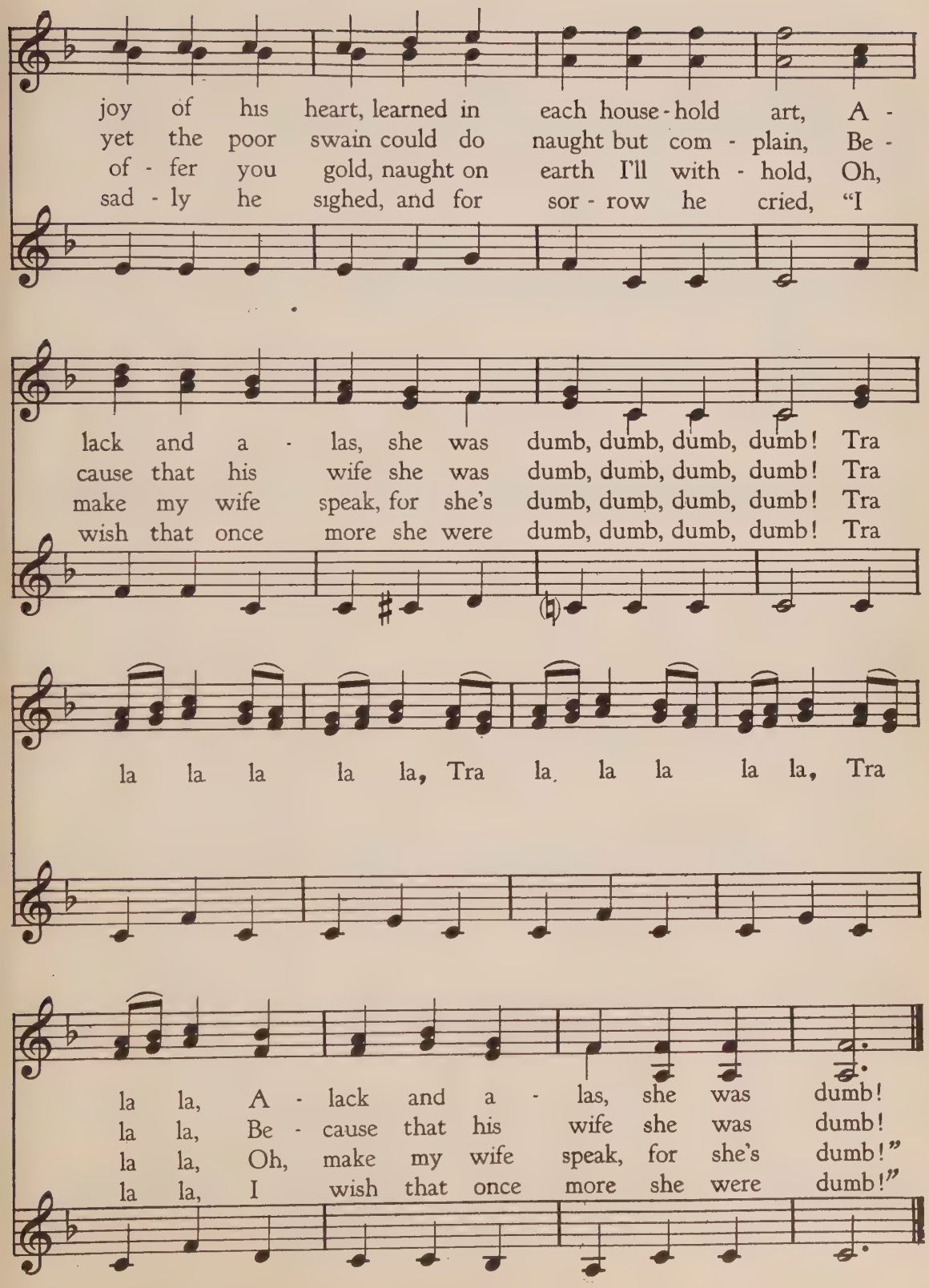
THE DUMB WIFE

From an Old Irish Song

English Folk Song
Used in "The Beggars' Opera"

Moderato

1. Once a fine youth wed a fair maid for - sooth, And
2. Fine could she bake, she could spin, she could make, And
3. For his con - tent to the doc - tor he went; Cried,
4. Cured by his might, she did scold day and night, He
safe - ly con - duct - ed her home, home, home, home; The
sweep out the house with her broom, broom, broom, broom! And
"Doc - tor, dear doc - tor, I've come, come, come, come, To
thought she would nev - er be done, done, done, done, Then
joy of his heart, learned in each house - hold art, A -
yet the poor swain could do naught but com - plain, Be -
of - fer you gold, naught on earth I'll with - hold, Oh,
sad - ly he sighed, and for sor - row he cried, "I
lack and a - las, she was dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb! The
cause that his wife she was dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb! And
make my wife speak, for she's dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb! To
wish that once more she were dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb! Then


joy of his heart, learned in each house-hold art, A-
yet the poor swain could do naught but com-plain, Be-
of-fer you gold, naught on earth I'll with-hold, Oh,
sad-ly he sighed, and for sor-row he cried, "I
lack and a-las, she was dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb! Tra
cause that his wife she was dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb! Tra
make my wife speak, for she's dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb! Tra
wish that once more she were dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb! Tra
la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra
la la, A-lack and a-las, she was dumb!
la la, Be-cause that his wife she was dumb!
la la, Oh, make my wife speak, for she's dumb!"
la la, I wish that once more she were dumb!"

Edwin Star Belknap

With gentle motion

Thomas Fischer

p
1. Spin, maid - en, spin! The gold - en thread weave in!
2. Sing, maid - en, sing! The pearl - y ca - dence fling!
3. Dream, maid - en, dream, In morn - ing's sun - ny beam!
4. Smile, maid - en, smile, And turn your wheel the while!
p Optional Bass
Though the flax is fine and fair, Bright - er gold is in your hair
Though the thrush is in the vine, Where's the note can vie with thine?
Har - bor ne'er a thought of night, Youth's the time for vi - sions bright.
As the thread of life you spin, Weave the smile and song there - in.
p
pp rit.
Spin, maid - en, spin!
Sing, maid - en, sing!
Dream, maid - en, dream!
Smile, maid - en, smile!
Spin, maid - en, spin!
Sing, maid - en, sing!
Dream, maid - en, dream!
Smile, maid - en, smile!
pp rit.
Ah, pret - ty maid - en, spin!
Ah, pret - ty maid - en, sing!
Ah, pret - ty maid - en, dream!
Ah, pret - ty maid en, smile!
pp rit.

THE FAIRIES DANCE

Adapted from
"Irish National Poetry"

Irish Air

Moderato

1. The fair-ies dance by brake and bow'r, For this to them is the gay-est hour. With
2. Their queen has youth and beau-ty rare, The maids of earth are not half so fair. Her
3. She'll meet thee like a la - dy fair. Go not, for dan-ger a-waits thee there! She'll

Mm - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - -

Optional Bass

Mm - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - -

steps so soft and with robes so white, They trip it there in clear moon-light.
glance so quick and her eyes so bright, They shine with soft, un - earth - ly light.
lead thee far o - ver grove and glen, And thou shalt ne'er be seen a - gain.

Mm - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - -

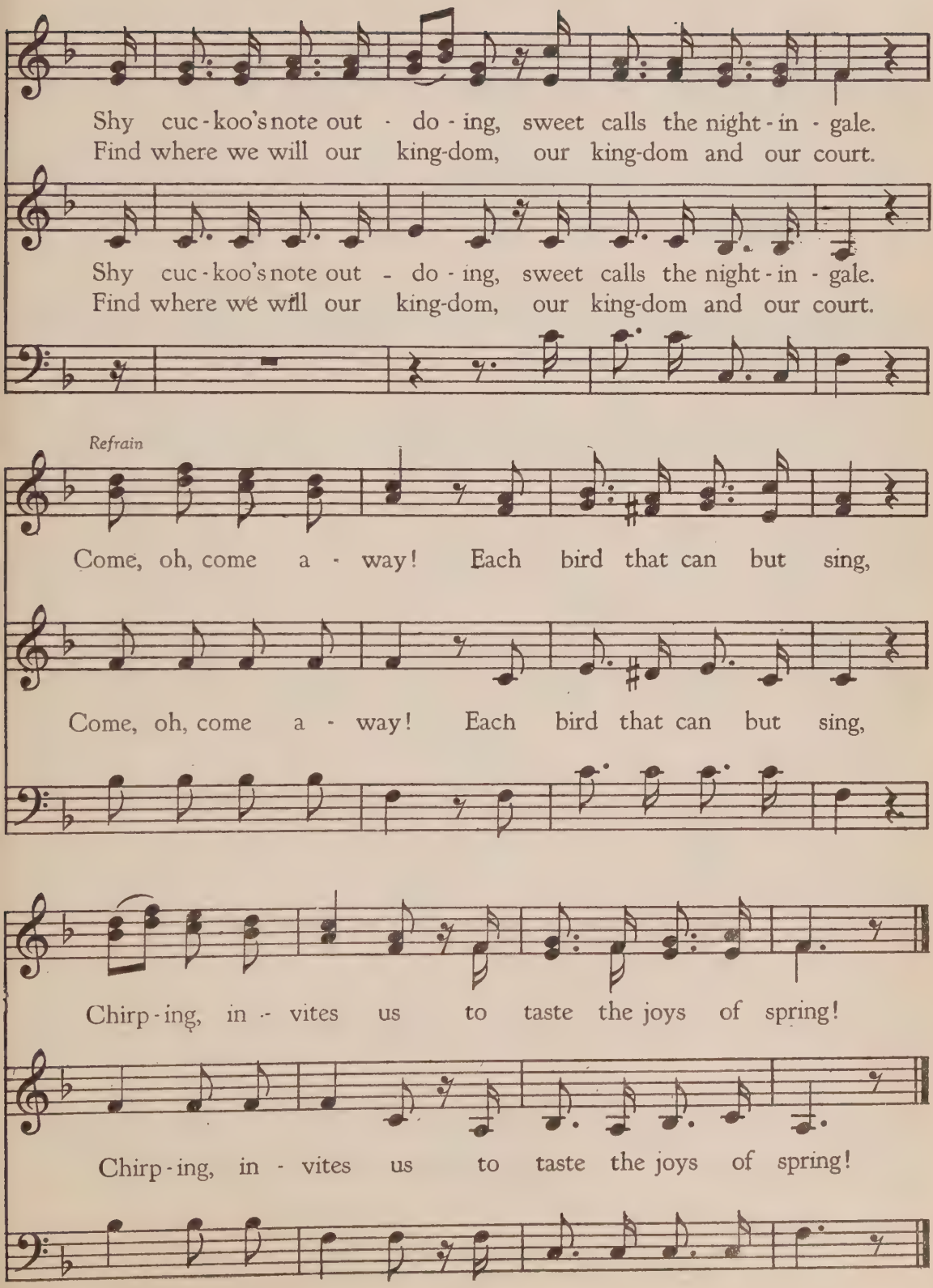
Mm - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - -

COME, COME AWAY

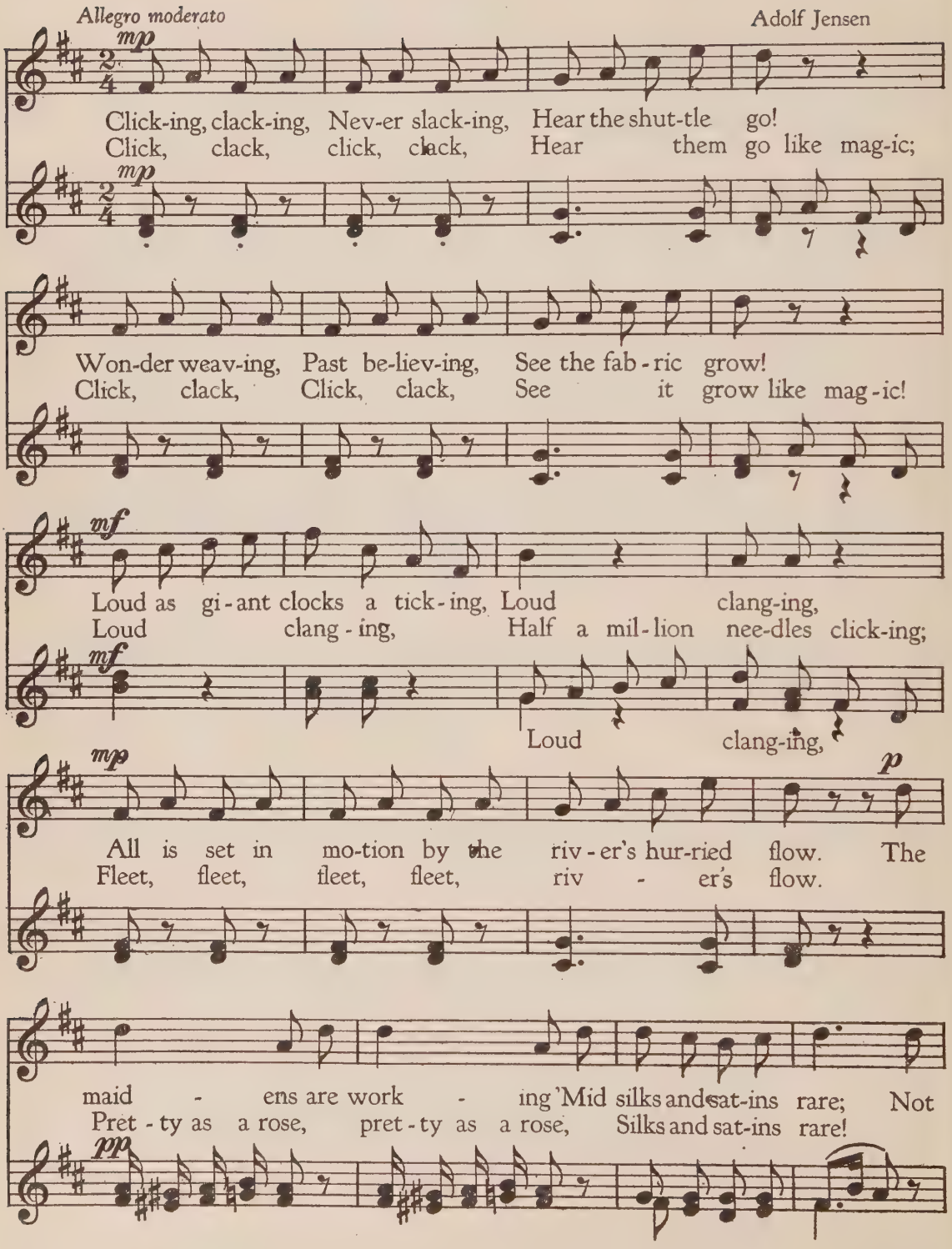
Cecil Cowdrey
With spirit

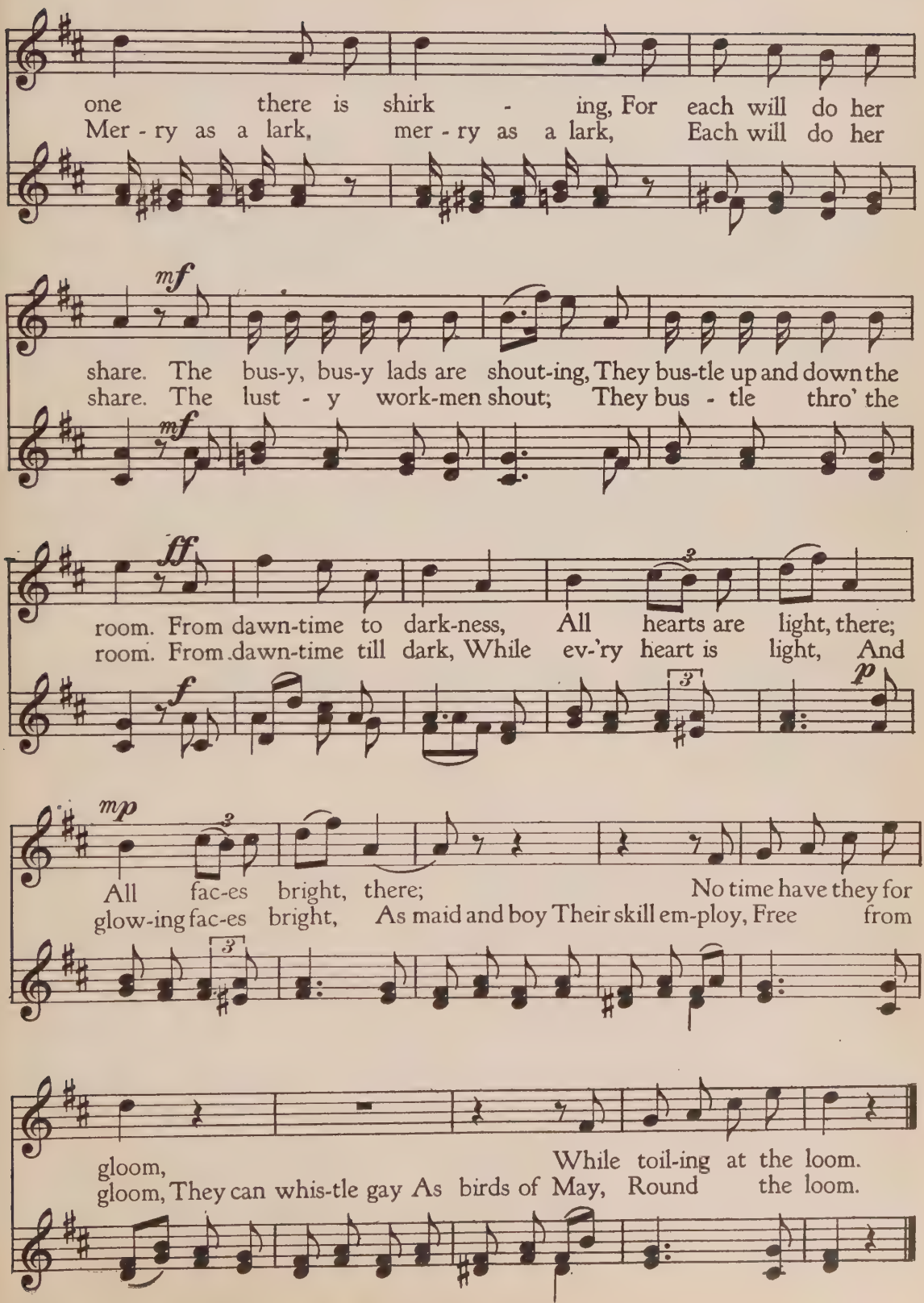
Giovanni Paisiello

1. Come, come a - way! Each bird that can but sing,
2. Come, come a - way! No land nor lease we take;
1. Come, come a - way! Each bird that can but sing,
2. Come, come a - way! No land nor lease we take;
Optional Bass
Chirp - ing, in - vites us to taste the joys of spring;
Debts none to plague us, no bar - gains need we make.
Chirp - ing, in - vites us to taste the joys of spring;
Debts none to plague us, no bar - gains need we make.
In field and grove, by flow'ry hill and dale,
Free thro' the world, we pass or make re - sort,
In field and grove, by flow'ry hill and dale,
Free thro' the world, we pass or make re - sort,


Shy cuc-koo's note out - do - ing, sweet calls the night-in - gale.
Find where we will our king-dom, our king-dom and our court.
Shy cuc-koo's note out - do - ing, sweet calls the night-in - gale.
Find where we will our king-dom, our king-dom and our court.
Refrain
Come, oh, come a - way! Each bird that can but sing,
Come, oh, come a - way! Each bird that can but sing,
Chirp-ing, in - vites us to taste the joys of spring!
Chirp-ing, in - vites us to taste the joys of spring!

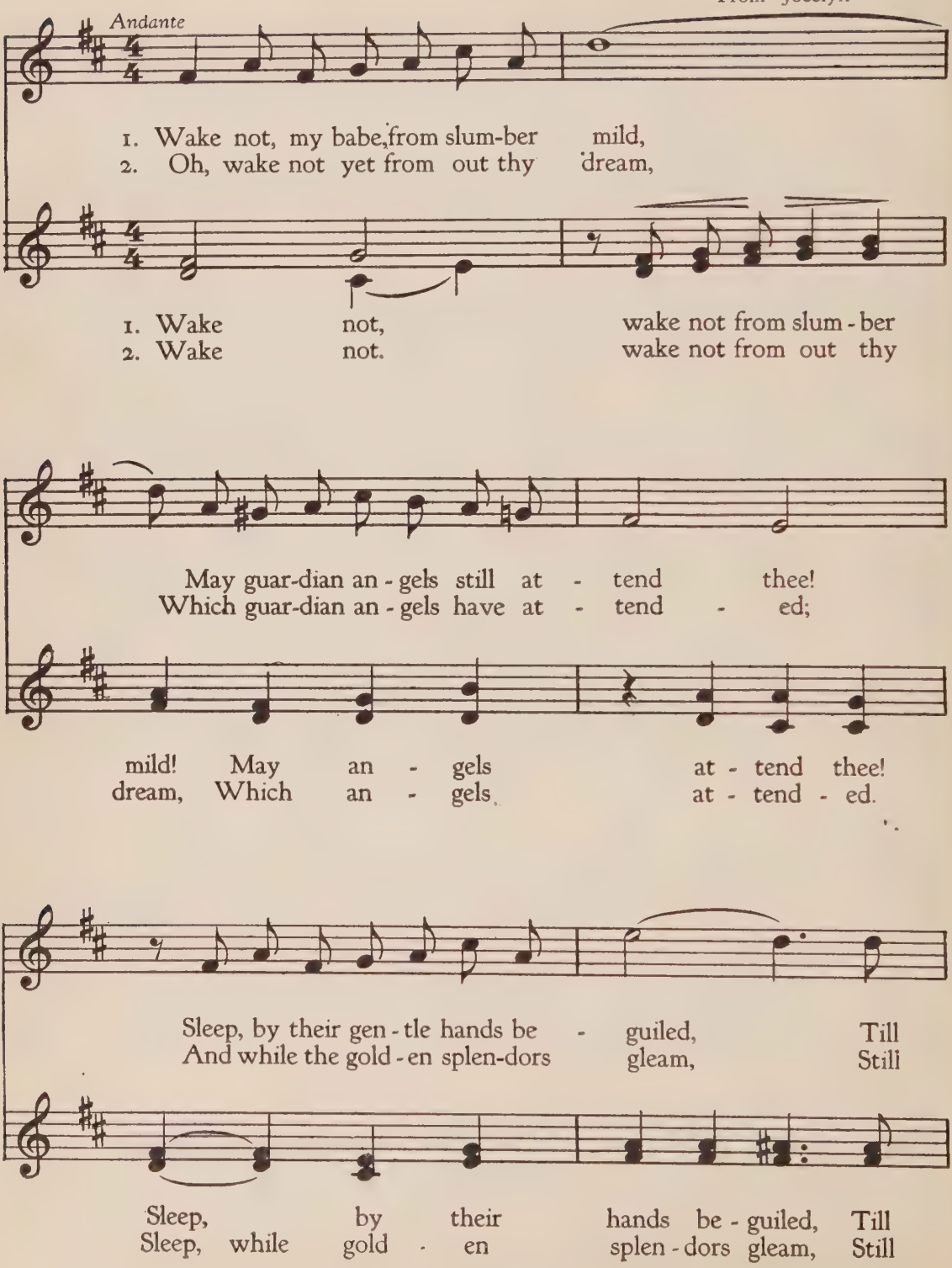
AT THE LOOM


Allegro moderato
Adolf Jensen
mp
Click-ing, clack-ing, Nev-er slack-ing, Hear the shut-tle go!
Click, clack, click, clack, Hear them go like mag-ic;
Won-der weav-ing, Past be-liev-ing, See the fab-ric grow!
Click, clack, Click, clack, See it grow like mag-ic!
mf
Loud as gi-ant clocks a tick-ing, Loud clang-ing,
Loud clang-ing, Half a mil-lion nee-dles click-ing;
Loud clang-ing,
p
All is set in mo-tion by the riv-er's hur-ried flow. The
Fleet, fleet, fleet, fleet, riv - er's flow.
maid - ens are work - ing 'Mid silks and sat-ins rare; Not
Pret-ty as a rose, pret-ty as a rose, Silks and sat-ins rare!
pp


one there is shirk - ing, For each will do her
Mer - ry as a lark, mer - ry as a lark, Each will do her
mf
share. The bus-y, bus-y lads are shout-ing, They bus-tle up and down the
share. The lust - y work-men shout; They bus - tle thro' the
mf
ff
room. From dawn-time to dark-ness, All hearts are light, there;
room. From dawn-time till dark, While ev-'ry heart is light, And
f
p
mp
All fac-es bright, there; No time have they for
glow-ing fac-es bright, As maid and boy Their skill em-ploy, Free from
gloom, While toil-ing at the loom.
gloom, They can whis-tle gay As birds of May, Round the loom.

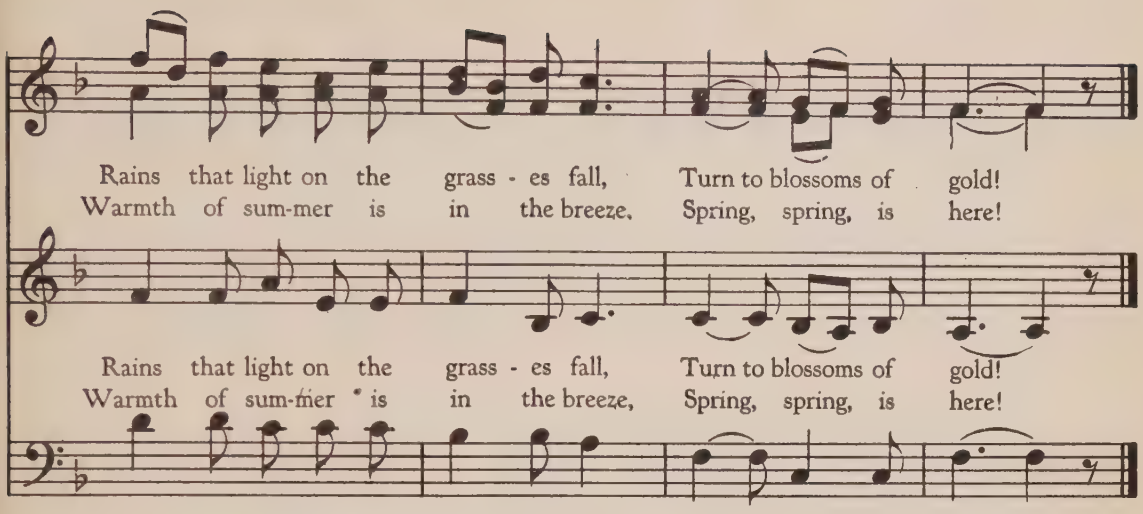
LULLABY

Benjamin Godard
From "Jocelyn"


Andante
1. Wake not, my babe, from slum-ber mild,
2. Oh, wake not yet from out thy dream,
1. Wake not, wake not from slum - ber
2. Wake not. wake not from out thy
May guar-dian an - gels still at - tend thee!
Which guar-dian an - gels have at - tend - ed;
mild! May an - gels at - tend thee!
dream, Which an - gels at - tend - ed.
Sleep, by their gen - tle hands be - guiled, Till
And while the gold - en splen-dors gleam, Still
Sleep, by their hands be - guiled, Till
Sleep, while gold - en splen - dors gleam, Still

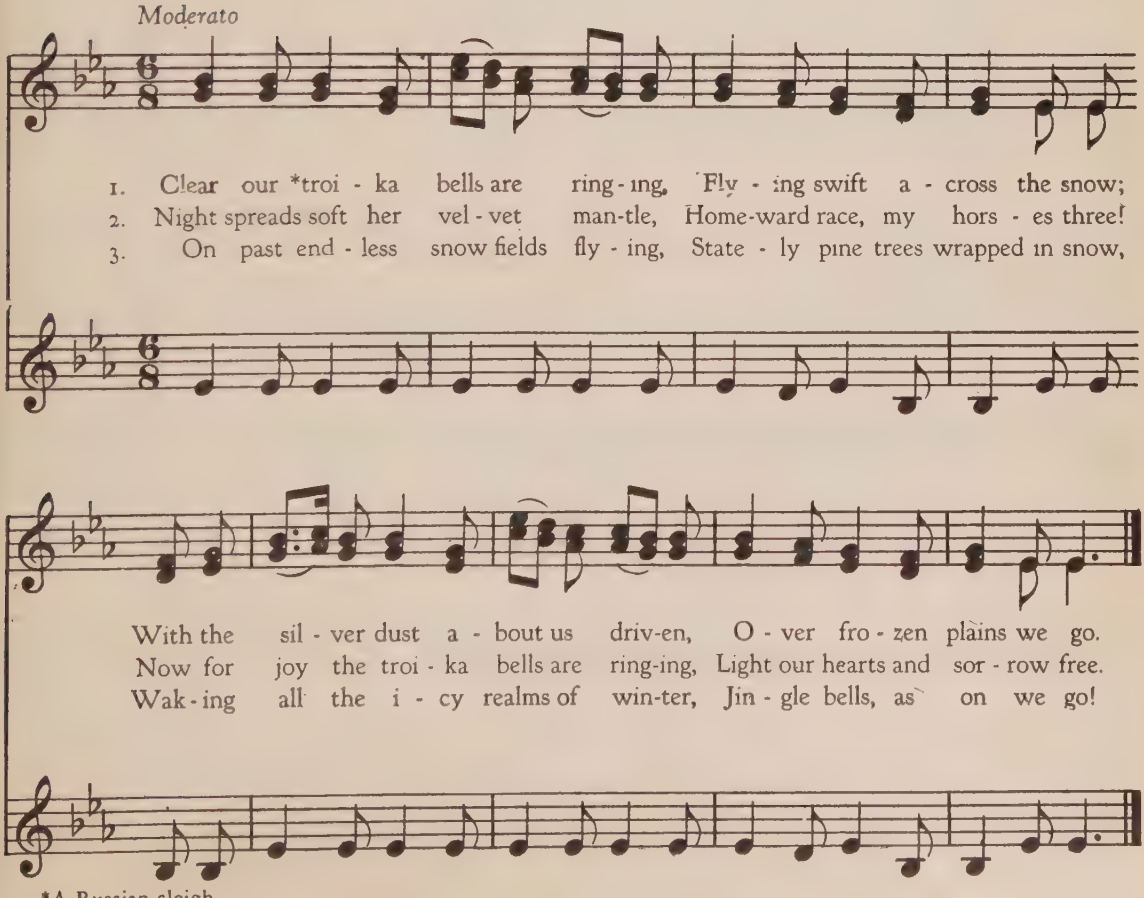
Heav'n its bright - est dreams shall send
sleep, my love, un - til 'tis end -
Heav'n its bright - est dream shall
sleep my love, oh, sleep,
thee!
ed!
Sleep, sleep,
send, till Heav'n its bright-est dreams shall send! Sleep, oh,
sleep, my love, un - til 'tis end - ed! Sleep,
un - til the dawn of day!
Bless - ed
sleep, till dawn of day. Bless - ed
an - gels pro - tect thee al - way!
an - gels pro - tect thee al - way!

Old Tune
Moderato
1. Weep, dear-est, no more, Soon dawn will be here, be here!
2. Heart, win-ter is gone, Cold van-ished and fear, and fear!
Weep, dear-est, no more, no more, Soon dawn will be here, be here!
Heart, win-ter is gone, is gone, Cold van-ished and fear, and fear!
Young birds sing-ing, Green buds swing-ing, Tell us spring-time is here.
Wild brooks laugh-ing, Free-dom quaff-ing, Blooms on hedge-rows ap-pear.
Young birds sing-ing, Green buds swing-ing, Tell us spring-time is here.
Wild brooks laugh-ing, Free-dom quaff-ing, Blooms on hedge-rows ap-pear.
REFRAIN
Heart, sor-row no more, Hope's em-blems un-fold, un-fold,
Weep, dear-est, no more, Blithe birds car-ol clear, so clear,
Heart, sor-row no more, Hope's em-blems un-fold, un-fold,
Weep, dear-est, no more, Blithe birds car-ol clear, so clear,


Rains that light on the grass - es fall, Turn to blossoms of gold!
Warmth of sum-mer is in the breeze, Spring, spring, is here!
Rains that light on the grass - es fall, Turn to blossoms of gold!
Warmth of sum-mer is in the breeze, Spring, spring, is here!

THE TROIKA BELLS

Russian Folk Song

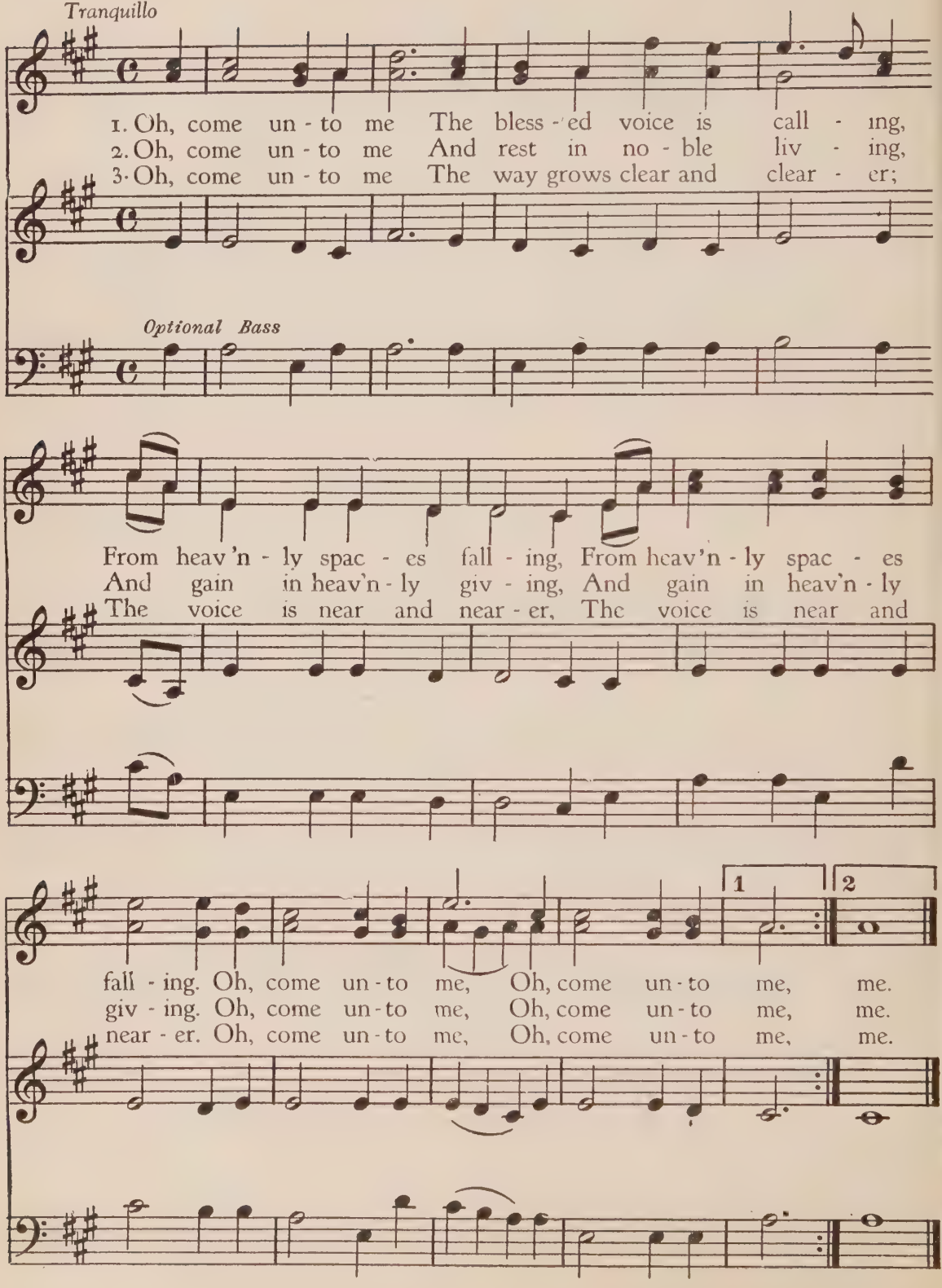

Moderato
1. Clear our *troi - ka bells are ring - ing, Fly - ing swift a - cross the snow;
2. Night spreads soft her vel - vet man-tle, Home-ward race, my hors - es three!
3. On past end - less snow fields fly - ing, State - ly pine trees wrapped in snow,
With the sil - ver dust a - bout us driv-en, O - ver fro - zen plains we go.
Now for joy the troi - ka bells are ring-ing, Light our hearts and sor - row free.
Wak - ing all the i - cy realms of win-ter, Jin - gle bells, as on we go!

*A Russian sleigh

OH, COME UNTO ME

James Geddes
Tranquillo

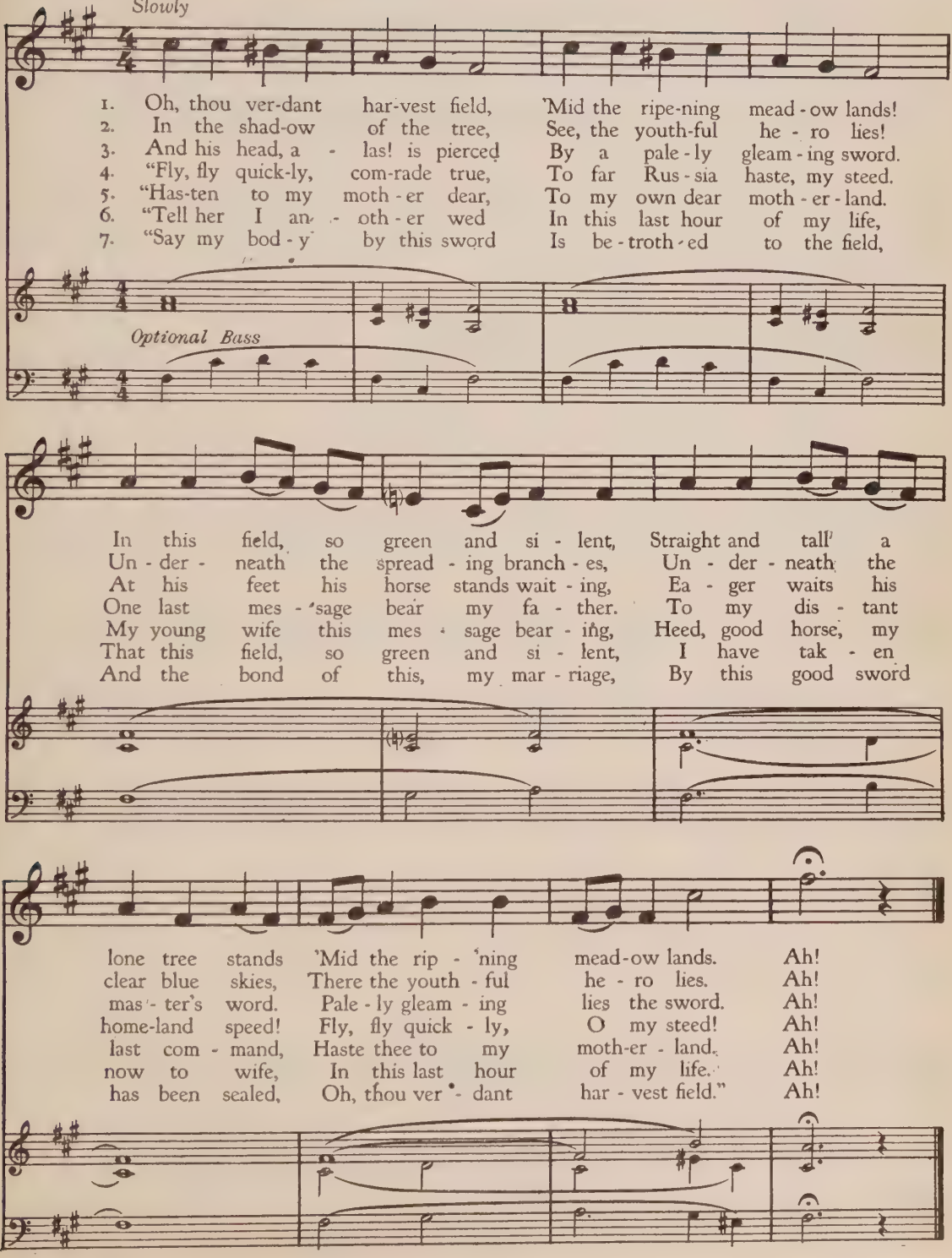
Luise Reichardt


1. Oh, come un - to me The bless - ed voice is call - ing,
2. Oh, come un - to me And rest in no - ble liv - ing,
3. Oh, come un - to me The way grows clear and clear - er;
Optional Bass
From heav'n - ly spac - es fall - ing, From heav'n - ly spac - es
And gain in heav'n - ly giv - ing, And gain in heav'n - ly
The voice is near and near - er, The voice is near and
1
2
fall - ing. Oh, come un - to me, Oh, come un - to me, me.
giv - ing. Oh, come un - to me, Oh, come un - to me, me.
near - er. Oh, come un - to me, Oh, come un - to me, me.

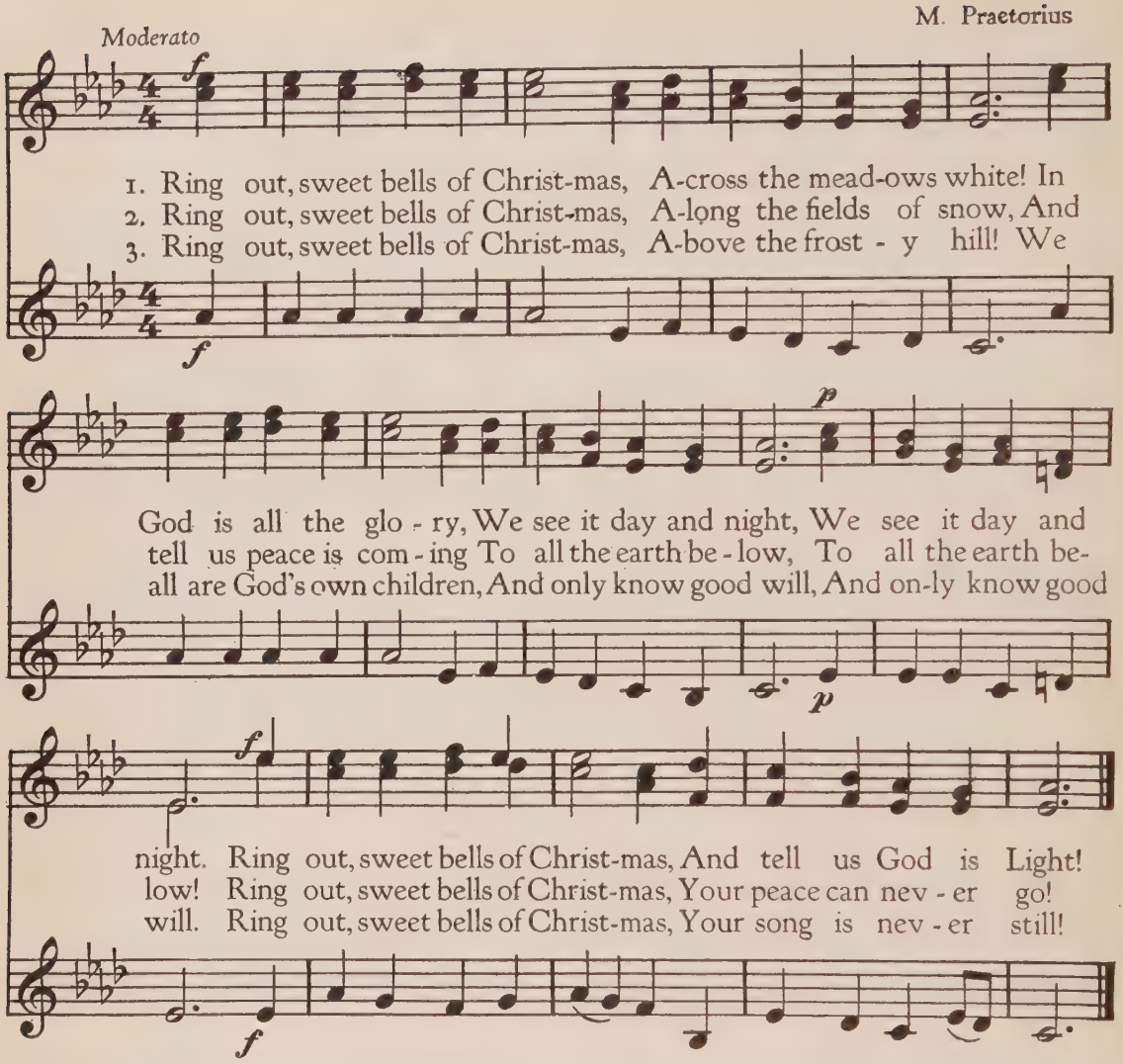
Translated from the Russian
Cecil Cowdrey

Modest Moussorgsky

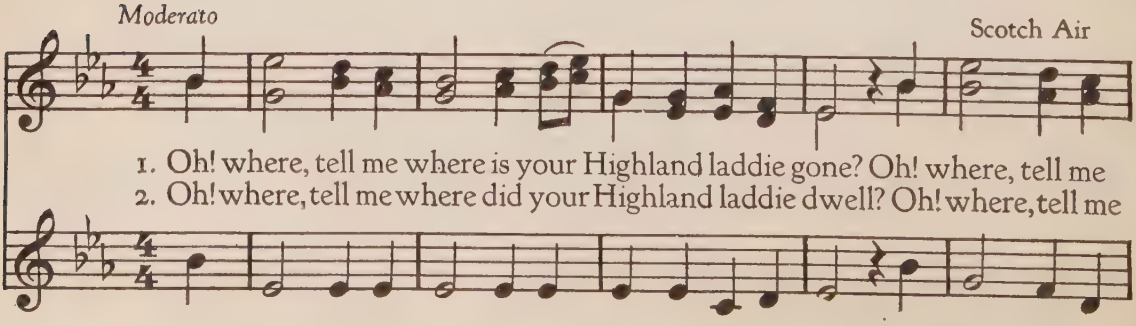
Slowly

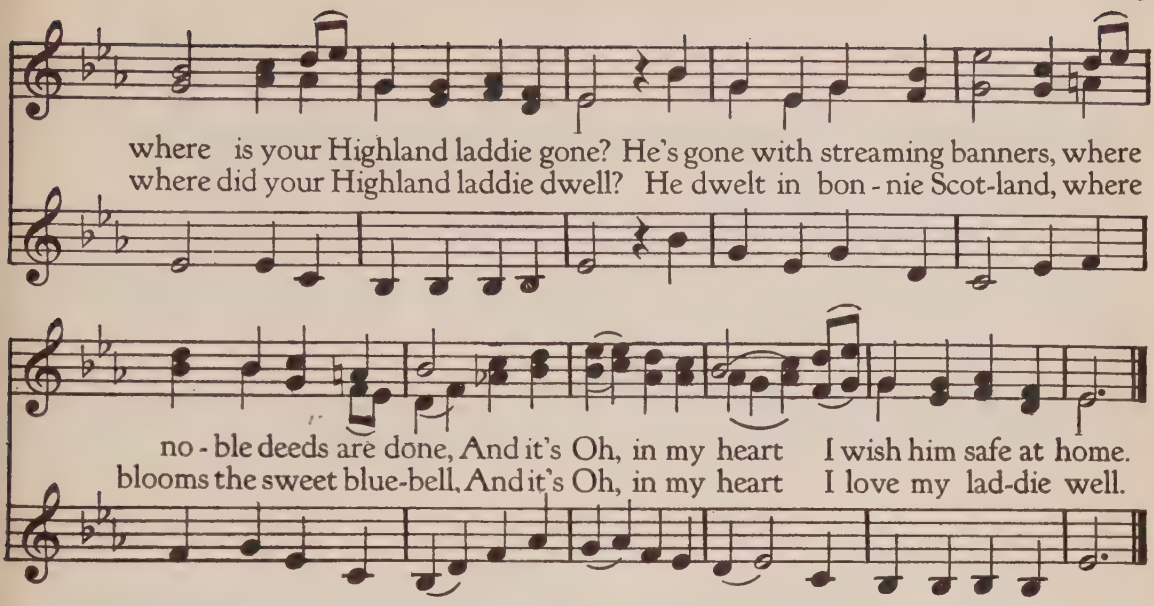

1. Oh, thou ver-dant har-vest field, 'Mid the ripe-ning mead-ow lands!
2. In the shad-ow of the tree, See, the youth-ful he - ro lies!
3. And his head, a - las! is pierced By a pale-ly gleam-ing sword.
4. "Fly, fly quick-ly, com-rade true, To far Rus-sia haste, my steed.
5. "Has-ten to my moth-er dear, To my own dear moth-er-land.
6. "Tell her I an- oth-er wed In this last hour of my life,
7. "Say my bod-y by this sword Is be-troth-ed to the field,
Optional Bass
In this field, so green and si-lent, Straight and tall a
Un-der-neath the spread-ing branch-es, Un-der-neath the
At his feet his horse stands wait-ing, Ea-ger waits his
One last mes-sage bear my fa-ther. To my dis-tant
My young wife this mes-sage bear-ing, Heed, good horse, my
That this field, so green and si-lent, I have tak-en
And the bond of this, my mar-riage, By this good sword
lone tree stands 'Mid the rip-ning mead-ow lands. Ah!
clear blue skies, There the youth-ful he-ro lies. Ah!
mas-ter's word. Pale-ly gleam-ing lies the sword. Ah!
home-land speed! Fly, fly quick-ly, O my steed! Ah!
last com-mand, Haste thee to my moth-er-land. Ah!
now to wife, In this last hour of my life. Ah!
has been sealed, Oh, thou ver-dant har-vest field." Ah!

M. Praetorius


Moderato
1. Ring out, sweet bells of Christ-mas, A-cross the mead-ows white! In
2. Ring out, sweet bells of Christ-mas, A-long the fields of snow, And
3. Ring out, sweet bells of Christ-mas, A-bove the frost - y hill! We
God is all the glo - ry, We see it day and night, We see it day and
tell us peace is com - ing To all the earth be - low, To all the earth be-
all are God's own children, And only know good will, And on-ly know good
night. Ring out, sweet bells of Christ-mas, And tell us God is Light!
low! Ring out, sweet bells of Christ-mas, Your peace can nev - er go!
will. Ring out, sweet bells of Christ-mas, Your song is nev - er still!

THE BLUEBELLS OF SCOTLAND

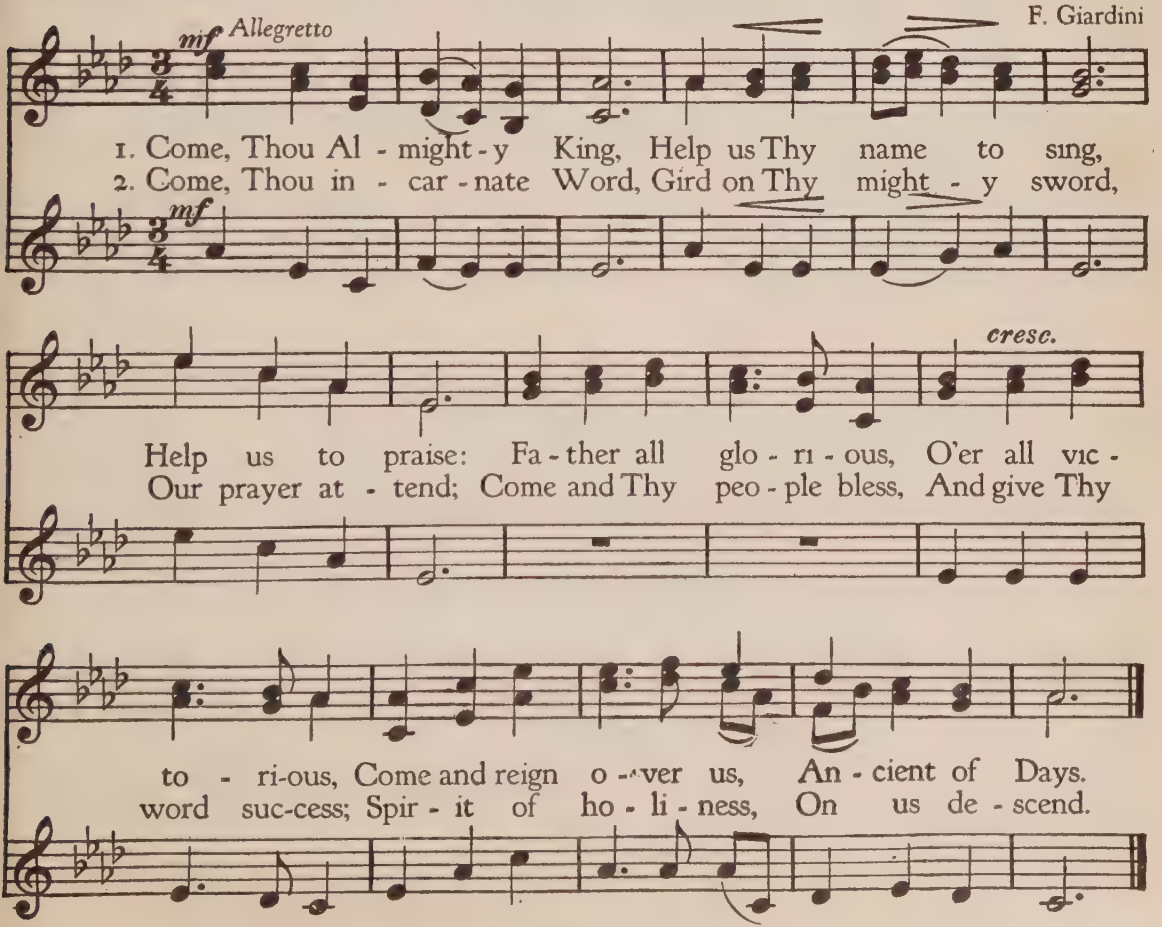

Moderato
Scotch Air
1. Oh! where, tell me where is your Highland laddie gone? Oh! where, tell me
2. Oh! where, tell me where did your Highland laddie dwell? Oh! where, tell me


where is your Highland laddie gone? He's gone with streaming banners, where
where did your Highland laddie dwell? He dwelt in bon - nie Scot-land, where
no - ble deeds are done, And it's Oh, in my heart I wish him safe at home.
blooms the sweet blue-bell, And it's Oh, in my heart I love my lad-die well.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

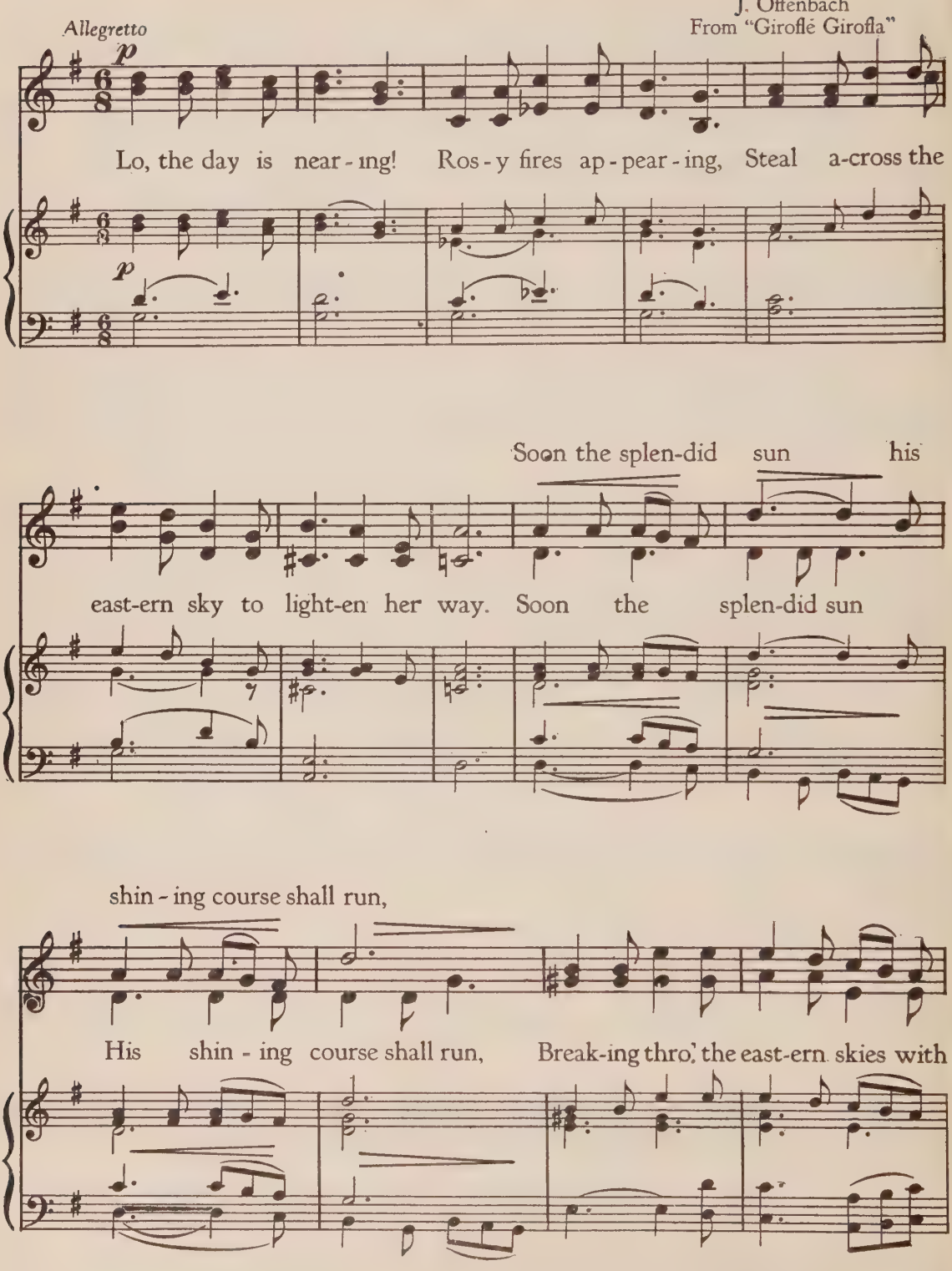
Charles Wesley

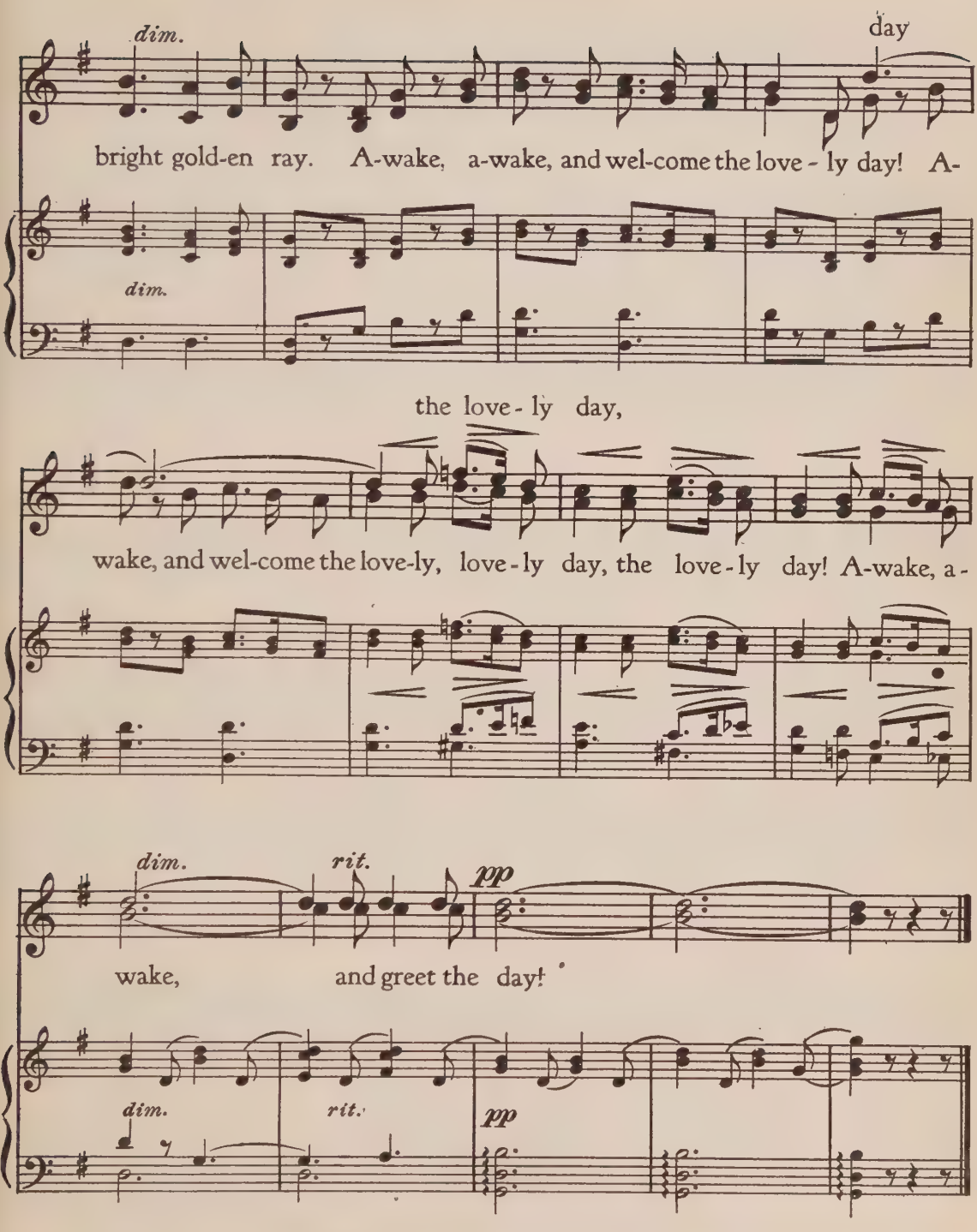
F. Giardini


mf Allegretto
1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
mf
cresc.
Help us to praise: Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our prayer at - tend; Come and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
to - ri-ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
word suc-cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.

SONG AT DAWN

J. Offenbach
From "Giroflé Girofla"

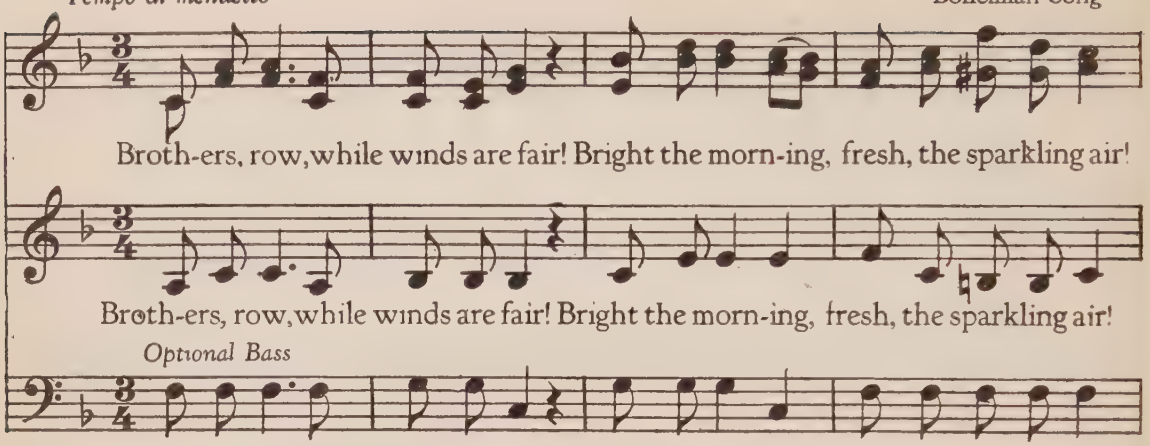

Allegretto
p
Lo, the day is near - ing! Ros - y fires ap - pear - ing, Steal a-cross the
Soon the splen-did sun his
east-ern sky to light-en her way. Soon the splen-did sun
shin - ing course shall run,
His shin - ing course shall run, Break-ing thro' the east-ern skies with

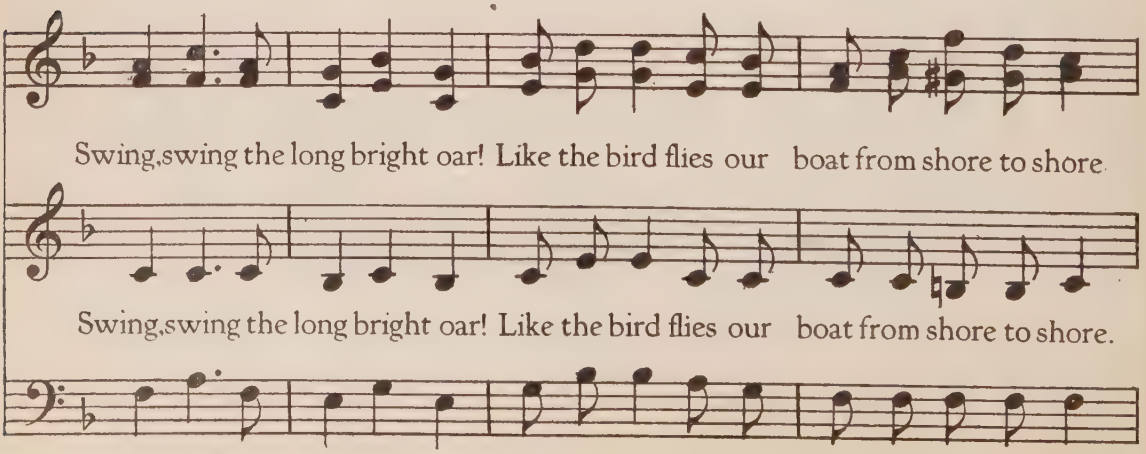

dim.
day
bright gold-en ray. A-wake, a-wake, and wel-come the love - ly day! A-
dim.
the love - ly day,
wake, and wel-come the love-ly, love - ly day, the love - ly day! A-wake, a -
dim.
rit.
pp
wake, and greet the day!
dim.
rit.
pp

BOATING SONG

Tempo di menuetto

Bohemian Song

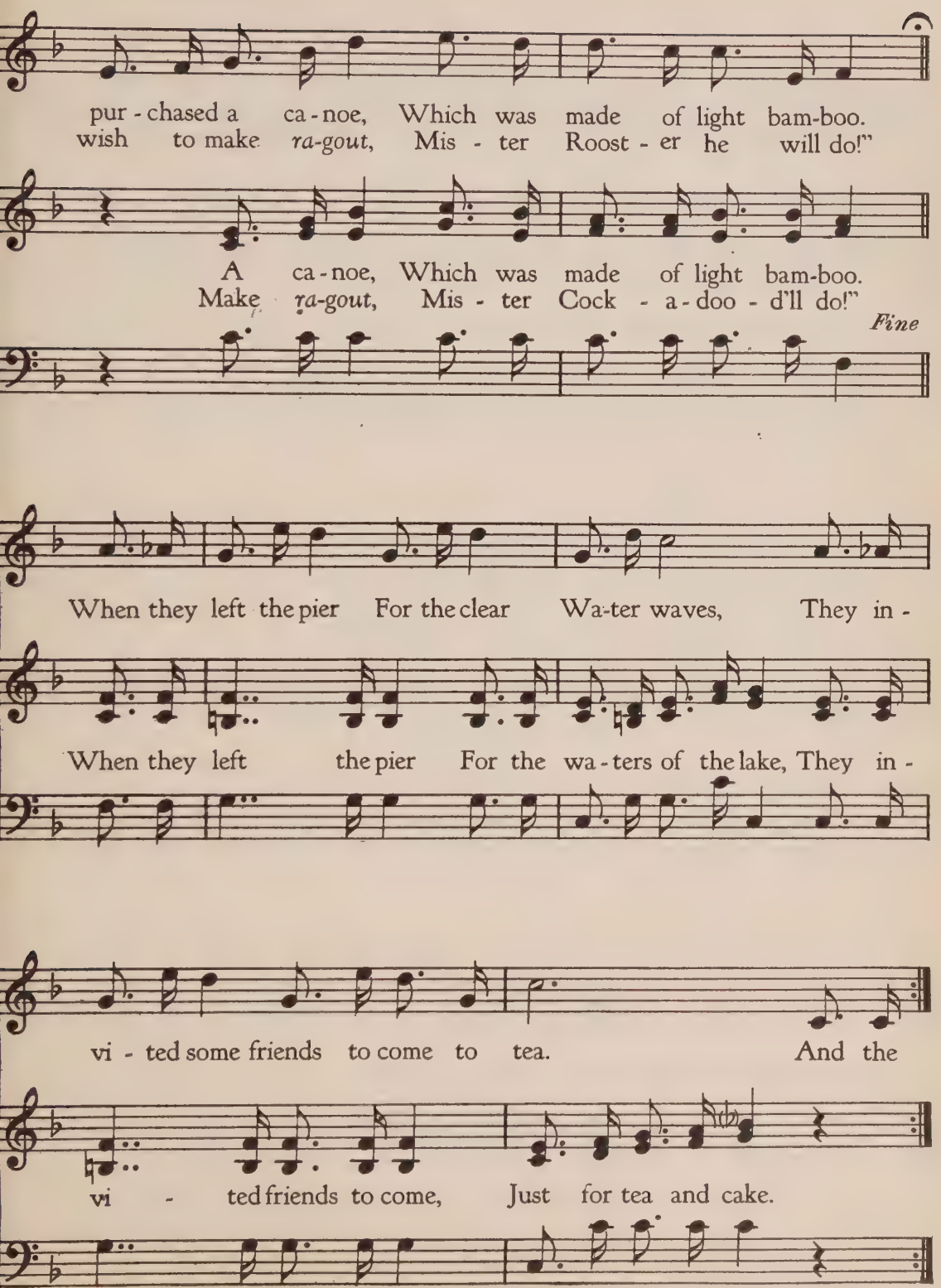

Broth-ers, row, while winds are fair! Bright the morn-ing, fresh, the sparkling air!
Broth-ers, row, while winds are fair! Bright the morn-ing, fresh, the sparkling air!
Optional Bass


Swing, swing the long bright oar! Like the bird flies our boat from shore to shore.
Swing, swing the long bright oar! Like the bird flies our boat from shore to shore.

Broth-ers, row! The winds are fair, Calm flows the tide.
Swing a - long, swing a - long! Calm flows the tide.
Broth-ers, row! The winds are fair, Calm flows the tide.
Swing,swing the long bright oar! Like the bird flies our boat from shore to shore.
Swing,swing the long bright oar! Like the bird flies our boat from shore to shore.
Broth-ers, row! The winds are fair, Calm flows the tide.
Swing a-long, swing a-long! Calm flows the tide.
Broth-ers, row! The winds are fair, Calm flows the tide.

Tyrolean Tune

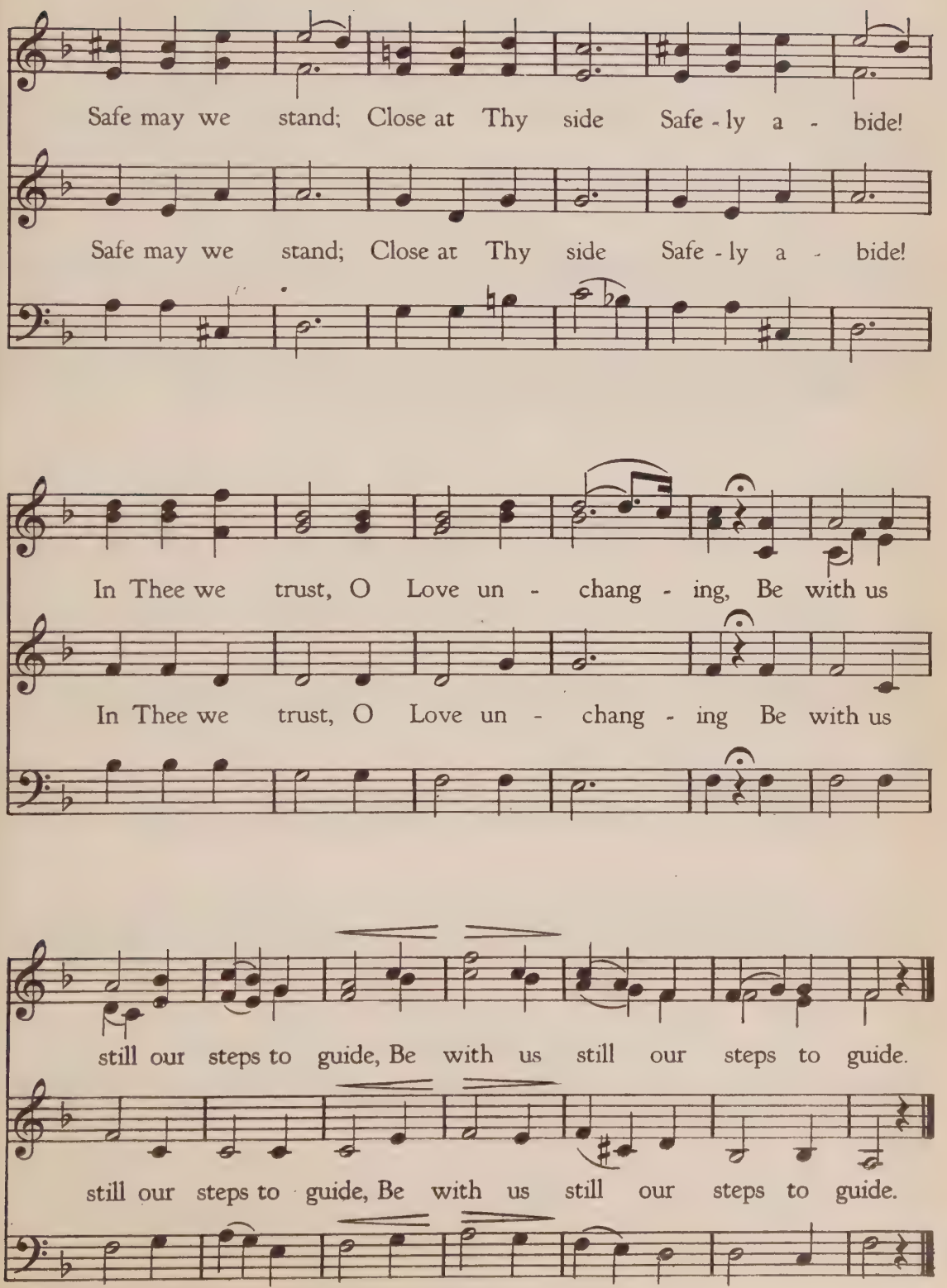
With brisk rhythm
Once a pen-sive kan-ga-roo From the plains of Tim-buc-too, Bought a
cow be - gan to moo, While the pi-geon whistled, "Coo!" But the
Kan-ga-roo
Hear the moo
Tim-buc-too
Whis-tled, "Coo!"
Optional Bass
pat - ent leath - er shoe For the care - ful cock - a - too, Then, with -
oys - ter cried, "Pooh-pooh! There is on - ly room for two!" And the
Leath - er shoe For the care - ful cock - a - too.
Cried, "Pooh-pooh! There is on - ly room for two!"
out the least a - do, Each one took an egg sham-poo, And they
ba - by went, "Boo-hoo!" When the owl re-marked "To-whoo! Should you
Least a - do
Went, "Boo-hoo!"
Egg sham-poo
Said, "To-whoo!"


pur - chased a ca - noe, Which was made of light bam-boo.
wish to make *ra-gout*, Mis - ter Roost - er he will do!"
A ca - noe, Which was made of light bam-boo.
Make *ra-gout*, Mis - ter Cock - a - doo - d'll do!"
Fine
When they left the pier For the clear Wa-ter waves, They in -
When they left the pier For the wa - ters of the lake, They in -
vi - ted some friends to come to tea. And the
vi - ted friends to come, Just for tea and cake.

GUIDE THOU OUR STEPS

Luigi Cherubini
From "The Water Carriers"

Moderato
Guide Thou our steps, O Lord of Heav-en, Look-ing to Thee in
Guide Thou our steps, O Lord of Heav-en, Look-ing to Thee in
Optional Bass
all our ways! Give us Thy strength, what e'er be - fall us,
all our ways! Give us Thy strength, what e'er be - fall us,
Lead us thro' fair and storm-y days! Held by Thy hand,
Lead us thro' fair and storm-y days! Held by Thy hand,


Safe may we stand; Close at Thy side Safe - ly a - bide!
Safe may we stand; Close at Thy side Safe - ly a - bide!
In Thee we trust, O Love un - chang - ing, Be with us
In Thee we trust, O Love un - chang - ing Be with us
still our steps to guide, Be with us still our steps to guide.
still our steps to guide, Be with us still our steps to guide.

IN VENICE

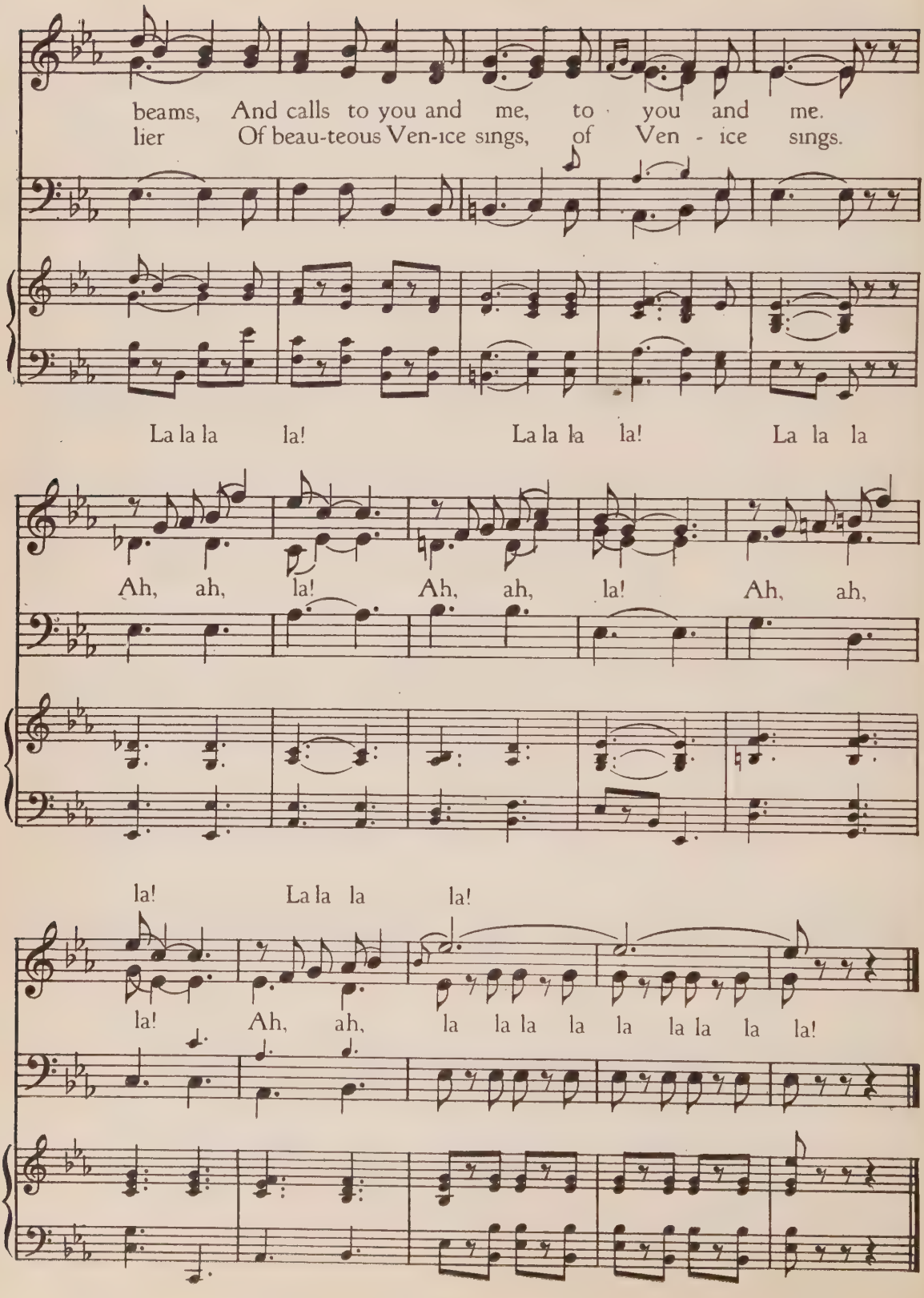
(Duet with Optional Bass)

From the Italian

F. Paolo Tosti,

Andante moderato
mp
1. The night is fair, The balm - y air Is filled with sound of
2. The gay la-goon Re - flects the moon, And myr - iad col - ored
mp
song, As on the tide Fair shal - lops ride The blue ca - nal a -
lights Gleam ev - 'ry-where And make more fair This calm Ve - ne - tian
long; Come, let us float In gild - ed boat A - cross the sum-mer
night. The cares of day Slip far a-way, Sweet mu - sic rap-ture

sea; The moon - light streams In sil - ver
brings, As far and near, The gon - do -
(Optional Bass)
beams, And calls to you and me, to you and
lier Of beau-teous Ven-ice sings, of Ven - ice
me The moon - light streams In sil - ver
sings, As far and near, The gon - do -
Ped.


beams, And calls to you and me, to you and me.
lier Of beau-teous Ven-ice sings, of Ven - ice sings.
La la la la! La la la la! La la la
Ah, ah, la! Ah, ah, la! Ah, ah,
la! La la la la!
la! Ah, ah, la la la la la la la la la!

OUT ON THE OCEAN

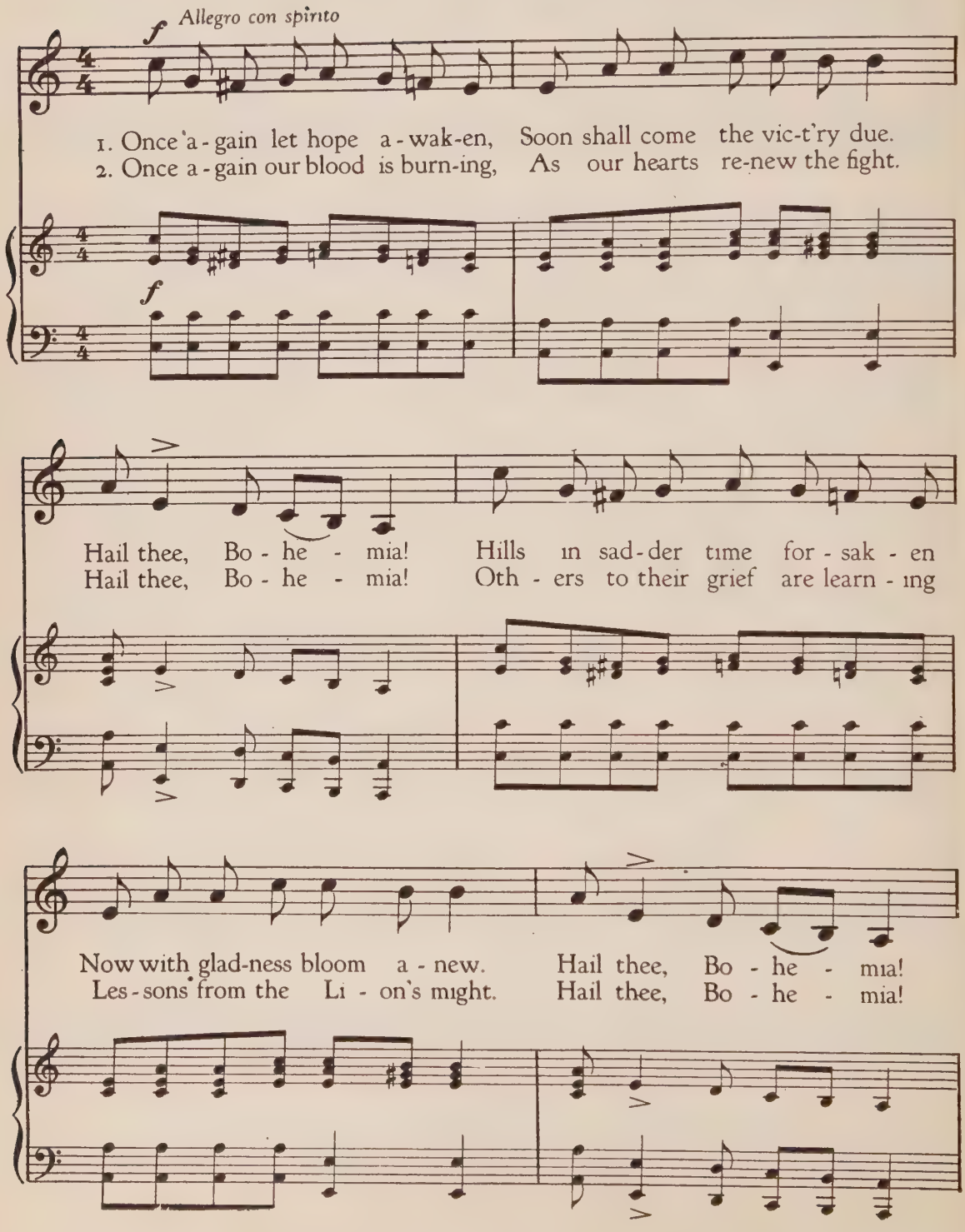
Sir Arthur S. Sullivan

Allegretto placido
1. Out on the sun-set o - cean, Dis - tant sails like snow-y
2. O - ver the wa-ters dream - ing, Shines a star from out the
Lull - a - by, Oh, lull - a - by!
sheep are flocked; With soft - ly sway-ing mo - tion,
heav-en's deep; The sail - or's bea - con gleam - ing
Lull - a - by, Oh, lull - a - by! Lull - a - by, Oh,
Each bark by gen - tle bil-lows rocked. Sweet is the west - ern
Calm vig - il while the world's a-sleep. Now is the sea at
lull - a - by! Lull - a - by, Oh, lull - a - by!
sky; Blush-ing now she bids the day Good-by, Blush-ing
rest, While the night is dream-ing on her breast, While the
Lull - a - by, Oh, lull - a - by! Oh, lull - a - by! Oh,
now she bids the day good - by!
night is dream-ing on her breast.
lull - a - by! Oh, lull - a - by!

BOHEMIAN WAR SONG

English Version by
Sigmund Spaeth

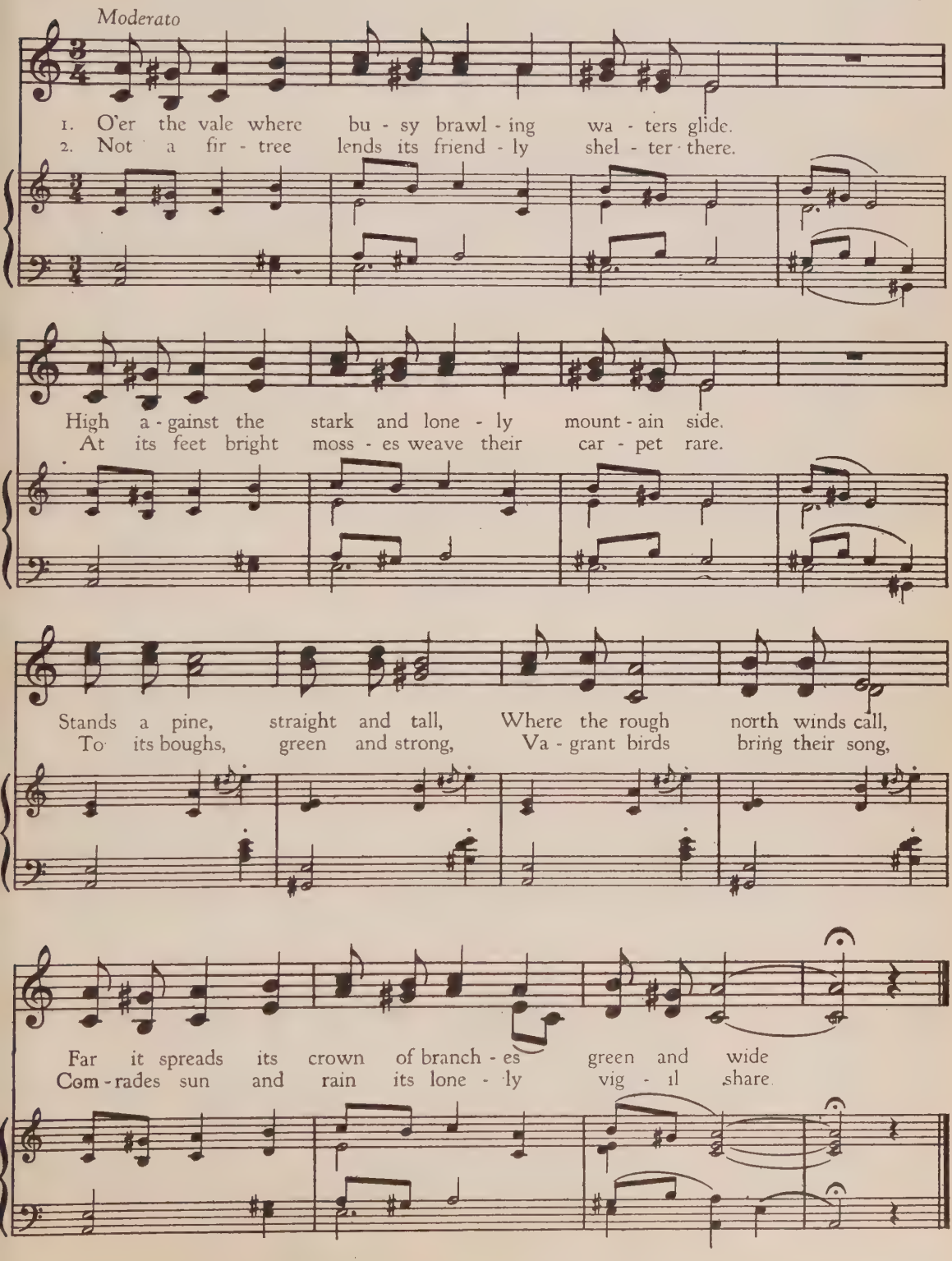
Bohemian Folk Song
Used by Balfe in "The Bohemian Girl"


Allegro con spirito
1. Once a - gain let hope a - wak-en, Soon shall come the vic-t'ry due.
2. Once a - gain our blood is burn-ing, As our hearts re-new the fight.
Hail thee, Bo - he - mia! Hills in sad-der time for - sak - en
Hail thee, Bo - he - mia! Oth - ers to their grief are learn - ing
Now with glad-ness bloom a - new. Hail thee, Bo - he - mia!
Les-sons from the Li - on's might. Hail thee, Bo - he - mia!

a tempo
Rouse a-gain the spir-it old-en, Ev-'ry man-ly heart em-bold-en,
Sound the mu-sic ter-ri-fy-ing, Till the foe, for mer-cy cry-ing,
piu mosso
rit.
Faith will bring a har-vest gold-en Hail, Bo-he-mia!
Shall in ut-ter rout be fly-ing Hail, Bo-he-mia!
rit.
CHORUS
a tempo
Then to-geth-er brave-ly fight-ing, All the wrong of ty-rants right-ing,
cresc.
rit.
Come, Bo-he-mians, forth to war! Bo-he-mians, forth to war!
rit.

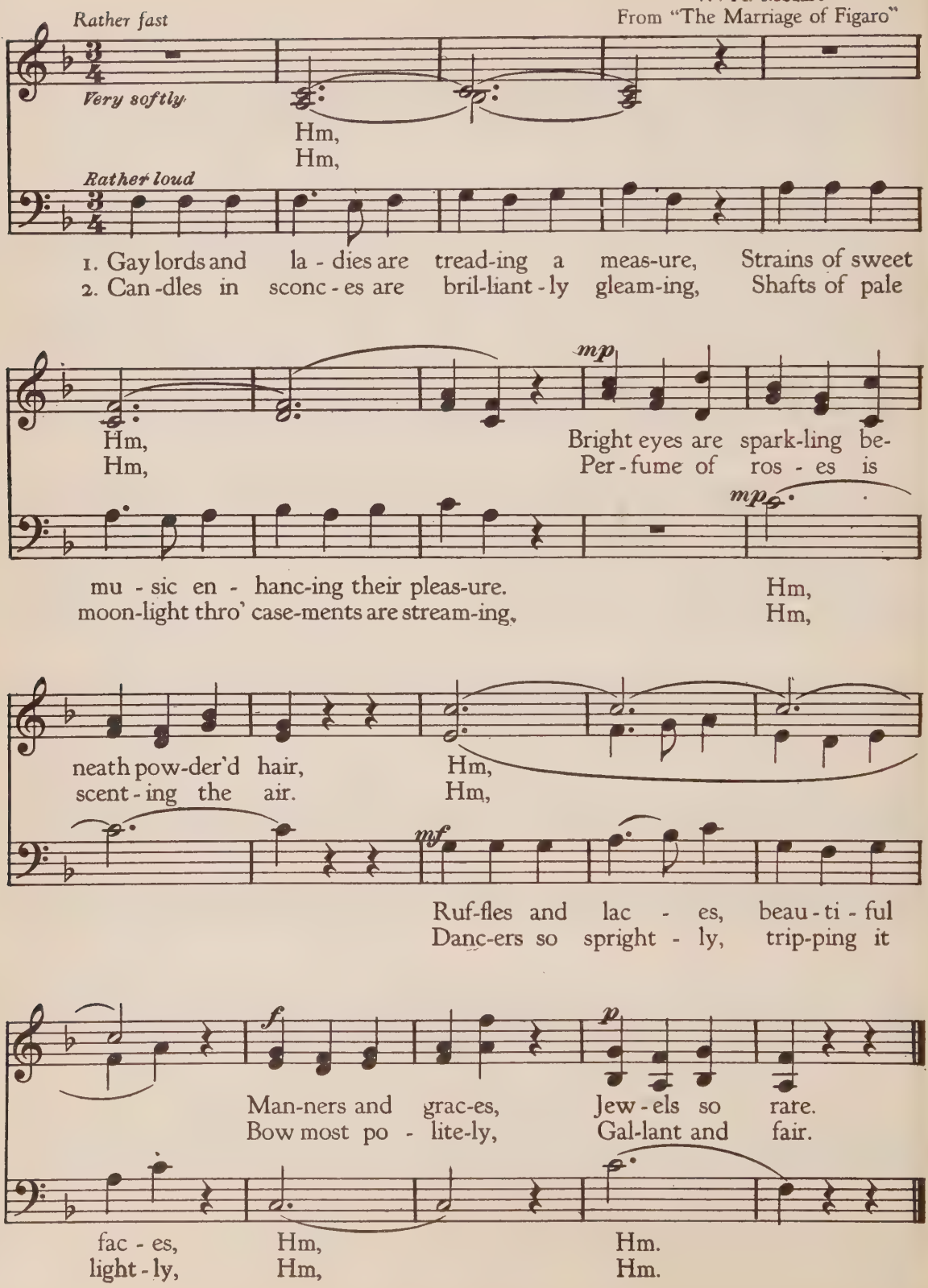
p adagio
Help us, Lord of hosts, with strong hand! Help thou, too, our cause,
rall.
Ho - ly Wen - ces - laus, He - ro of Bo - he - mia's land!
a tempo allegro
Then to-geth - er brave - ly fight - ing, All the wrongs of ty-rants right - ing,
a tempo allegro
rall.
Come, Bo-he-mians, forth to war! Bo-he-mians, forth to war!
rall.

Adapted from the Russian. Moravian Folk Song


Moderato
1. O'er the vale where bu - sy brawl - ing wa - ters glide.
2. Not a fir - tree lends its friend - ly shel - ter there.
High a - gainst the stark and lone - ly mount - ain side.
At its feet bright moss - es weave their car - pet rare.
Stands a pine, straight and tall, Where the rough north winds call,
To its boughs, green and strong, Va - grant birds bring their song,
Far it spreads its crown of branch - es green and wide
Com - rades sun and rain its lone - ly vig - il share.

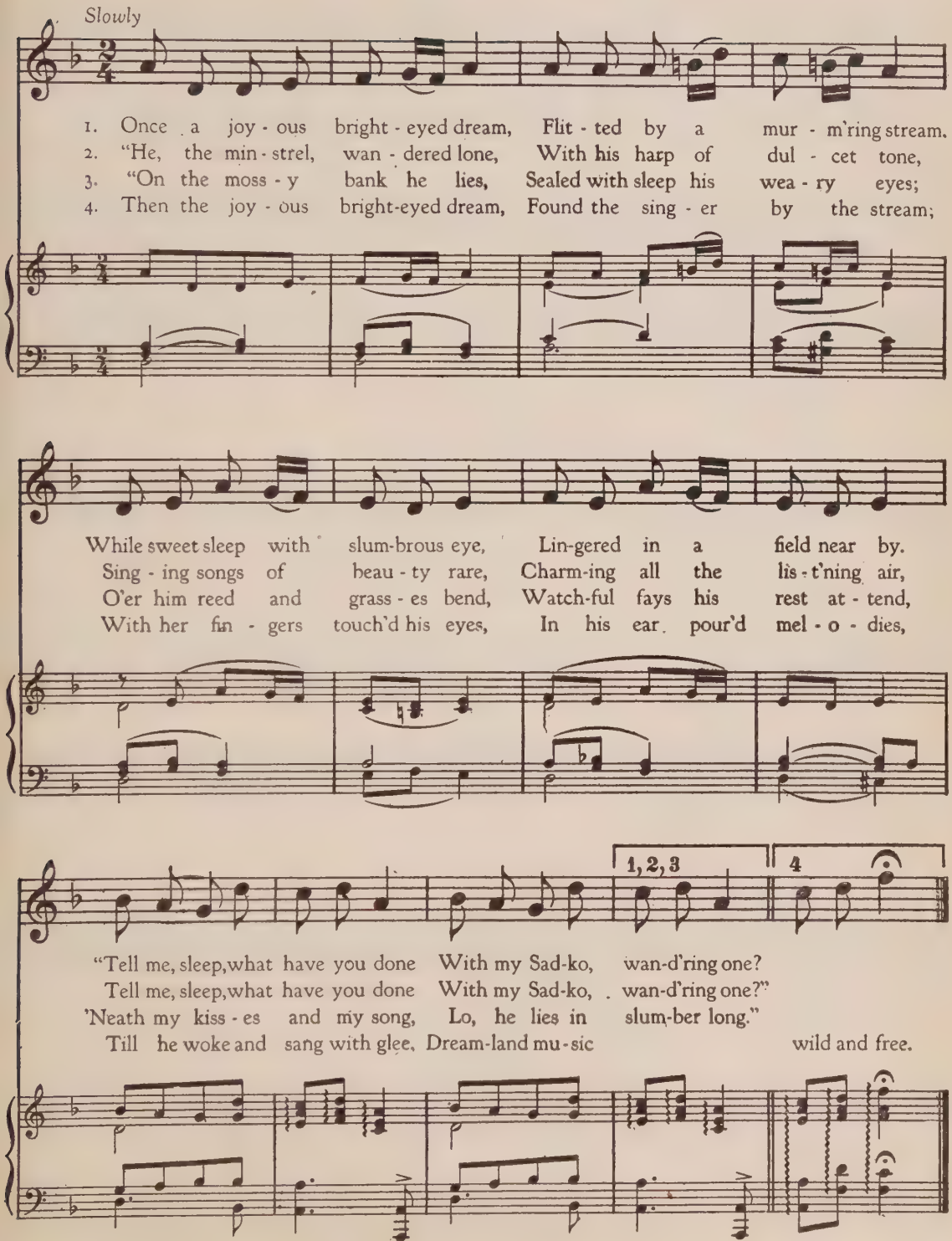
AN OLD TIME DANCE

W. A. Mozart
From "The Marriage of Figaro"


Rather fast
Very softly
Hm,
Hm,
Rather loud
1. Gay lords and la - dies are tread-ing a meas-ure, Strains of sweet
2. Can-dles in sconc - es are bril-liant - ly gleam-ing, Shafts of pale
Hm,
Hm,
mp
Bright eyes are spark-ling be-
Per - fume of ros - es is
mp
mu - sic en - hanc-ing their pleas-ure.
moon-light thro' case-ments are stream-ing,
Hm,
Hm,
neath pow-der'd hair,
scent - ing the air.
Hm,
Hm,
mf
Ruf-fles and lac - es, beau - ti - ful
Danc-ers so spright - ly, trip-ping it
f
p
Man-ners and grac-es, Jew - els so rare.
Bow most po - lite-ly, Gal-lant and fair.
fac - es, Hm, Hm.
light - ly, Hm, Hm.

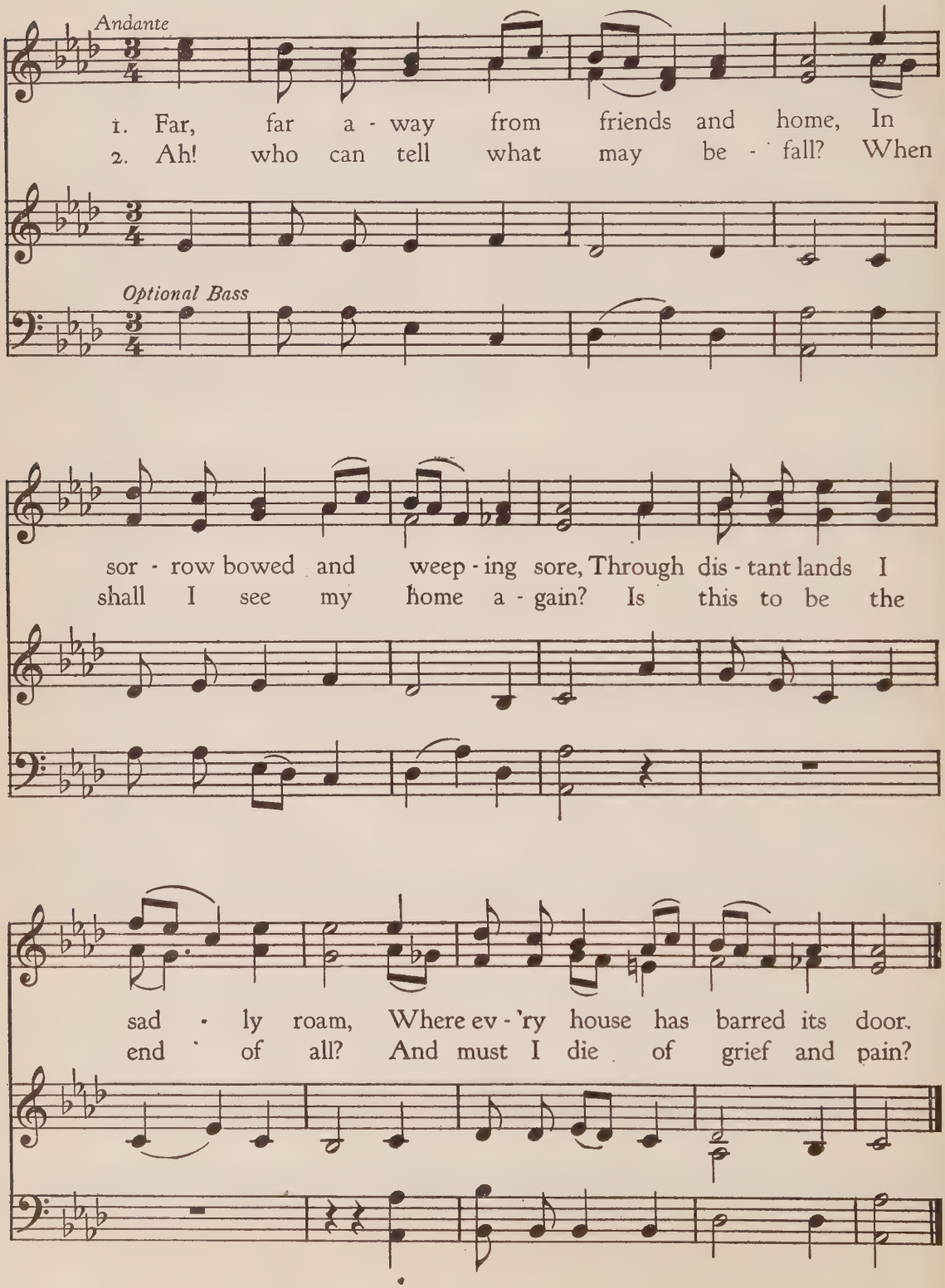
Translated from the Russian

N. A. Rimski-Korsakov
From the Opera "Sadko"

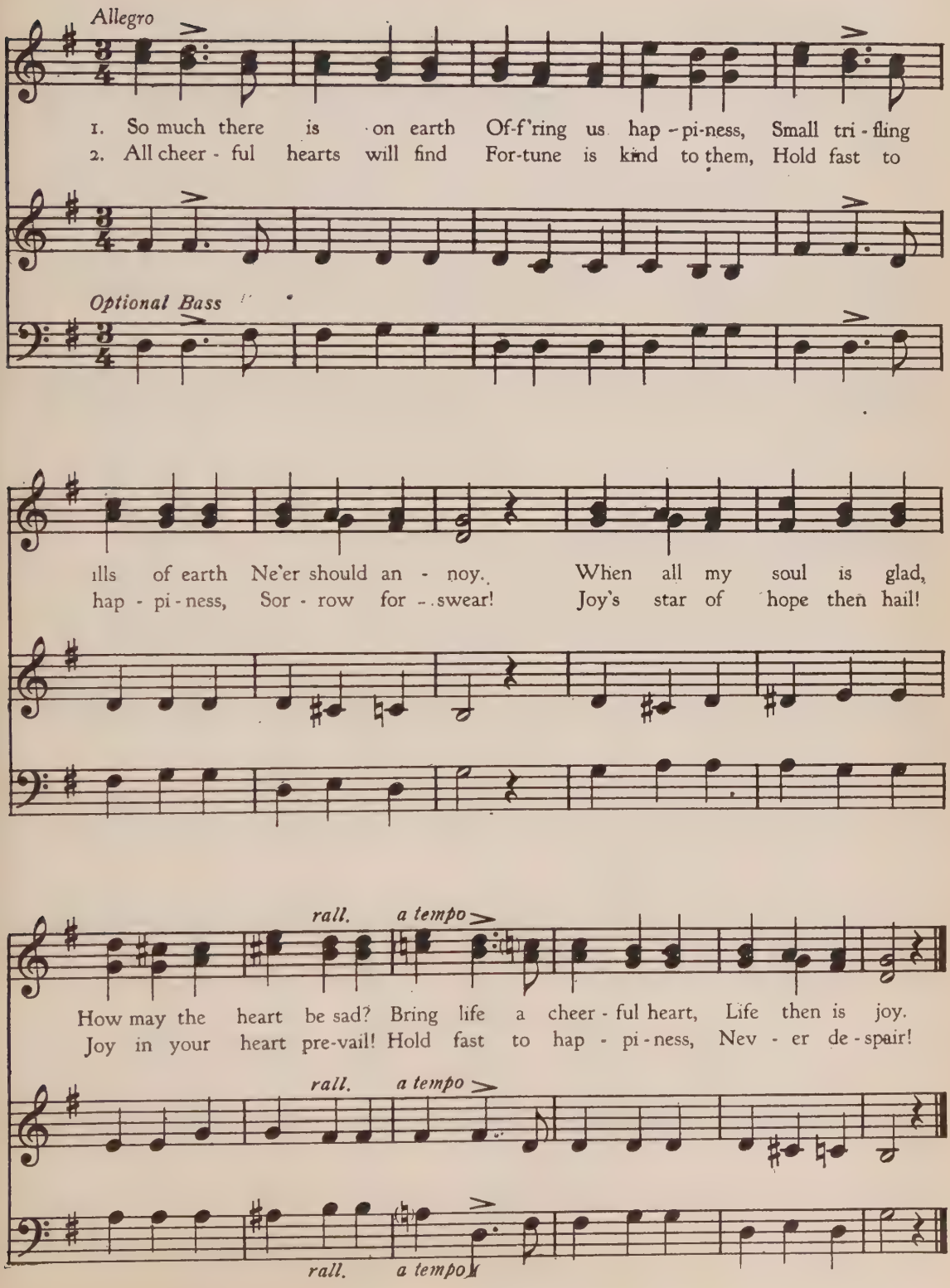

Slowly
1. Once a joy - ous bright - eyed dream, Flit - ted by a mur - m'ring stream.
2. "He, the min - strel, wan - dered lone, With his harp of dul - cet tone,
3. "On the moss - y bank he lies, Sealed with sleep his wea - ry eyes;
4. Then the joy - ous bright-eyed dream, Found the sing - er by the stream;
While sweet sleep with slum-brous eye, Lin-gered in a field near by.
Sing - ing songs of beau - ty rare, Charm-ing all the lis - t'ning air,
O'er him reed and grass - es bend, Watch-ful fays his rest at - tend,
With her fin - gers touch'd his eyes, In his ear pour'd mel - o - dies,
1, 2, 3
4
"Tell me, sleep, what have you done With my Sad-ko, wan-d'ring one?
Tell me, sleep, what have you done With my Sad-ko, wan-d'ring one?"
'Neath my kiss - es and my song, Lo, he lies in slum-ber long."
Till he woke and sang with glee, Dream-land mu - sic wild and free.

SONG OF THE EXILE

Adapted from "O'Connor's Lament" — Irish Folk Song


Andante
1. Far, far a - way from friends and home, In
2. Ah! who can tell what may be - fall? When
Optional Bass
sor - row bowed and weep - ing sore, Through dis - tant lands I
shall I see my home a - gain? Is this to be the
sad - ly roam, Where ev - 'ry house has barred its door.
end of all? And must I die of grief and pain?

Bohemian Folk Song

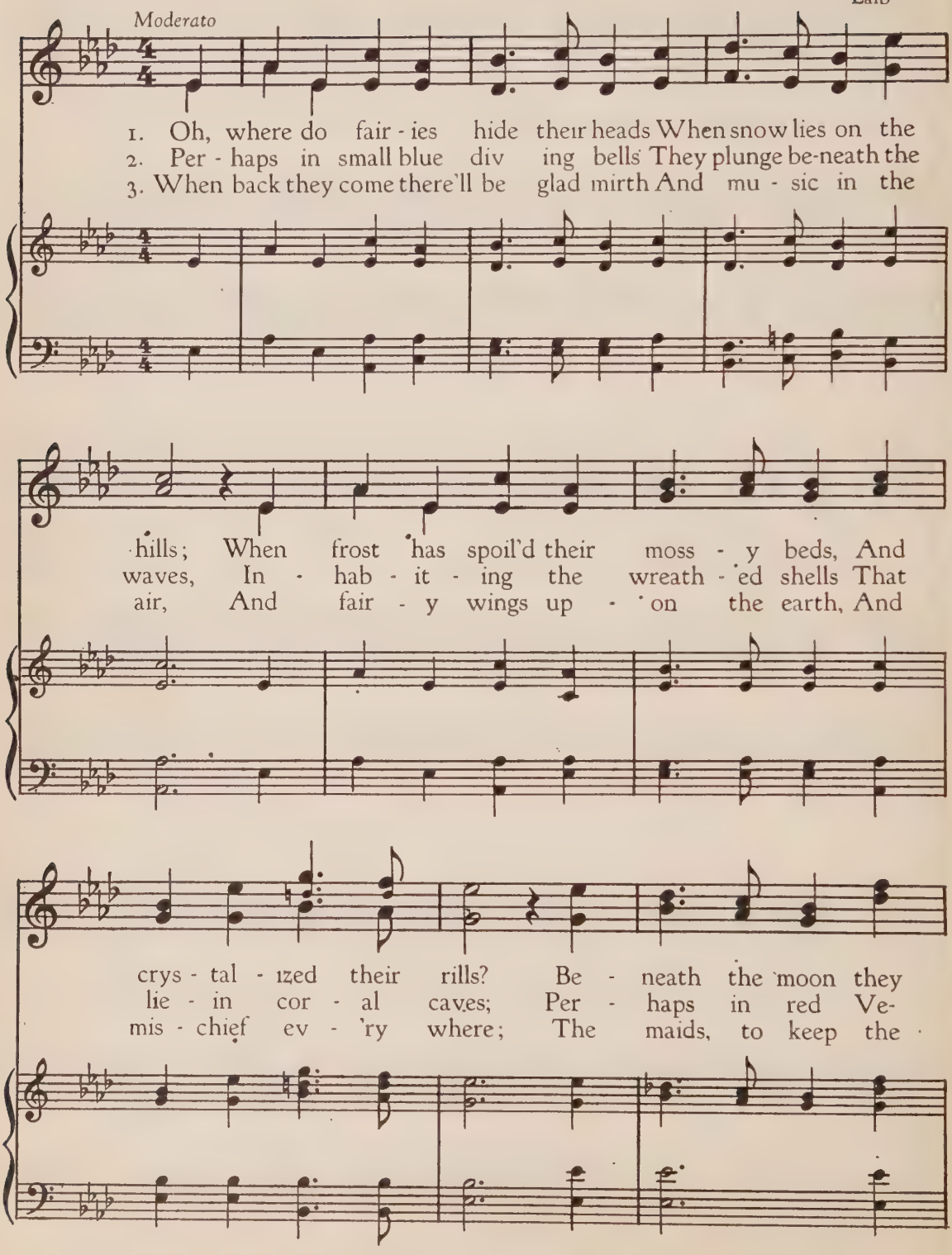

Allegro
1. So much there is on earth Of-f'ring us hap - pi-ness, Small tri - fling
2. All cheer - ful hearts will find For-tune is kind to them, Hold fast to
Optional Bass
ills of earth Ne'er should an - noy. When all my soul is glad,
hap - pi - ness, Sor - row for - swear! Joy's star of hope then hail!
rall. a tempo
How may the heart be sad? Bring life a cheer - ful heart, Life then is joy.
Joy in your heart pre-vail! Hold fast to hap - pi - ness, Nev - er de - spair!
rall. a tempo
rall. a tempo

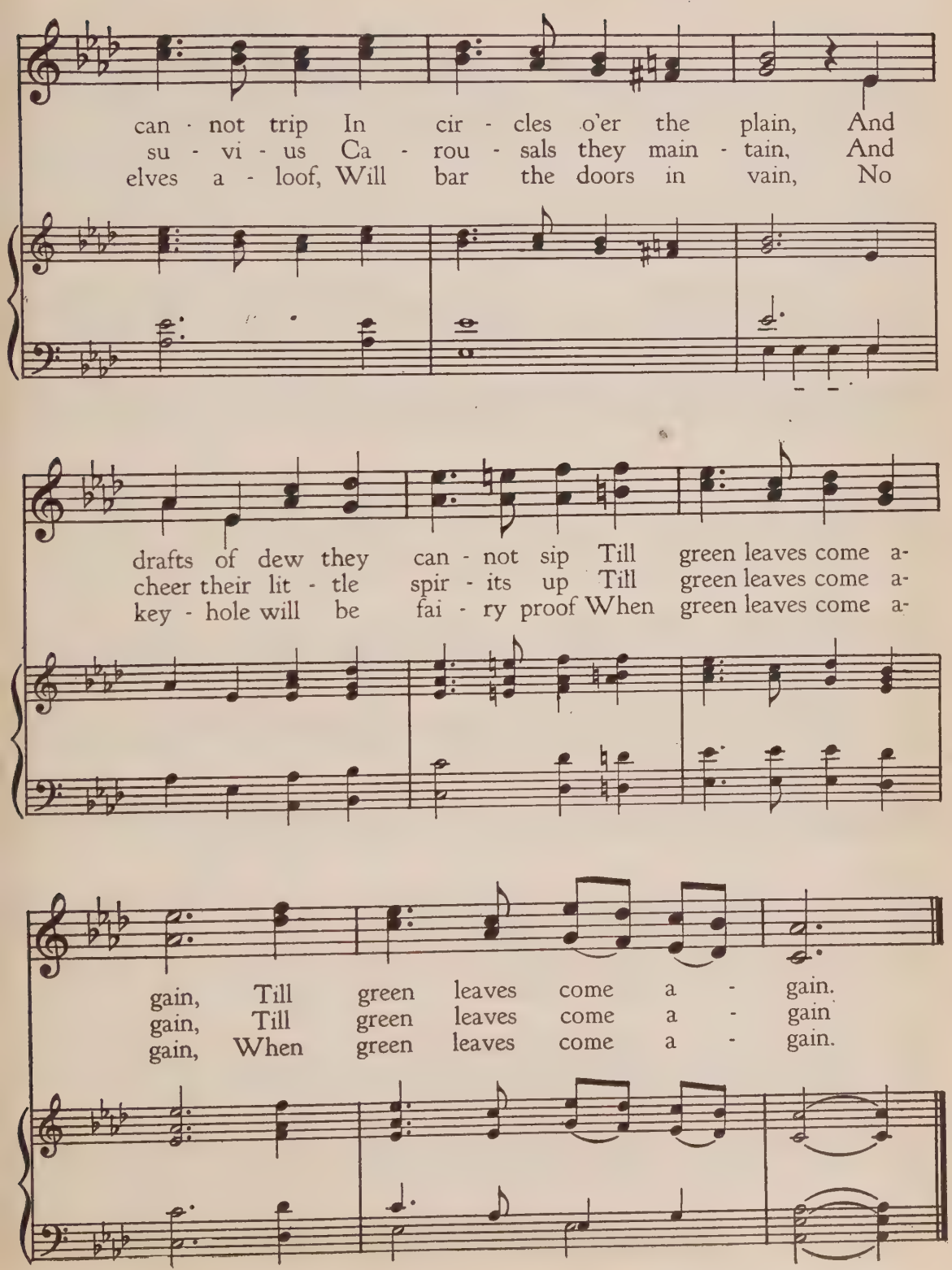
FAIRY SONG.

Thomas Haynes Bayly.

Laib

Moderato


1. Oh, where do fair - ies hide their heads When snow lies on the
hills; When frost has spoil'd their moss - y beds, And
crys - tal - ized their rills? Be - neath the moon they
2. Per - haps in small blue div ing bells They plunge be-neath the
waves, In - hab - it - ing the wreath - ed shells That
lie - in cor - al caves; Per - haps in red Ve-
3. When back they come there'll be glad mirth And mu - sic in the
air, And fair - y wings up - on the earth, And
mis - chief ev - 'ry where; The maids, to keep the


can - not trip In cir - cles o'er the plain, And
su - vi - us Ca - rou - sals they main - tain, And
elves a - loof, Will bar the doors in vain, No
drafts of dew they can - not sip Till green leaves come a-
cheer their lit - tle spir - its up Till green leaves come a-
key - hole will be fai - ry proof When green leaves come a-
gain, Till green leaves come a - gain.
gain, Till green leaves come a - gain
gain, When green leaves come a - gain.

BUILD YOUR HOUSE ON THE ROCK!

Words Adapted

Caribbean Folk Song

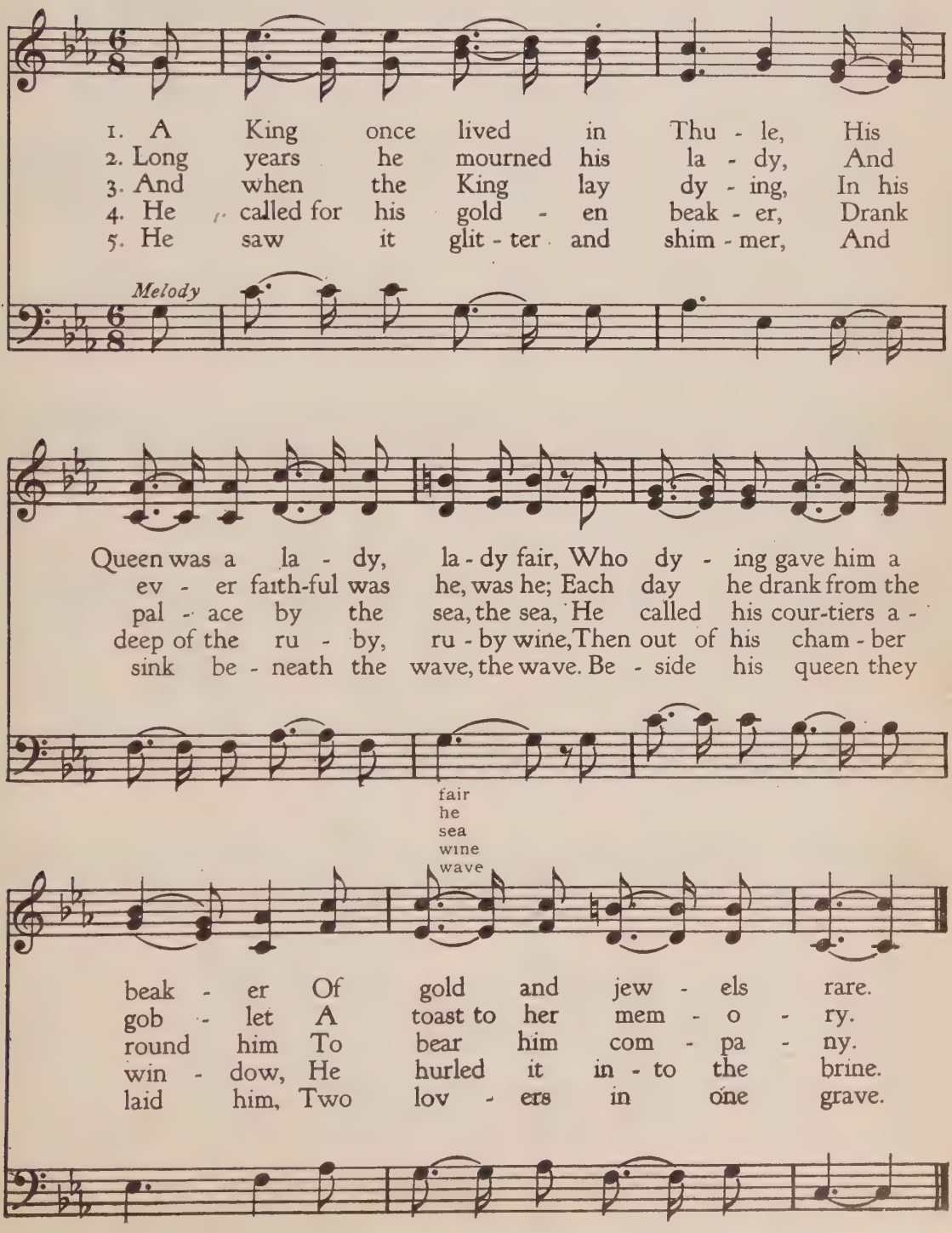
Moderato

1. When you build your house, broth-er, Don't you build on sand! Don't you
2. When you build your house, broth-er, Build it on the rock! It will
Bass Solo
build on shift - in' sand, For your house will nev - er stand;
stand the earth-quake shock If you build it on the rock;
When you build your house, Don't you build on sand!
When you build your house, Build it on the rock!

THE KING OF THULE

Translated from Wolfgang von Goethe
by Robert A. Coan

K. F. Zelter

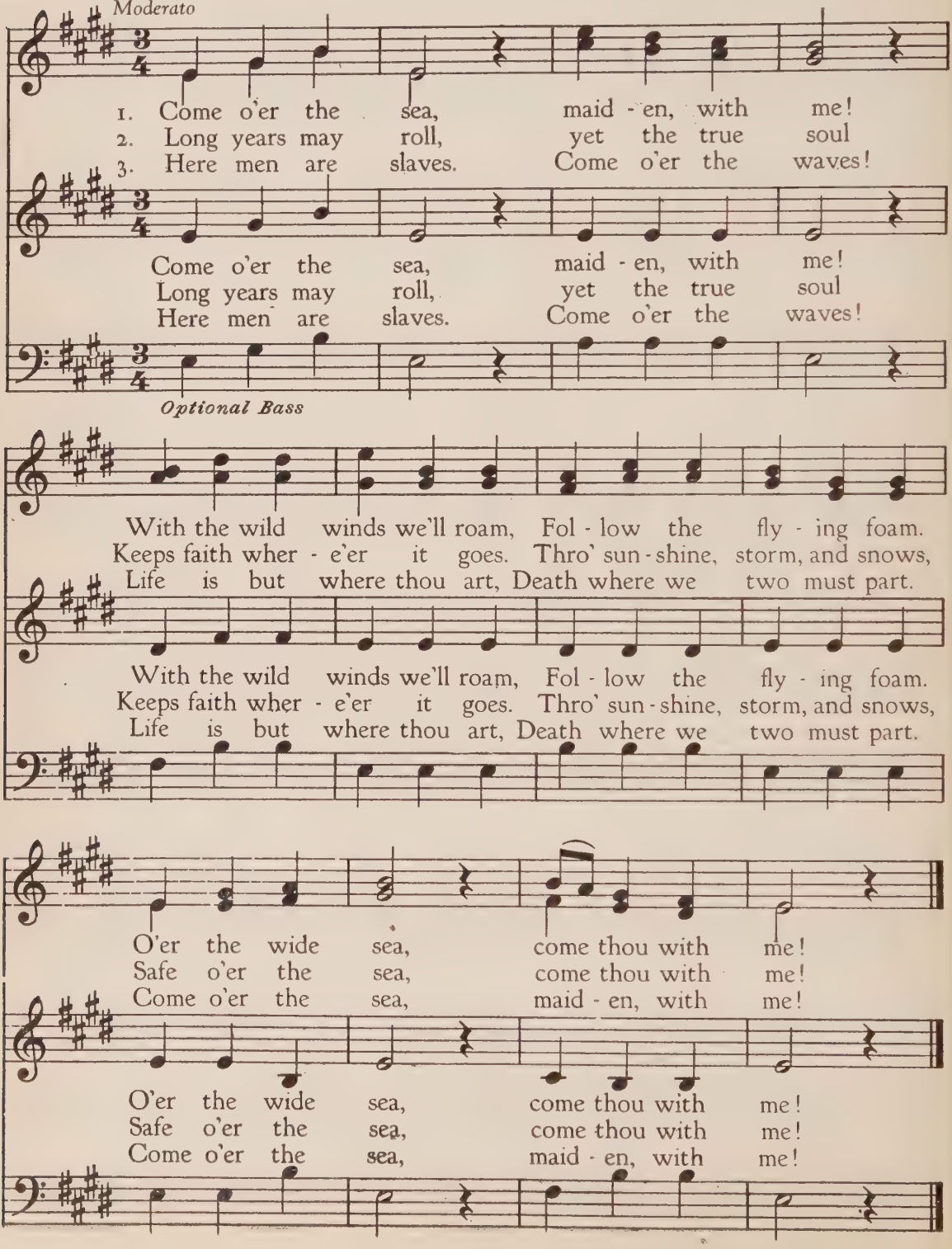

1. A King once lived in Thu - le, His
2. Long years he mourned his la - dy, And
3. And when the King lay dy - ing, In his
4. He called for his gold - en beak - er, Drank
5. He saw it glit - ter and shim - mer, And
Melody
Queen was a la - dy, la - dy fair, Who dy - ing gave him a
ev - er faith-ful was he, was he; Each day he drank from the
pal - ace by the sea, the sea, He called his cour-tiers a -
deep of the ru - by, ru - by wine, Then out of his cham - ber
sink be - neath the wave, the wave. Be - side his queen they
fair
he
sea
wine
wave
beak - er Of gold and jew - els rare.
gob - let A toast to her mem - o - ry.
round him To bear him com - pa - ny.
win - dow, He hurled it in - to the brine.
laid him, Two lov - ers in one grave.

COME O'ER THE SEA

Bohemian Folk Song

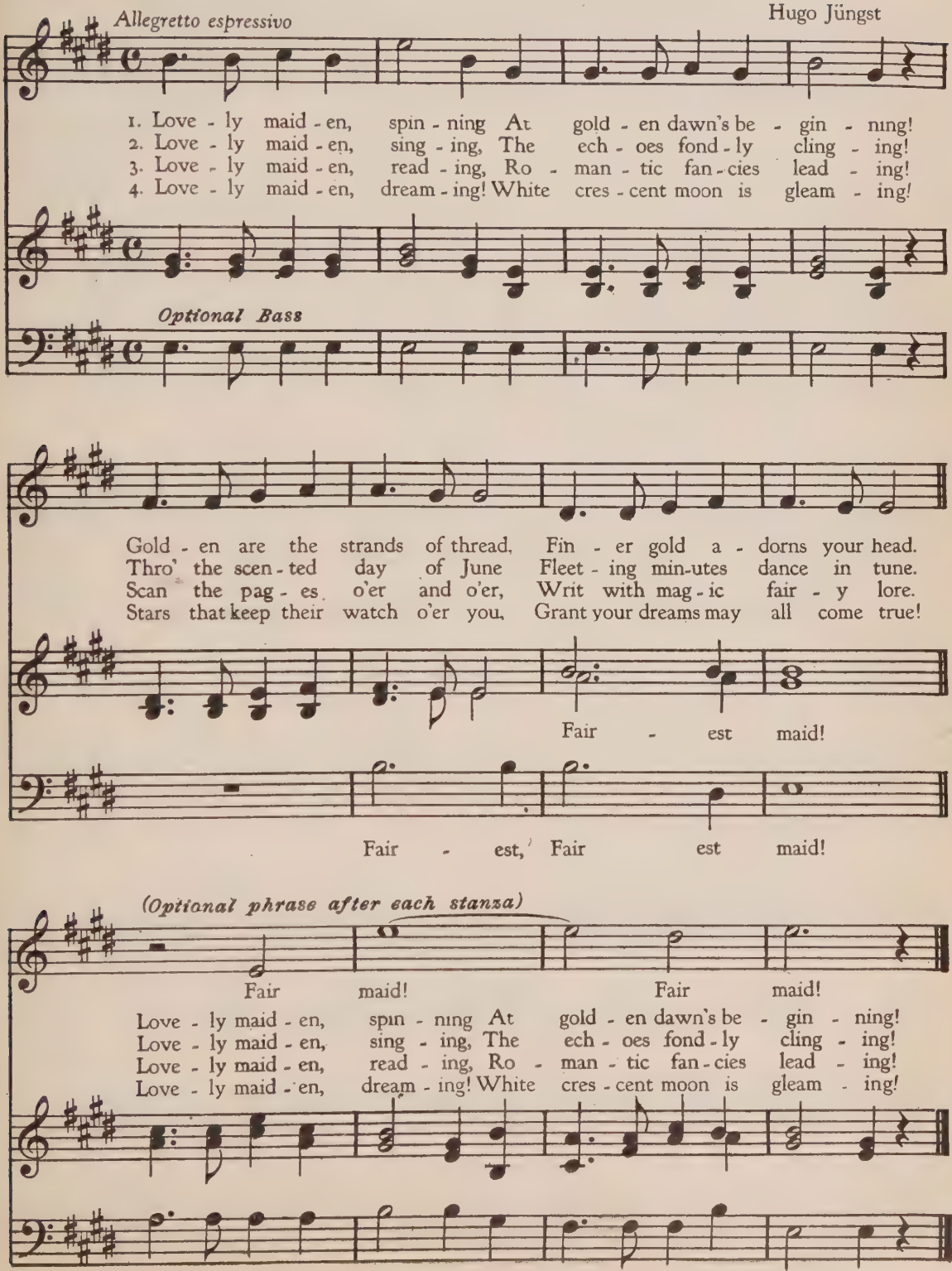
Adapted from Thomas Moore

Moderato


1. Come o'er the sea, maid - en, with me!
2. Long years may roll, yet the true soul
3. Here men are slaves. Come o'er the waves!
Come o'er the sea, maid - en, with me!
Long years may roll, yet the true soul
Here men are slaves. Come o'er the waves!
Optional Bass
With the wild winds we'll roam, Fol - low the fly - ing foam.
Keeps faith wher - e'er it goes. Thro' sun - shine, storm, and snows,
Life is but where thou art, Death where we two must part.
With the wild winds we'll roam, Fol - low the fly - ing foam.
Keeps faith wher - e'er it goes. Thro' sun - shine, storm, and snows,
Life is but where thou art, Death where we two must part.
O'er the wide sea, come thou with me!
Safe o'er the sea, come thou with me!
Come o'er the sea, maid - en, with me!
O'er the wide sea, come thou with me!
Safe o'er the sea, come thou with me!
Come o'er the sea, maid - en, with me!

George W. Pennington

Hugo Jüngst


Allegretto espressivo
1. Love - ly maid - en, spin - ning At gold - en dawn's be - gin - ning!
2. Love - ly maid - en, sing - ing, The ech - oes fond - ly cling - ing!
3. Love - ly maid - en, read - ing, Ro - man - tic fan - cies lead - ing!
4. Love - ly maid - en, dream - ing! White cres - cent moon is gleam - ing!
Optional Bass
Gold - en are the strands of thread, Fin - er gold a - dorns your head.
Thro' the scen - ted day of June Fleet - ing min-utes dance in tune.
Scan the pag - es o'er and o'er, Writ with mag - ic fair - y lore.
Stars that keep their watch o'er you, Grant your dreams may all come true!
Fair - est maid!
Fair - est, Fair est maid!
(Optional phrase after each stanza)
Fair maid! Fair maid!
Love - ly maid - en, spin - ning At gold - en dawn's be - gin - ning!
Love - ly maid - en, sing - ing, The ech - oes fond - ly cling - ing!
Love - ly maid - en, read - ing, Ro - man - tic fan - cies lead - ing!
Love - ly maid - en, dream - ing! White cres - cent moon is gleam - ing!

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

Old American Song
Accompaniment by Arthur Edward Johnstone

Allegro
mf
1. When
2. Get
3. Get
f
f
mf
Johnny comes marching home a-gain, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! We'll
read - y for the Ju - bi-lee, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! We'll
love and friend-ship on that day, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Their
p
f
f
f
give him a heart - y wel-come then, Hur - rah! Hur -
give the he - ro three times three, Hur - rah! Hur -
best of treas-ure then dis - play, Hur - rah! Hur -
p
f

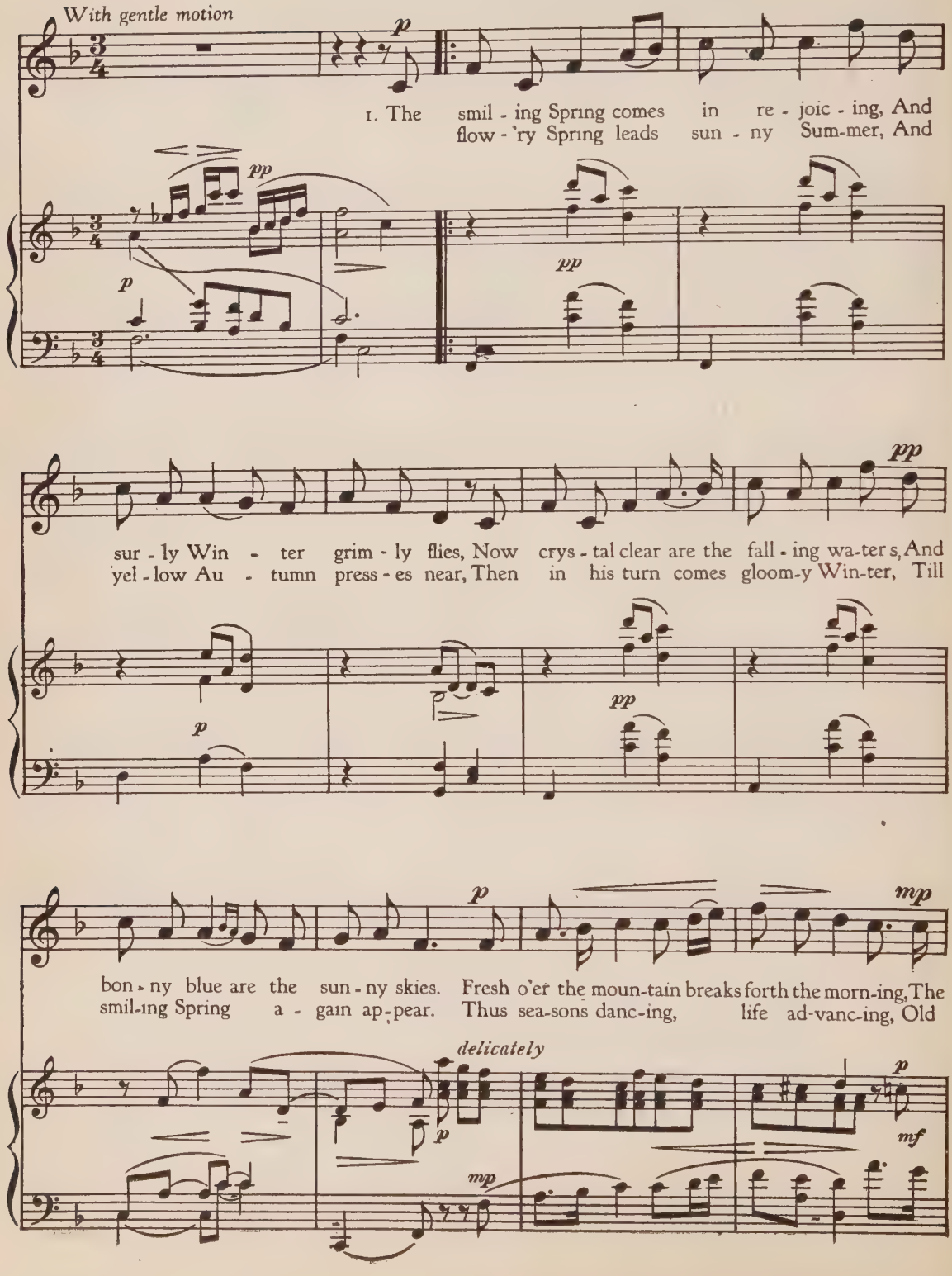
mf
rah! The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The
rah! The lau - rel wreath is read - y now, To
rah! And let each one per - form his part To
f
mf
la - dies they will all turn out, And we'll all feel
place up - on his roy - al brow, And we'll all feel
fill with joy the war - rior's heart, And we'll all feel
f
f
1 2
3
gay when John-ny comes march-ing home.
gay when John-ny comes march-ing home.
gay when John-ny comes march-ing home.
fz

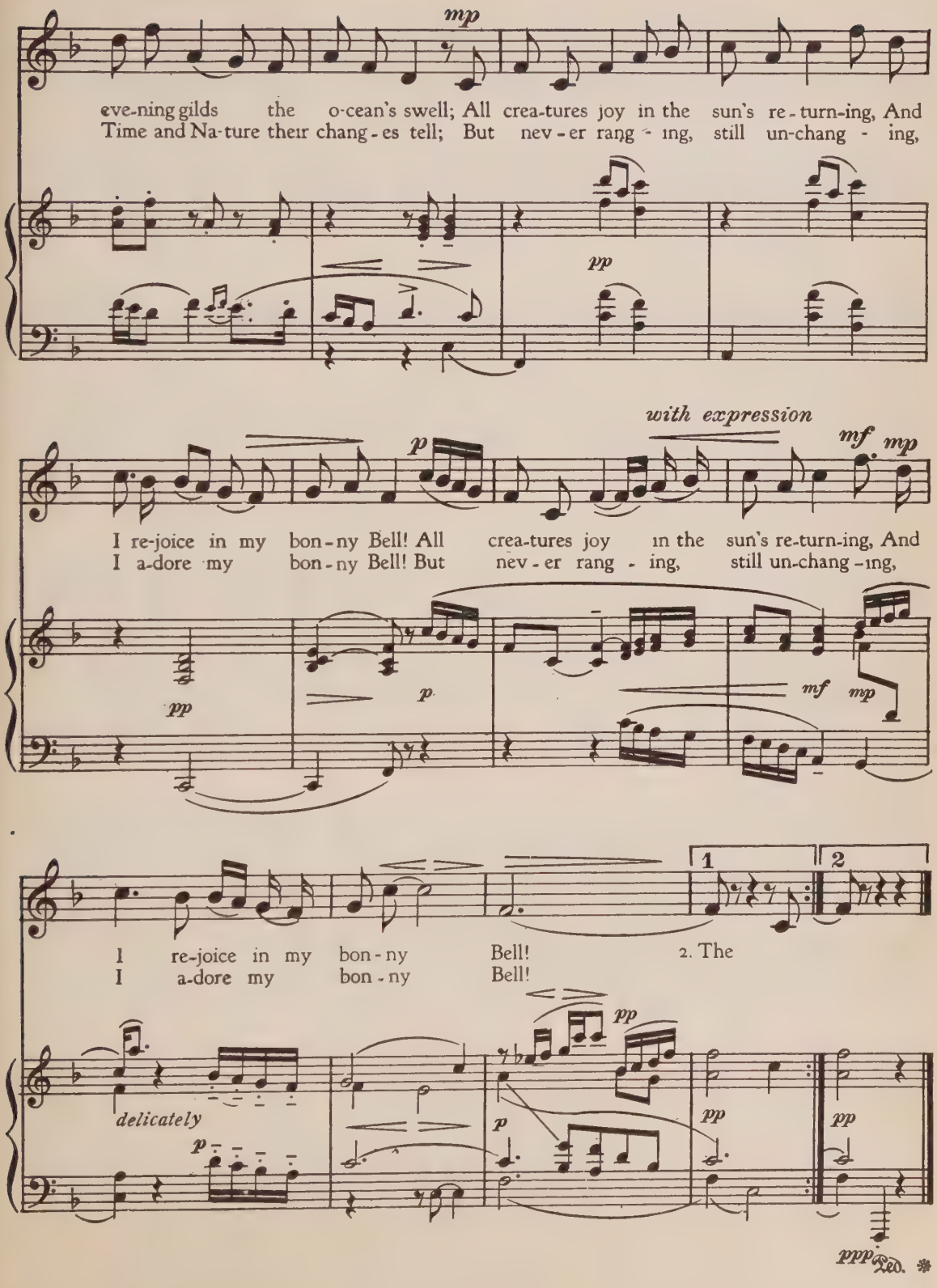
THE SMILING SPRING

Old Scotch Tune

Robert Burns.

Accompaniment by H. W. Loomis


With gentle motion
p
1. The smil - ing Spring comes in re - joic - ing, And
flow - 'ry Spring leads sun - ny Sum-mer, And
pp
p
pp
sur - ly Win - ter grim - ly flies, Now crys - tal clear are the fall - ing wa-ters, And
yel - low Au - tumn press - es near, Then in his turn comes gloom-y Win-ter, Till
pp
p
bon - ny blue are the sun - ny skies. Fresh o'er the moun-tain breaks forth the morn-ing, The
smil-ing Spring a - gain ap-pear. Thus sea-sons danc-ing, life ad-vanc-ing, Old
delicately
p
mp
mf

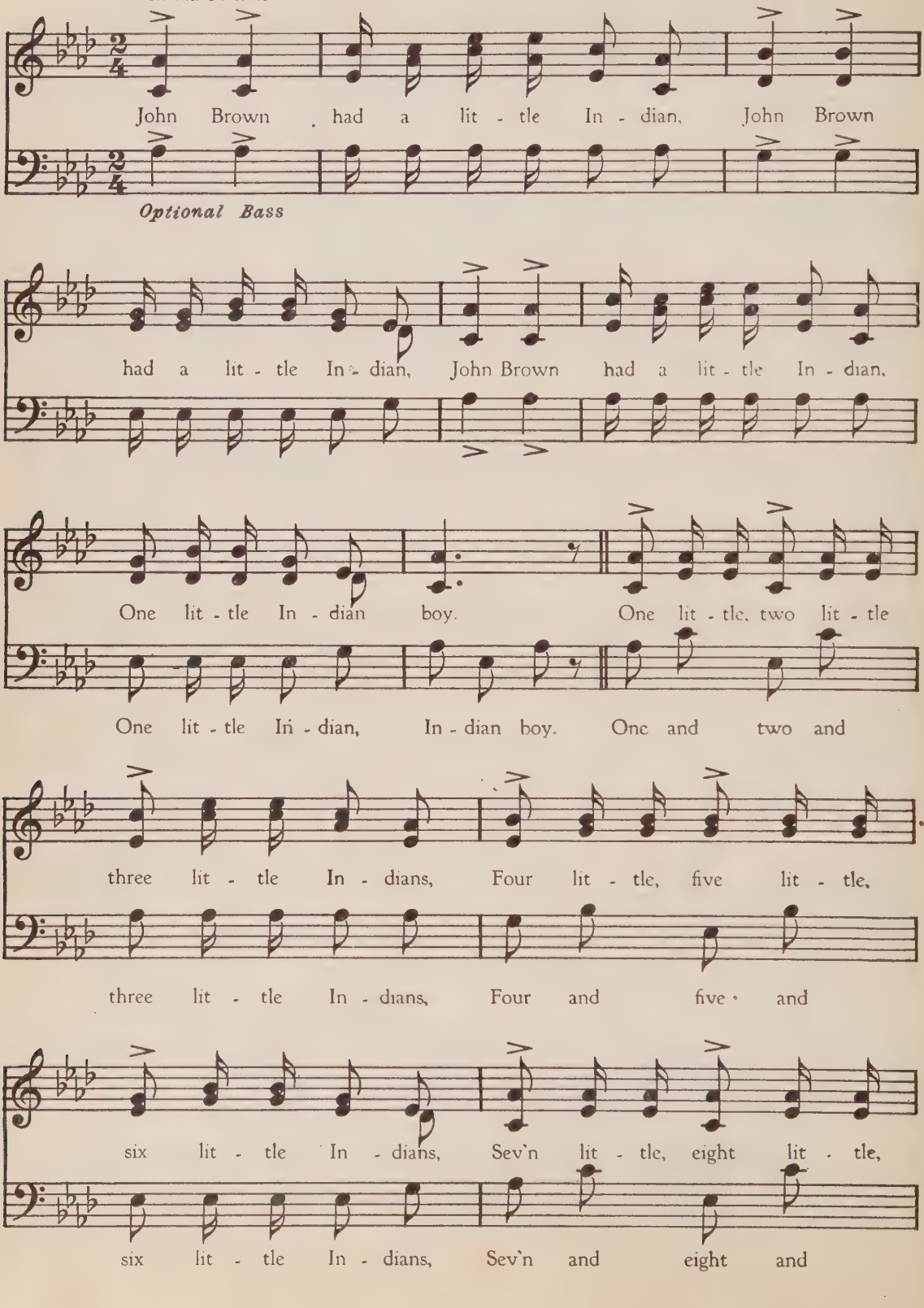

mp
eve-ning gilds the o-cean's swell; All crea-tures joy in the sun's re-turn-ing, And
Time and Na-ture their chang-es tell; But nev-er rang - ing, still un-chang - ing,
pp
with expression
p
mf
mp
I re-joice in my bon-ny Bell! All crea-tures joy in the sun's re-turn-ing, And
I a-dore my bon-ny Bell! But nev-er rang - ing, still un-chang-ing,
pp
p
mf
mp
1
2
I re-joice in my bon-ny Bell!
I a-dore my bon-ny Bell!
2. The
delicately
p
pp
p
pp
pp
ppp
Ped.

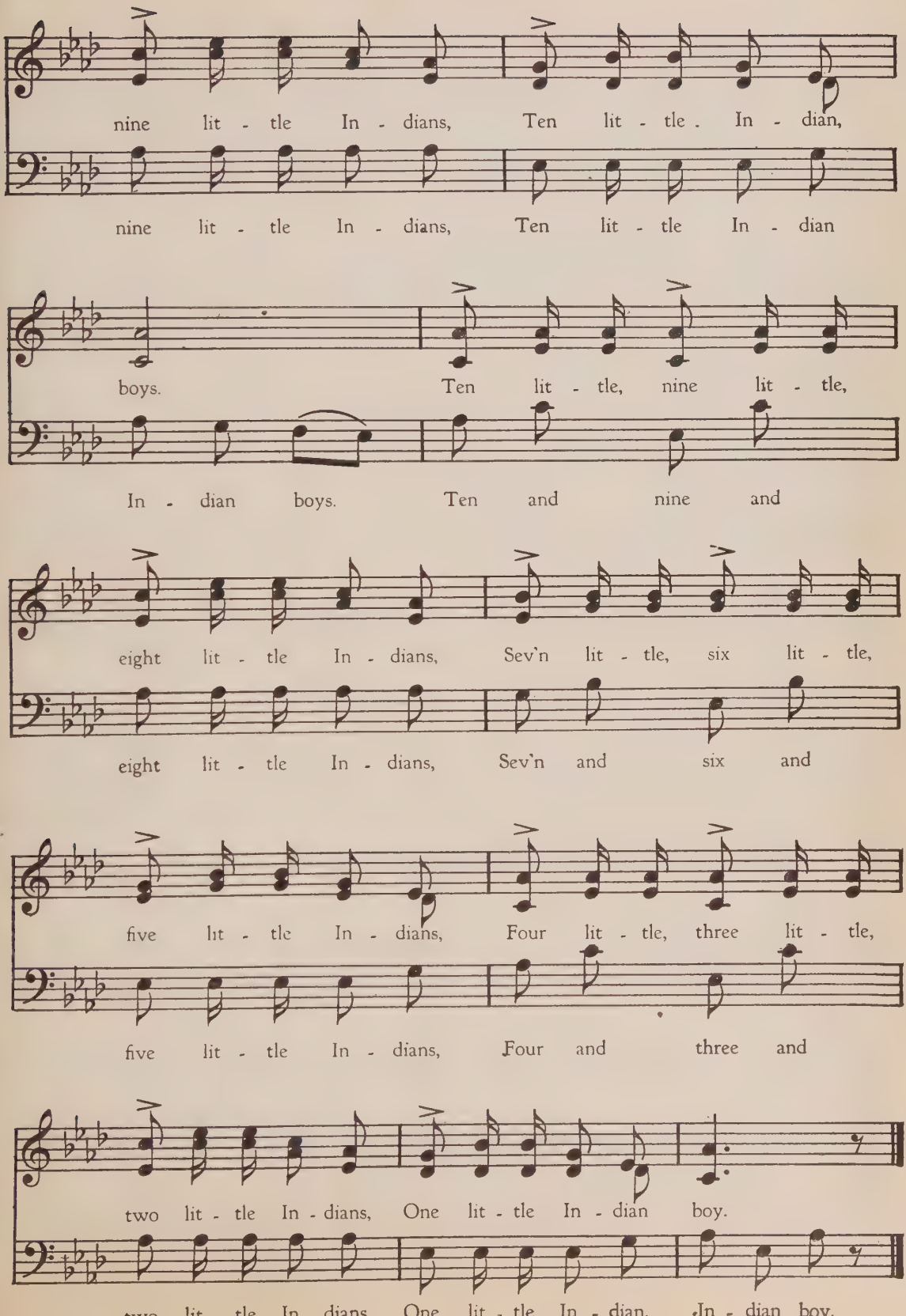
TEN LITTLE INDIANS

Old Jingle

American Folk Tune

In march time

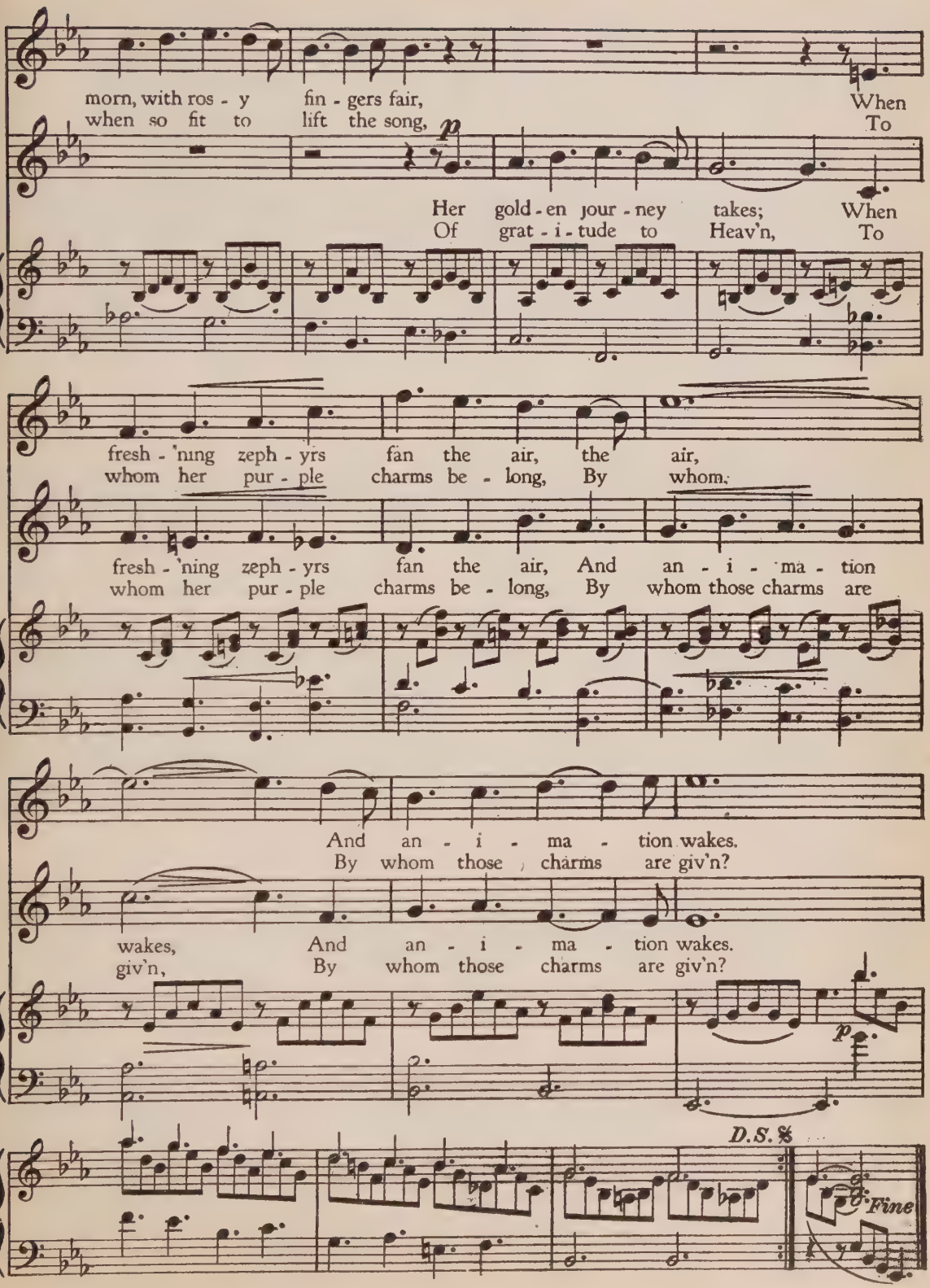

John Brown had a lit - tle In - dian, John Brown
Optional Bass
had a lit - tle In - dian, John Brown had a lit - tle In - dian,
One lit - tle In - dian boy. One lit - tle, two lit - tle
One lit - tle In - dian, In - dian boy. One and two and
three lit - tle In - dians, Four lit - tle, five lit - tle,
three lit - tle In - dians, Four and five and
six lit - tle In - dians, Sev'n lit - tle, eight lit - tle,
six lit - tle In - dians, Sev'n and eight and


nine lit - tle In - dians, Ten lit - tle In - dian,
nine lit - tle In - dians, Ten lit - tle In - dian
boys. Ten lit - tle, nine lit - tle,
In - dian boys. Ten and nine and
eight lit - tle In - dians, Sev'n lit - tle, six lit - tle,
eight lit - tle In - dians, Sev'n and six and
five lit - tle In - dians, Four lit - tle, three lit - tle,
five lit - tle In - dians, Four and three and
two lit - tle In - dians, One lit - tle In - dian boy.

BRIGHT SUMMER

Leigh Hunt

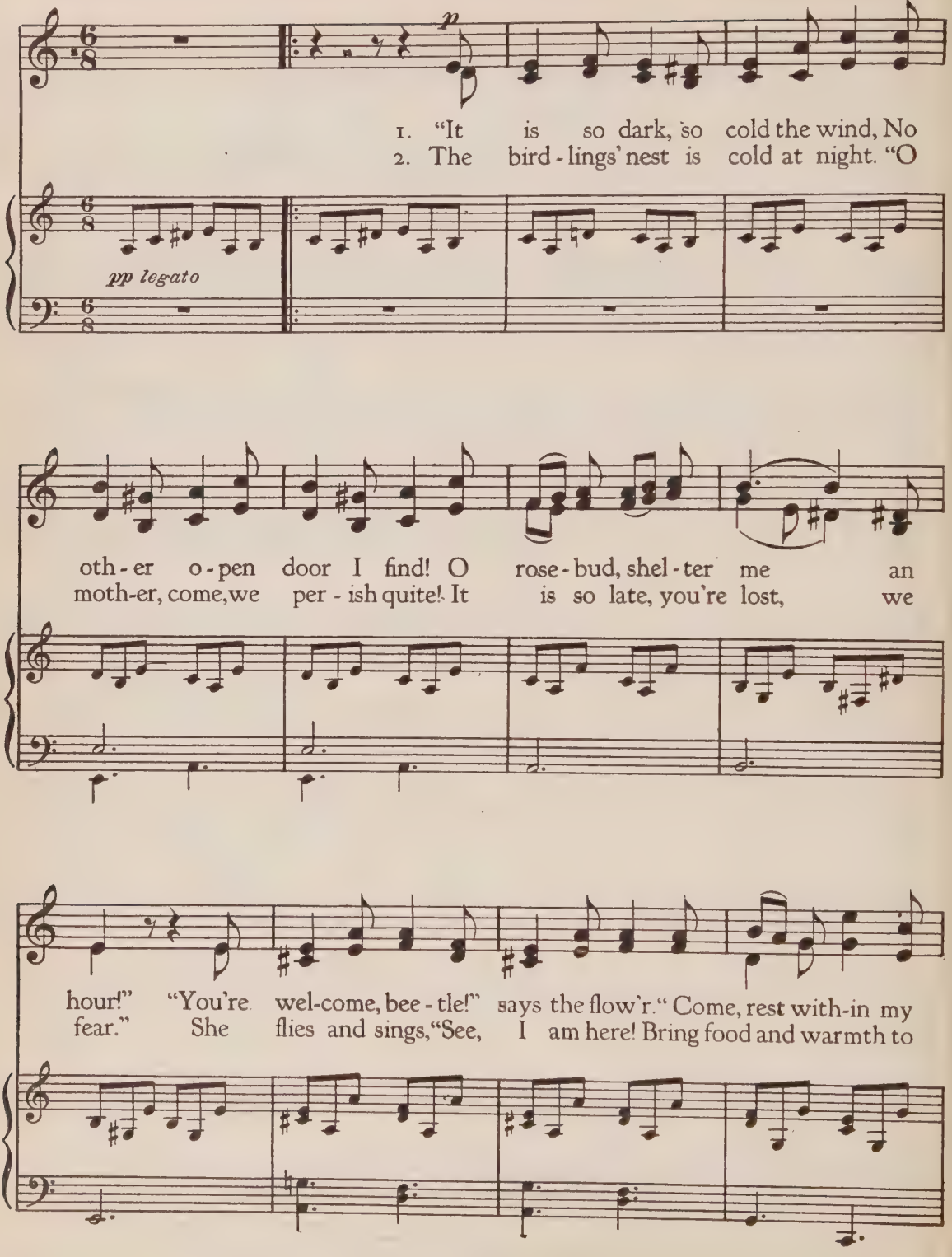
Allegretto
Charles Vincent
p legato
mf
1. Bright sum - mer comes a - long the sky, And
2. When noon a - verts his ra - diant face, And
paints the glow - ing year. Wher - e'er we turn the
shuts his pierc - ing eye; And eve with mod - est
rap - tur'd eye, Her splen - did tints ap - pear When
meas - ured grace, Steps up the west - ern sky Oh,

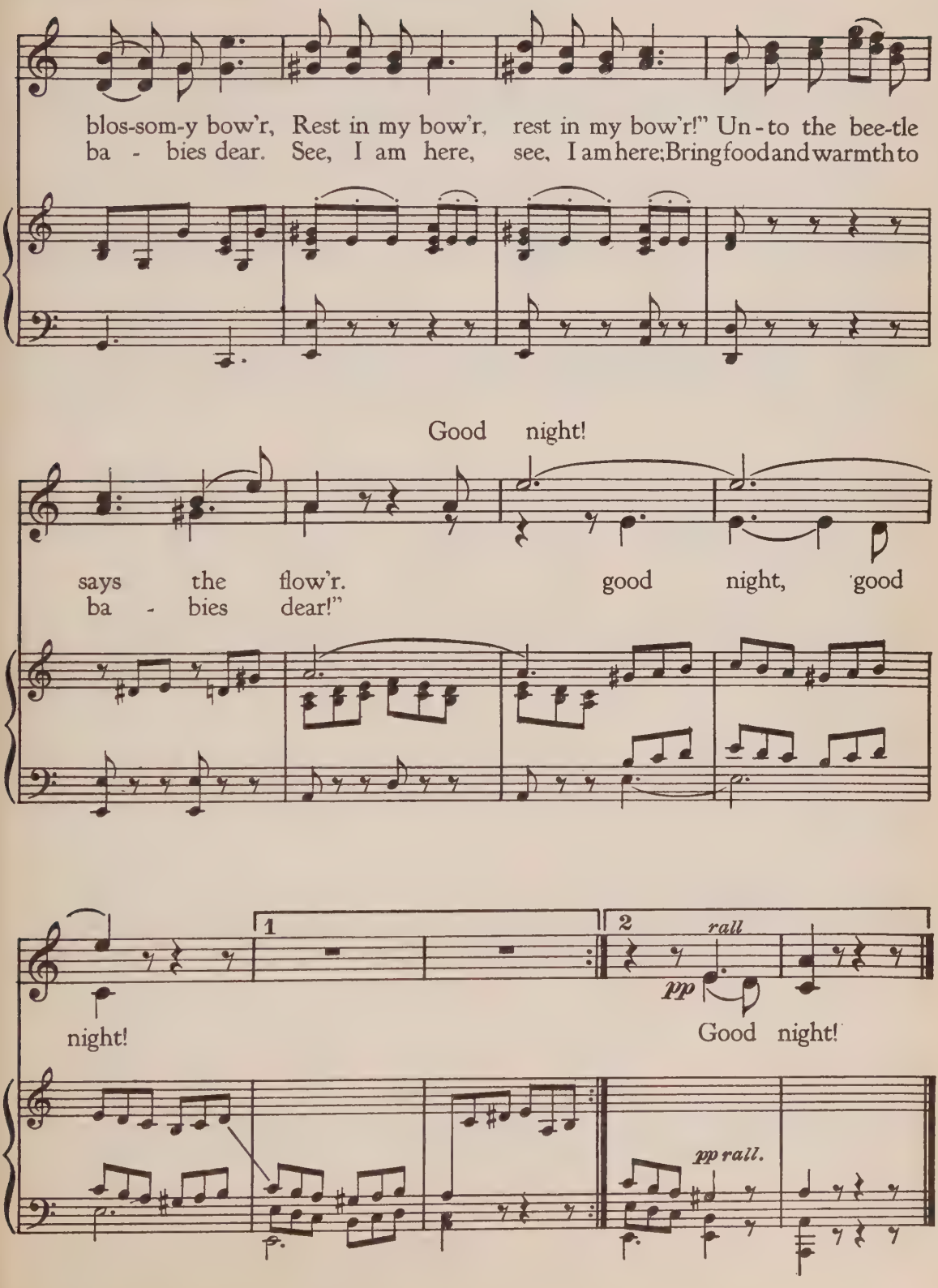

morn, with ros - y fin - gers fair, When
when so fit to lift the song, To
p
Her gold - en jour - ney takes; When
Of grat - i - tude to Heav'n, To
fresh - 'ning zeph - yrs fan the air, the air,
whom her pur - ple charms be - long, By whom,
fresh - 'ning zeph - yrs fan the air, And an - i - ma - tion
whom her pur - ple charms be - long, By whom those charms are
And an - i - ma - tion wakes.
By whom those charms are giv'n?
wakes, And an - i - ma - tion wakes.
giv'n, By whom those charms are giv'n?
p
D.S. %
Fine

GOOD NIGHT

Andantino con moto

William Taubert


p
1. "It is so dark, so cold the wind, No
2. The bird-lings' nest is cold at night. "O
pp legato
oth-er o-pen door I find! O rose-bud, shel-ter me an
moth-er, come, we per-ish quite! It is so late, you're lost, we
hour!" "You're wel-come, bee-tle!" says the flow'r. "Come, rest with-in my
fear." She flies and sings, "See, I am here! Bring food and warmth to

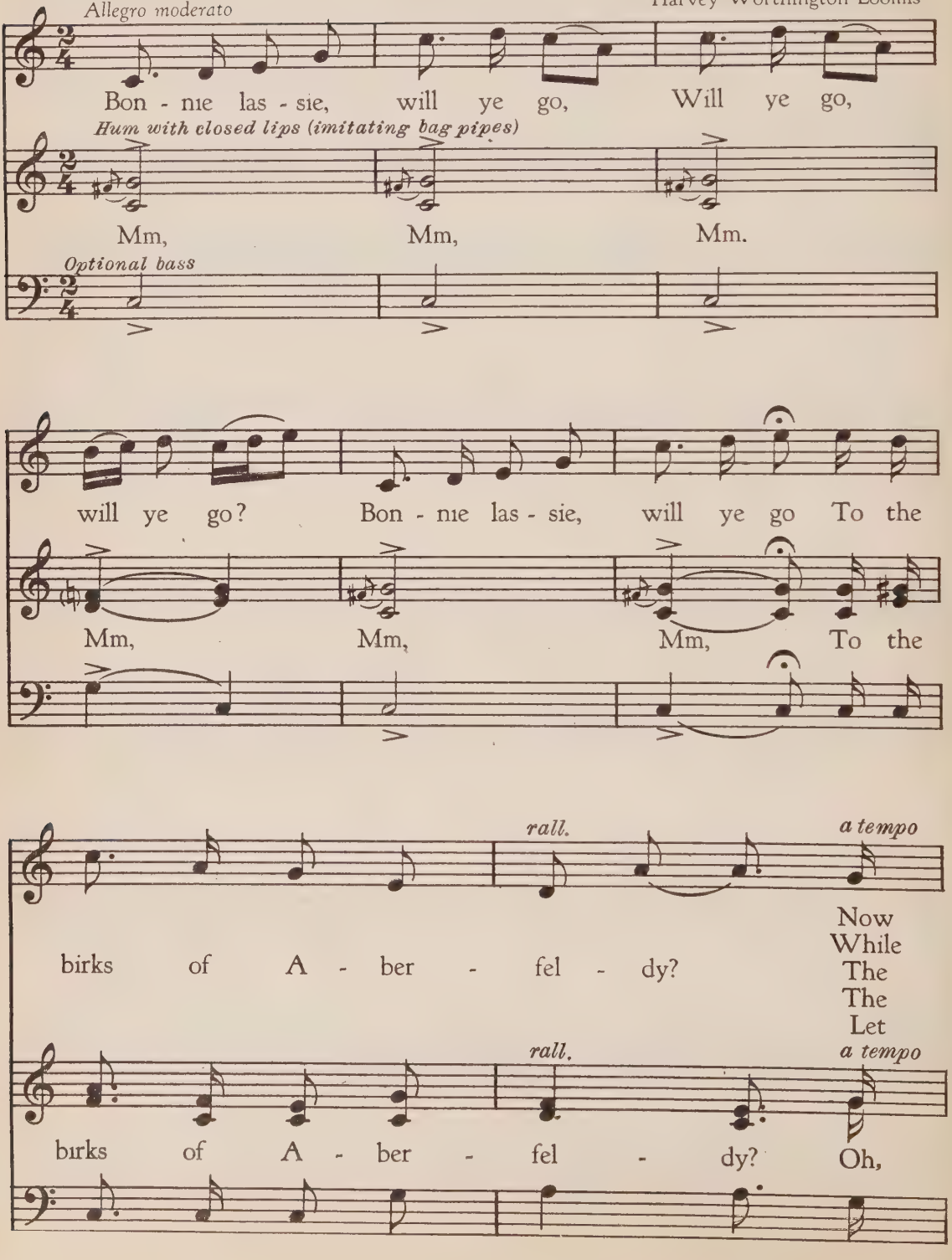

blos-som-y bow'r, Rest in my bow'r, rest in my bow'r!" Un-to the bee-tle
ba - bies dear. See, I am here, see, I am here; Bring food and warmth to
Good night!
says the flow'r. good night, good
ba - bies dear!"
1
2
rall
pp
night!
Good night!
pp rall.

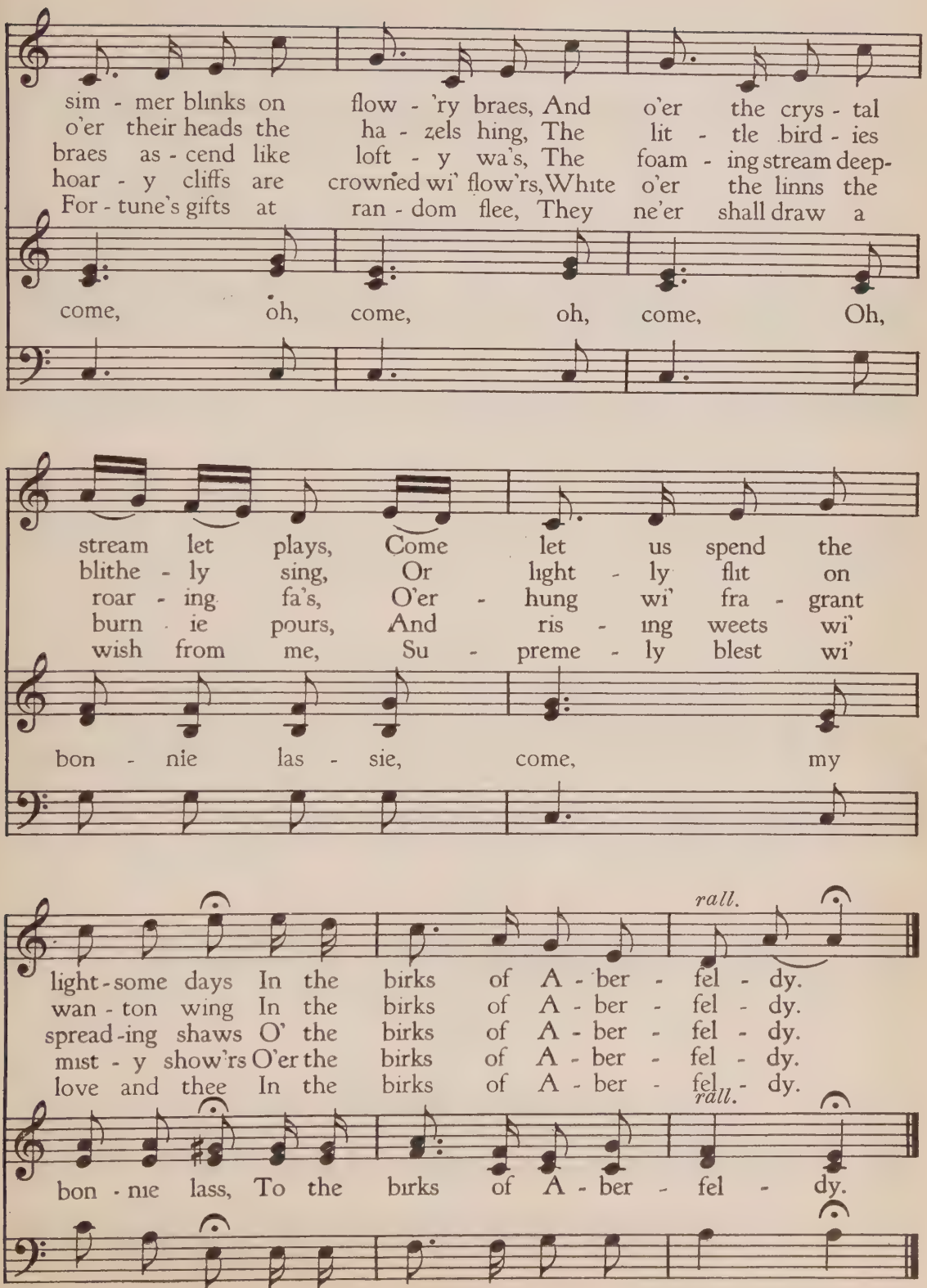
THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY

Chorus in Two Voices
(Unaccompanied)

Robert Burns

Old Scotch Melody
Harmonized by
Harvey Worthington Loomis

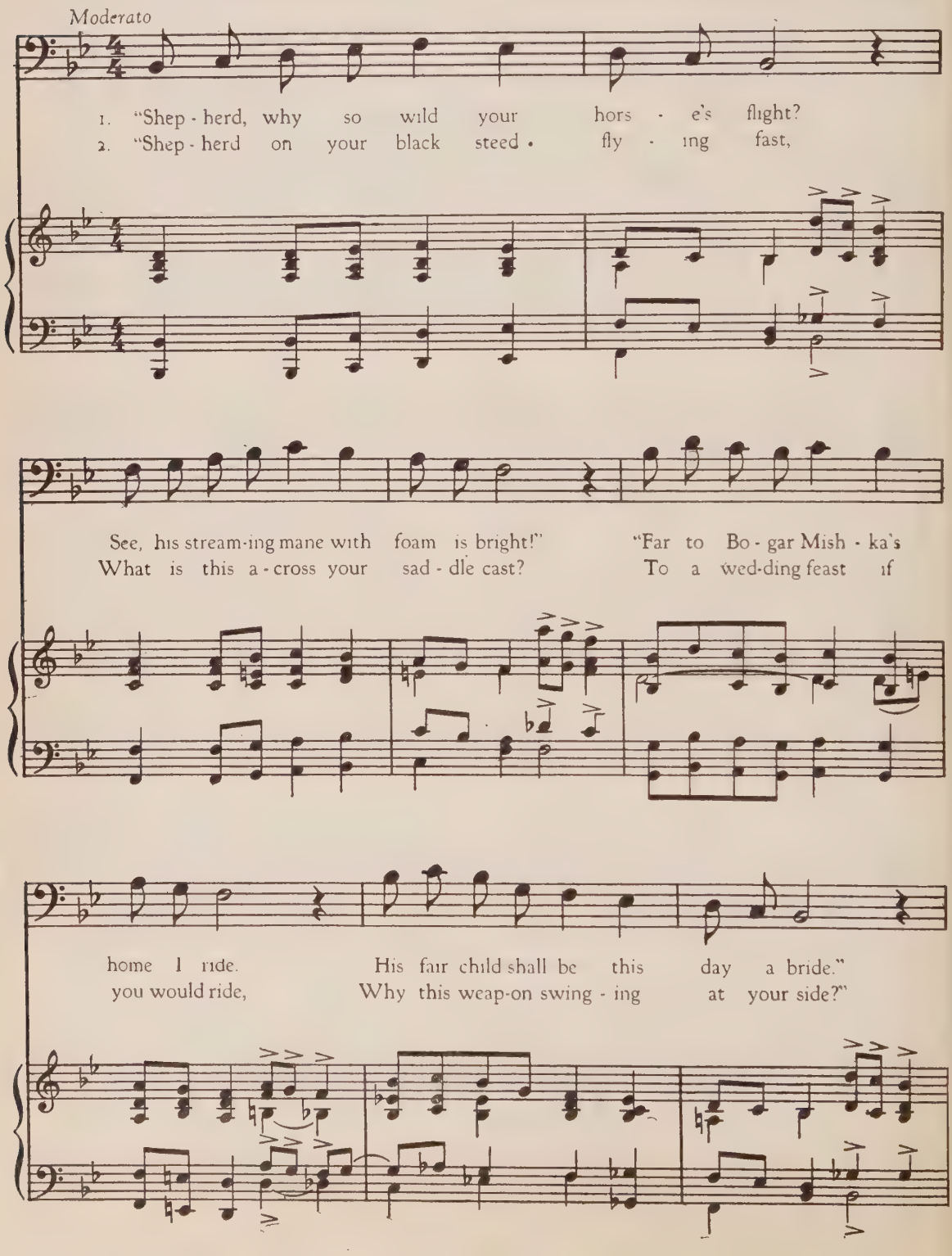

Allegro moderato
Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go, Will ye go,
Hum with closed lips (imitating bag pipes)
Mm, Mm, Mm.
Optional bass
will ye go? Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go To the
Mm, Mm, Mm, To the
rall.
a tempo
birks of A - ber - fel - dy?
Now While The The Let
rall.
a tempo
birks of A - ber - fel - dy? Oh,

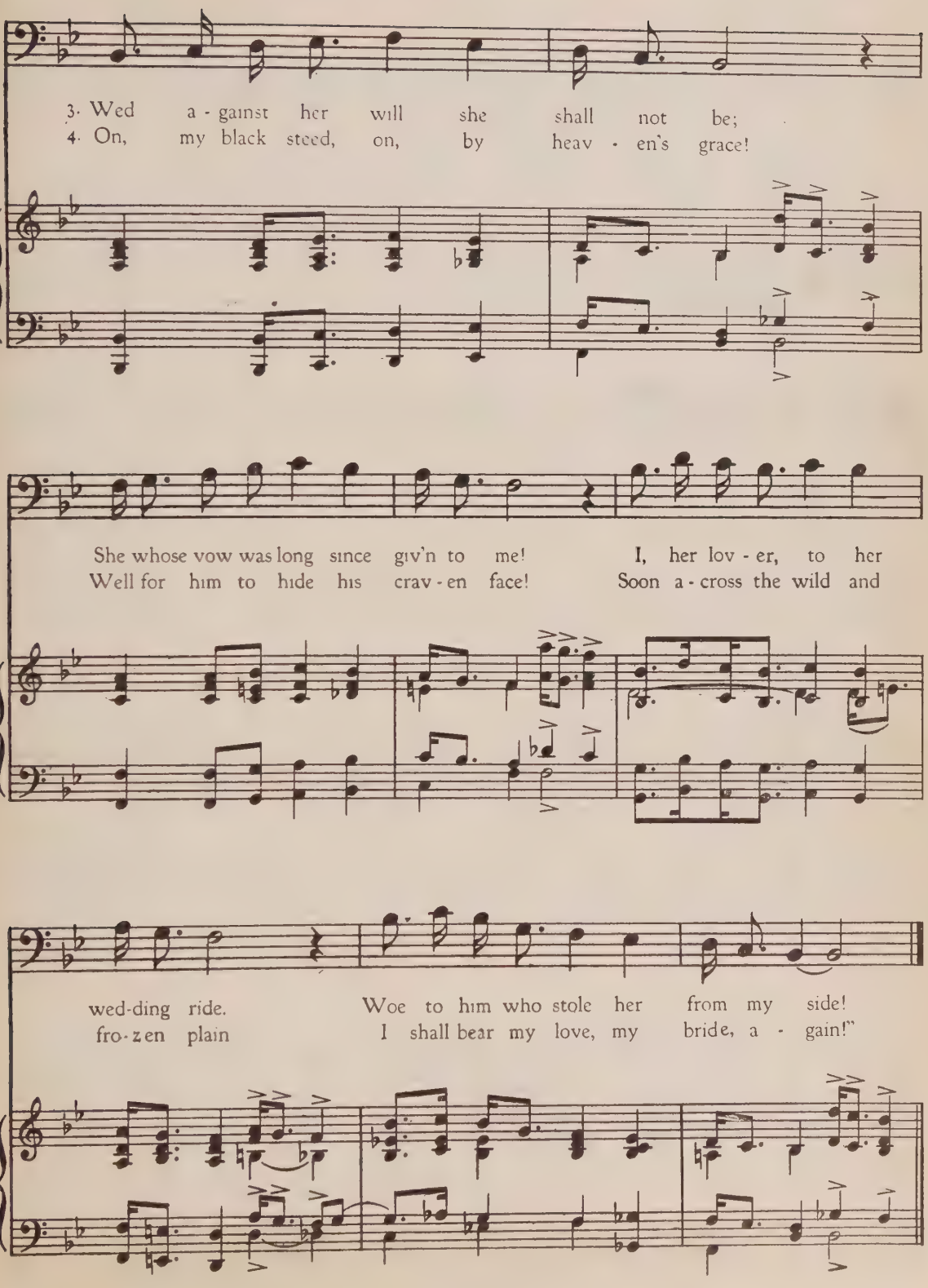

sim - mer blinks on flow - 'ry braes, And o'er the crys - tal
o'er their heads the ha - zels hing, The lit - tle bird - ies
braes as - cend like loft - y wa's, The foam - ing stream deep-
hoar - y cliffs are crowned wi' flow'rs, White o'er the linns the
For - tune's gifts at ran - dom flee, They ne'er shall draw a
come, oh, come, oh, come, Oh,
stream let plays, Come let us spend the
blithe - ly sing, Or light - ly flit on
roar - ing fa's, O'er - hung wi' fra - grant
burn - ie pours, And ris - ing weets wi'
wish from me, Su - preme - ly blest wi'
bon - nie las - sie, come, my
rall.
light - some days In the birks of A - ber - fel - dy.
wan - ton wing In the birks of A - ber - fel - dy.
spread - ing shaws O' the birks of A - ber - fel - dy.
mist - y show'rs O'er the birks of A - ber - fel - dy.
love and thee In the birks of A - ber - fel - dy.
rall.
bon - nie lass, To the birks of A - ber - fel - dy.

Translated from the Hungarian
byCecil Cowdrey

Hungarian Folk Song

Moderato


1. "Shep - herd, why so wild your hors - e's flight?
2. "Shep - herd on your black steed - fly - ing fast,
See, his stream-ing mane with foam is bright!"
What is this a - cross your sad - dle cast?
"Far to Bo - gar Mish - ka's
To a wed-ding feast if
home I ride.
you would ride,
His fair child shall be this day a bride."
Why this weap-on swing - ing at your side?"

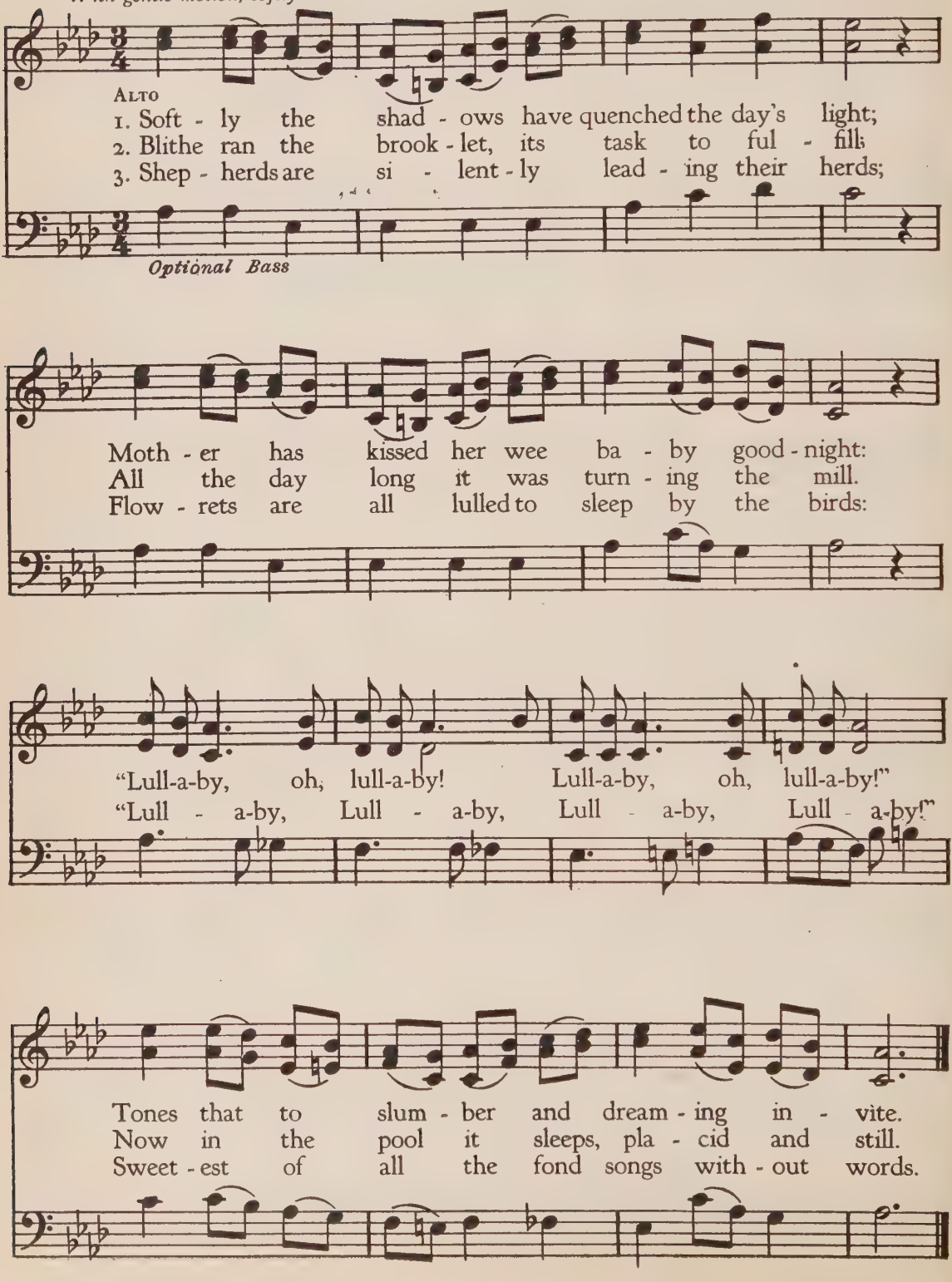

3. Wed a - gainst her will she shall not be;
4. On, my black steed, on, by heav - en's grace!
She whose vow was long since giv'n to me! I, her lov - er, to her
Well for him to hide his crav - en face! Soon a - cross the wild and
wed-ding ride. Woe to him who stole her from my side!
fro-zen plain I shall bear my love, my bride, a - gain!"

SLUMBER TIME

Frank Edwards

Bohemian Tune
Arr. for Three Voices

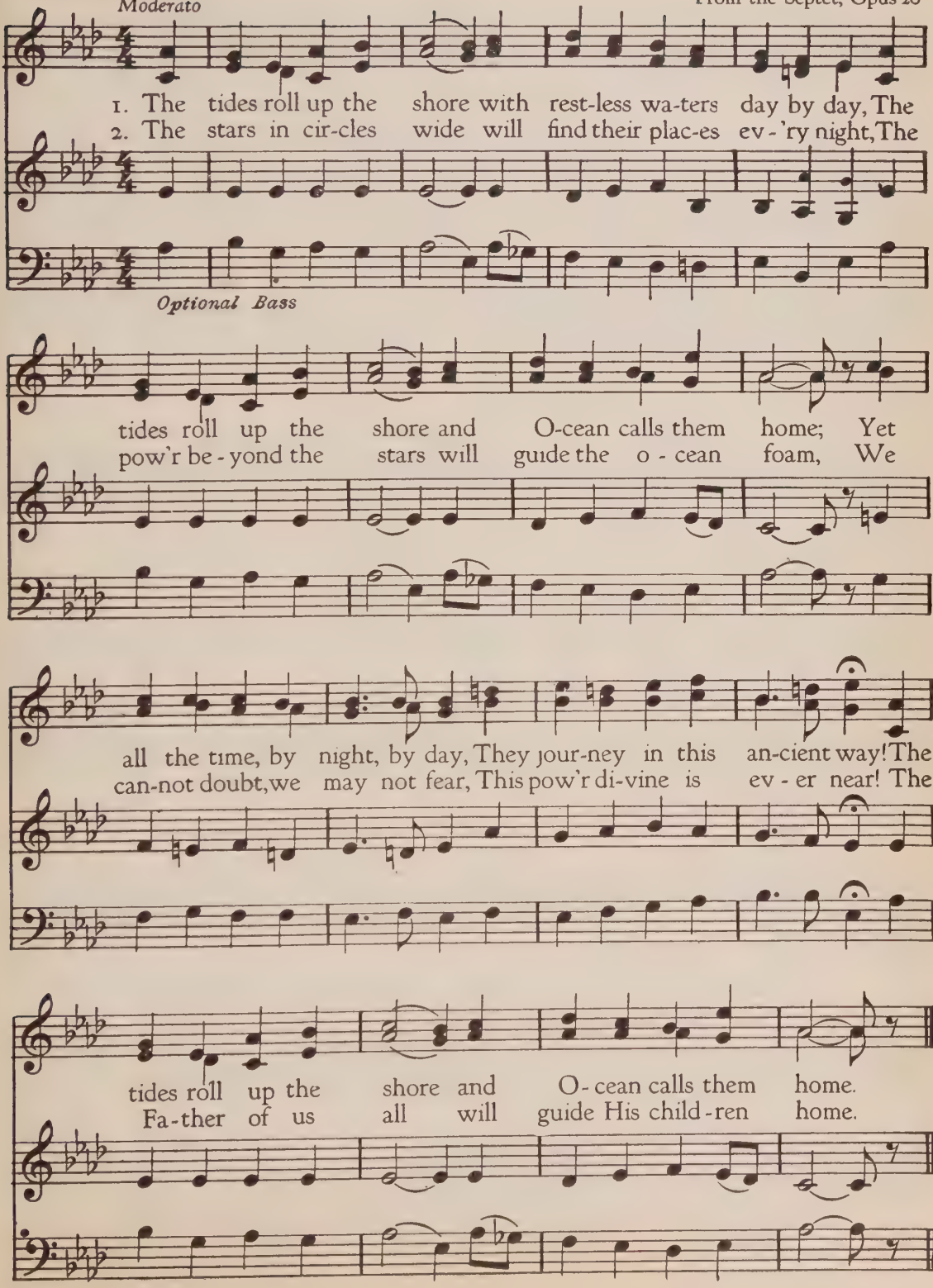
With gentle motion, softly


Alto
1. Soft - ly the shad - ows have quenched the day's light;
2. Blithe ran the brook - let, its task to ful - fill;
3. Shep - herds are si - lent - ly lead - ing their herds;
Optional Bass
Moth - er has kissed her wee ba - by good - night:
All the day long it was turn - ing the mill.
Flow - rets are all lulled to sleep by the birds:
"Lull-a-by, oh, lull-a-by! Lull-a-by, oh, lull-a-by!"
"Lull - a-by, Lull - a-by, Lull - a-by, Lull - a-by!"
Tones that to slum - ber and dream - ing in - vite.
Now in the pool it sleeps, pla - cid and still.
Sweet - est of all the fond songs with - out words.

Kate Forman

Ludwig van Beethoven
From the Septet, Opus 20

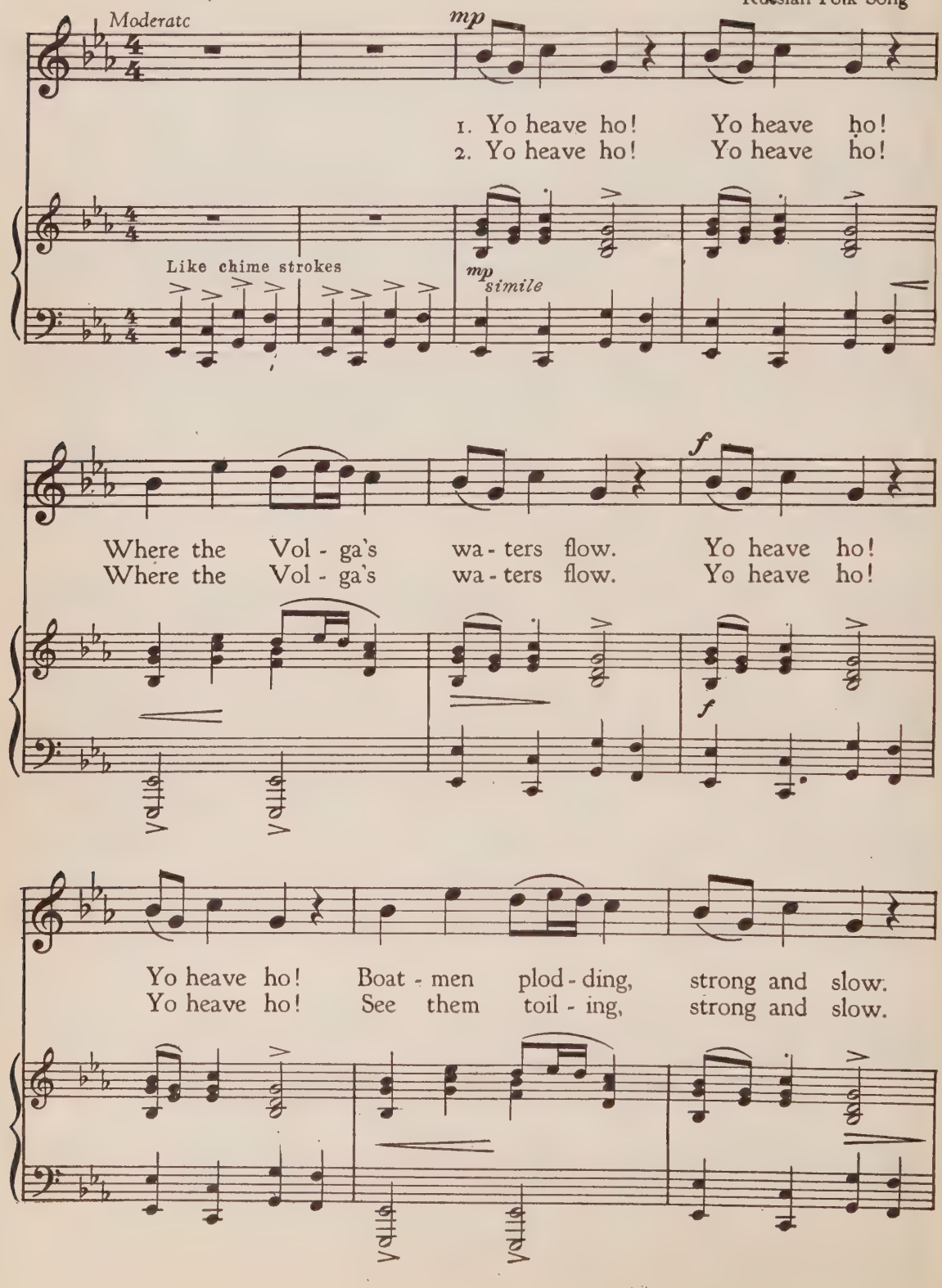
Moderato

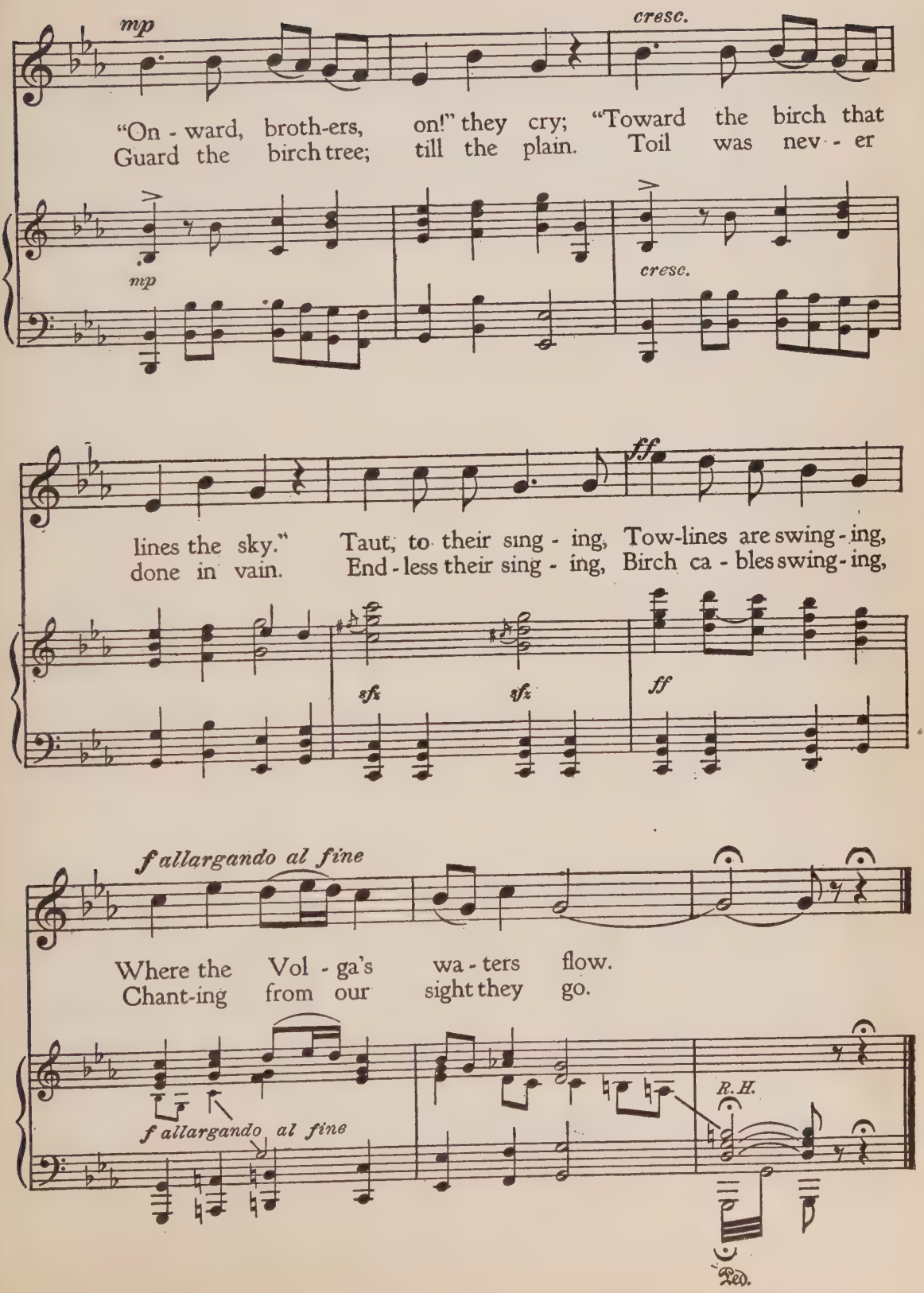

1. The tides roll up the shore with rest-less wa-ters day by day, The
2. The stars in cir-cles wide will find their plac-es ev-'ry night, The
Optional Bass
tides roll up the shore and O-cean calls them home; Yet
pow'r be-yond the stars will guide the o-cean foam, We
all the time, by night, by day, They jour-ney in this an-cient way! The
can-not doubt, we may not fear, This pow'r di-vine is ev-er near! The
tides roll up the shore and O-cean calls them home.
Fa-ther of us all will guide His child-ren home.

VOLGA BOAT SONG

From the Russian

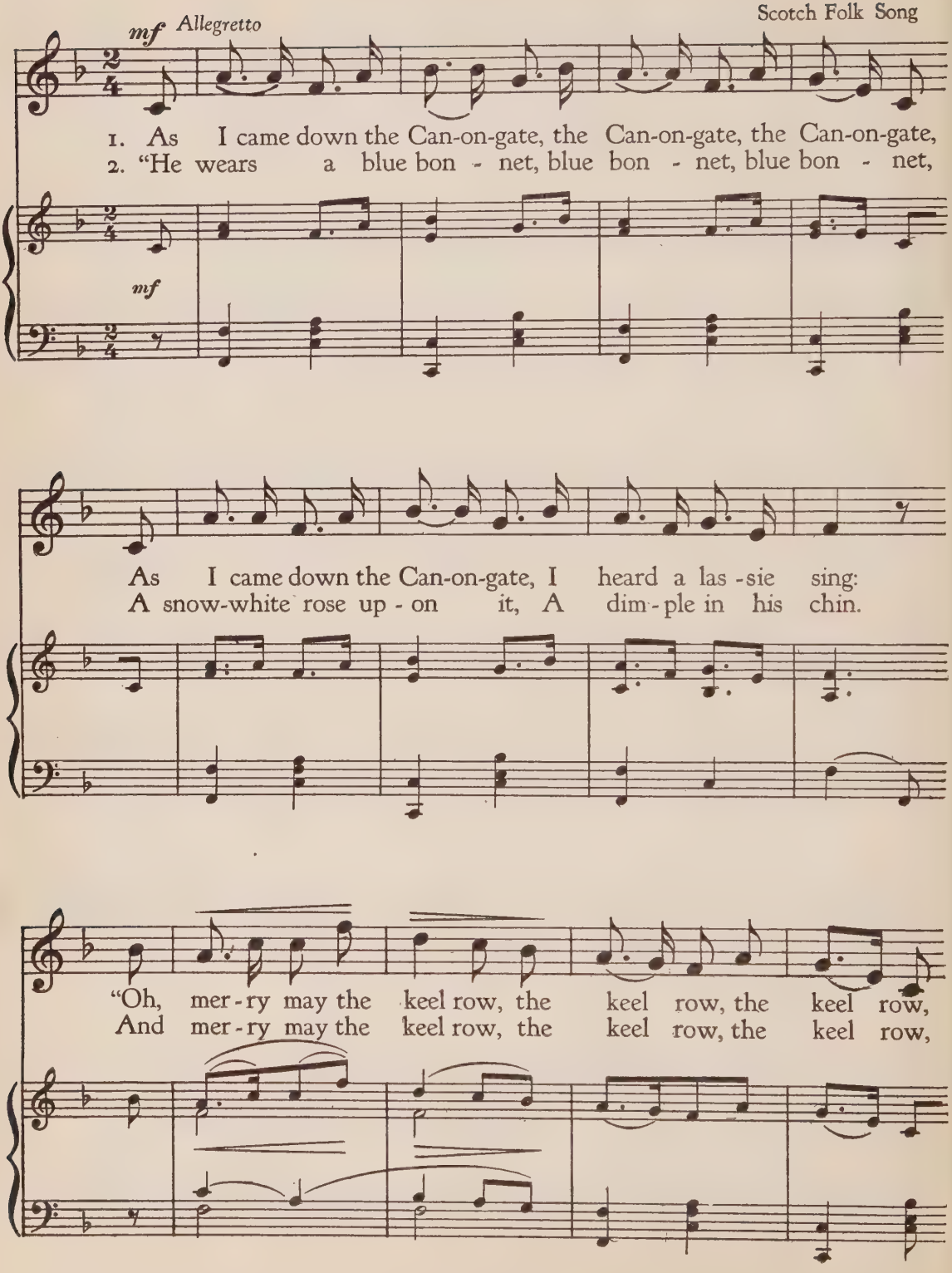
Russian Folk Song

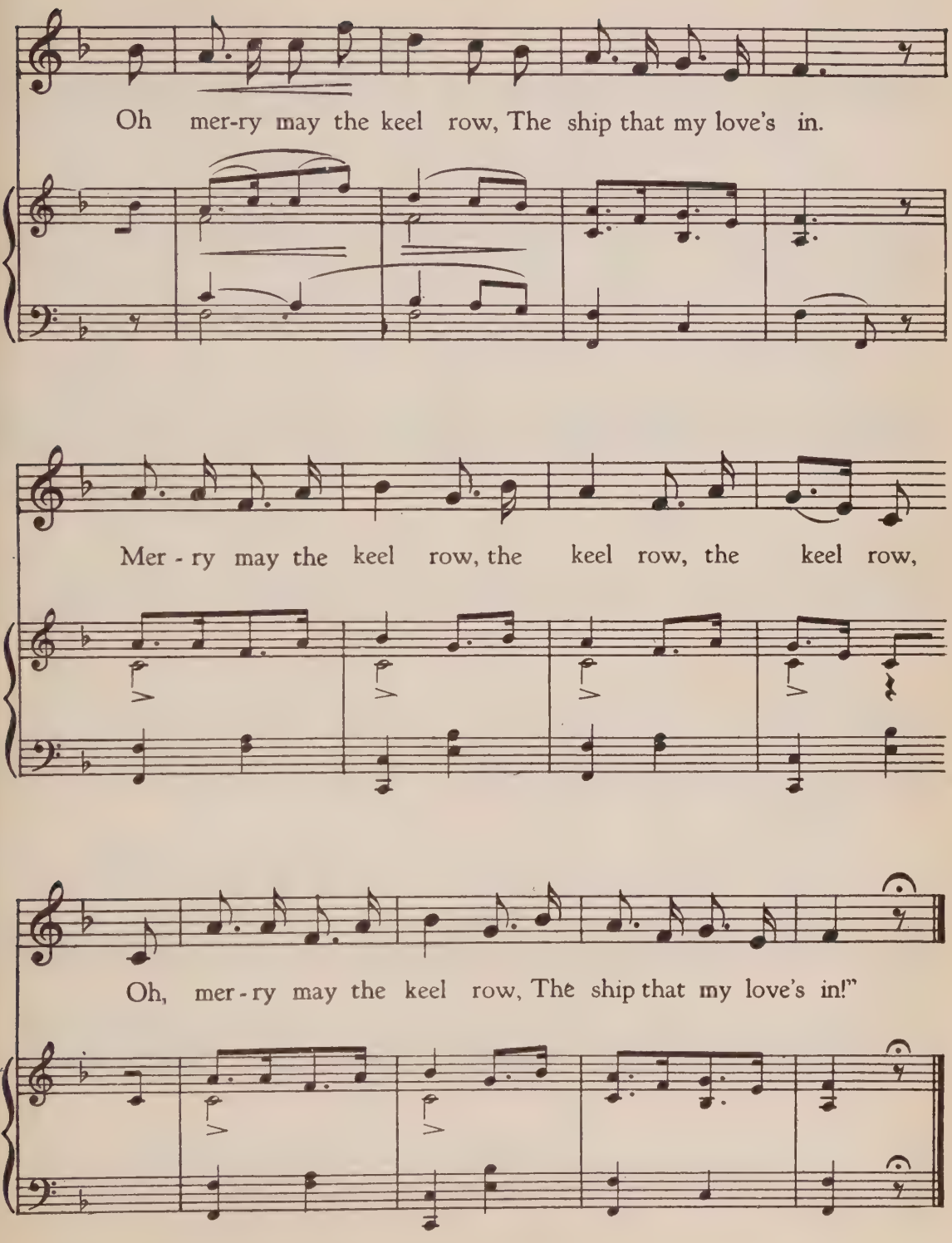

Moderate
mp
1. Yo heave ho! Yo heave ho!
2. Yo heave ho! Yo heave ho!
Like chime strokes
mp simile
f
Where the Vol - ga's wa - ters flow. Yo heave ho!
Where the Vol - ga's wa - ters flow. Yo heave ho!
f
Yo heave ho! Boat - men plod - ding, strong and slow.
Yo heave ho! See them toil - ing, strong and slow.


mp
cresc.
"On - ward, broth-ers, on!" they cry; "Toward the birch that
Guard the birch tree; till the plain. Toil was nev - er
mp
cresc.
ff
lines the sky." Taut, to their sing - ing, Tow-lines are swing - ing,
done in vain. End - less their sing - ing, Birch ca - bles swing - ing,
sfz
sfz
ff
f allargando al fine
Where the Vol - ga's wa - ters flow.
Chant-ing from our sight they go.
f allargando al fine
R.H.
Ped.

THE KEEL ROW

Scotch Folk Song


mf Allegretto
1. As I came down the Can-on-gate, the Can-on-gate, the Can-on-gate,
2. "He wears a blue bon - net, blue bon - net, blue bon - net,
mf
As I came down the Can-on-gate, I heard a las - sie sing:
A snow-white rose up - on it, A dim - ple in his chin.
"Oh, mer - ry may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
And mer - ry may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,

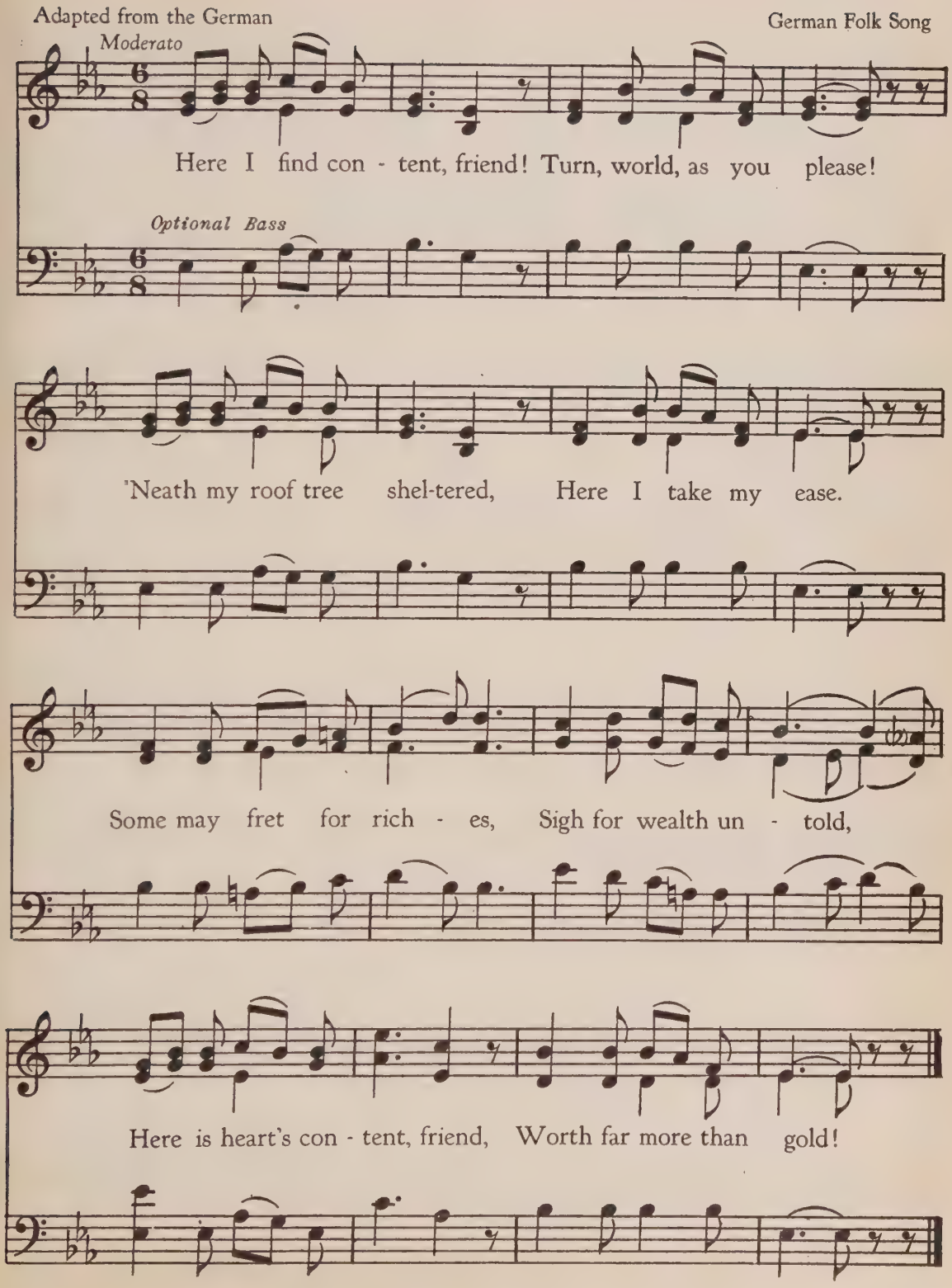

Oh mer-ry may the keel row, The ship that my love's in.
Mer - ry may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
Oh, mer - ry may the keel row, The ship that my love's in!"

JUTLAND DANCE SONG

Translated by Sigmund Spaeth

Old Danish Folk Song

Allegretto
1. Good eve - ning, good eve - ning, ye friends and neigh-bors all!
2. Thrice wel - come, thrice wel - come, friend Lars from Tho - ra Hill!
3. Go, Stef - an, go, Stef - an, and dance with young Ka - trine!
We greet you, we greet you, fine danc - ers great and small!
With thy strains to charm them, young feet are nev - er still;
How light - ly, how bright - ly she trips it on the green!
Come lord - ly and sim - ple, with smiles and a dim - ple, Come
So let thy wild meas - ure in vite us to pleas - ure; Young
The twi - light is fall - ing, the fid - dles are call - ing, The
young men and maids, where the gay fid - dles call! We
hearts bide no lei - sure, then on with a will! Thrice
young moon is ris - ing with sil - ver - y sheen, While
greet you, we greet you, good friends and neigh-bors all!
wel - come, thrice wel - come, friend Lars from Tho - ra Hill!
Stef - an, while Stef - an steps out with young Ka - trine.
Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la.
Optional bass
Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la,
Tra la la la la la!
Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la!
Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la!


Adapted from the German
German Folk Song
Moderato
Here I find con - tent, friend! Turn, world, as you please!
Optional Bass
'Neath my roof tree shel-tered, Here I take my ease.
Some may fret for rich - es, Sigh for wealth un - told,
Here is heart's con - tent, friend, Worth far more than gold!

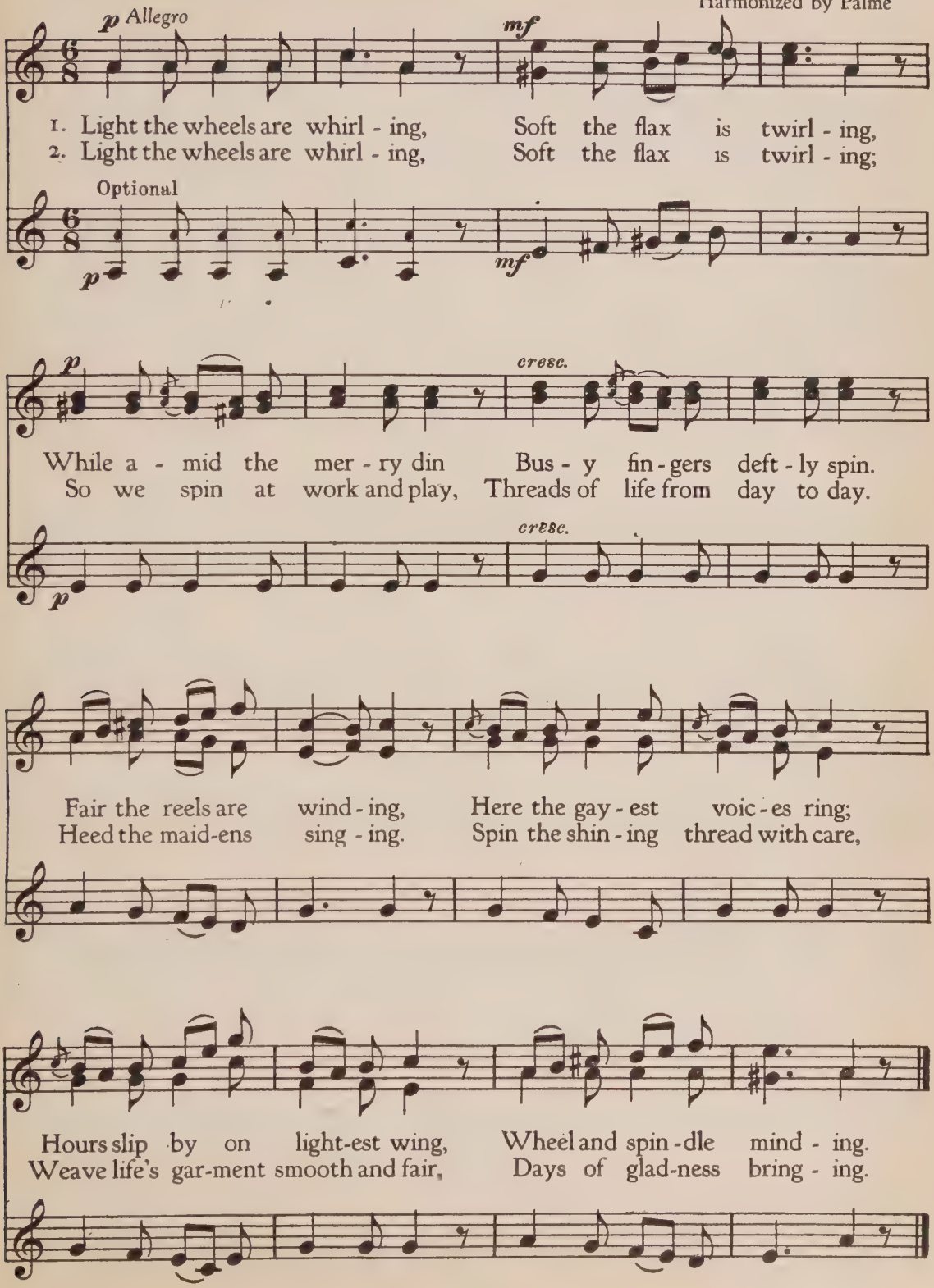
OUR FLAG

H. W. Loomis — Arthur Edward Johnstone

1. White, like the clouds a-bove, Blue, like the sky, And
2. Lights, like the morn - ing stars, Shine thro' its fleece; The
White, like the clouds a-bove, Blue, like the
Lights, like the morn-ing stars, Shine thro' its
red, as ris-ing sun, Our Flag waves high. The Ban - ner of the
pow-er of their glo - ry Ne'er shall cease. Our Stand-ard be se -
sky, And red, as ris-ing sun, Our Flag waves high. The
fleece; The pow-er of their glo - ry Ne'er shall cease. Our
Right, The Sym - bol of Light, O'er the town and the
cure While a - ges en - dure, Giv-ing Hon - or with
Ban - ner of the Right, The Sym - bol of Light, O'er the
Stand-ard be se - cure While a - ges en - dure, Giv - ing
1
2
coun-try - side, Gleams from the height.
E - qual Rights, Free - dom, and Peace! Hur - rah!
town and the coun - try from the height.
Hon - or with E - qual Rights and Peace! Hur - rah!

SPINNING SONG

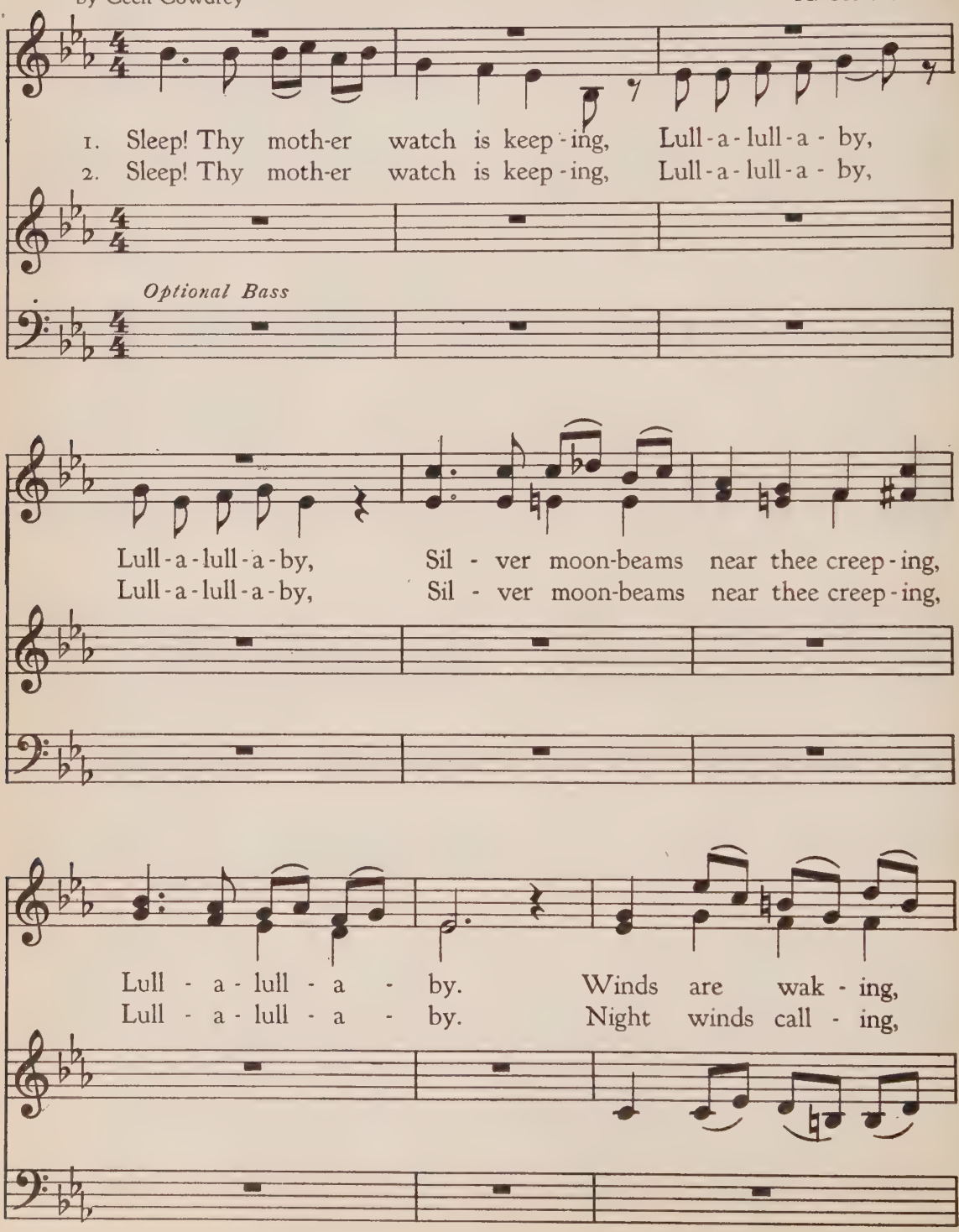
Joseph Haydn
Harmonized by Palme

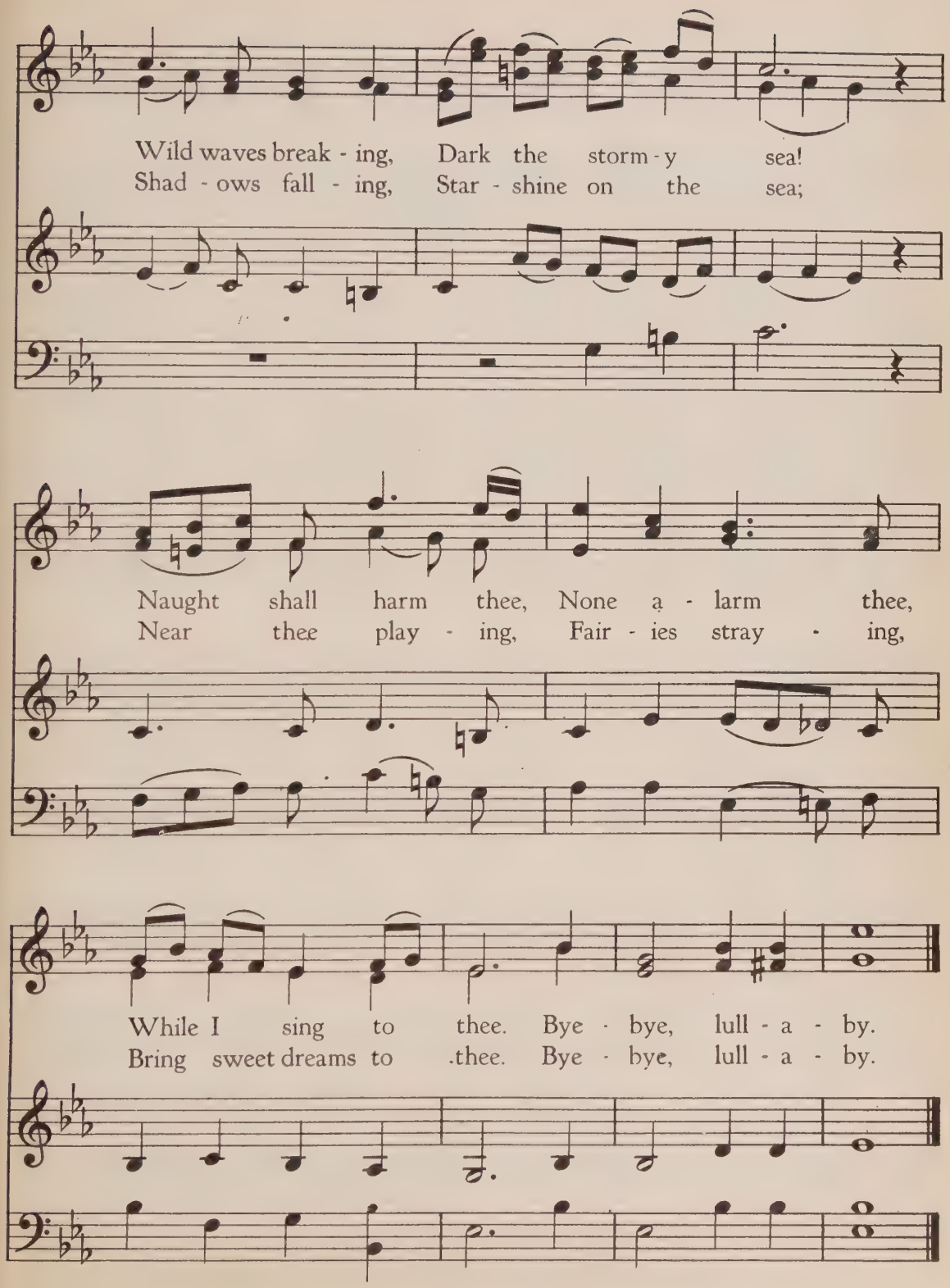

p Allegro
mf
1. Light the wheels are whirl - ing, Soft the flax is twirl - ing,
2. Light the wheels are whirl - ing, Soft the flax is twirl - ing;
Optional
p
mf
p
cresc.
While a - mid the mer - ry din Bus - y fin - gers deft - ly spin.
So we spin at work and play, Threads of life from day to day.
cresc.
p
Fair the reels are wind - ing, Here the gay - est voic - es ring;
Heed the maid-ens sing - ing. Spin the shin - ing thread with care,
Hours slip by on light-est wing, Wheel and spin - dle mind - ing.
Weave life's gar-ment smooth and fair, Days of glad-ness bring - ing.

CRADLE SONG

Translated from the Russian
by Cecil Cowdrey

A. Gretchaninoff

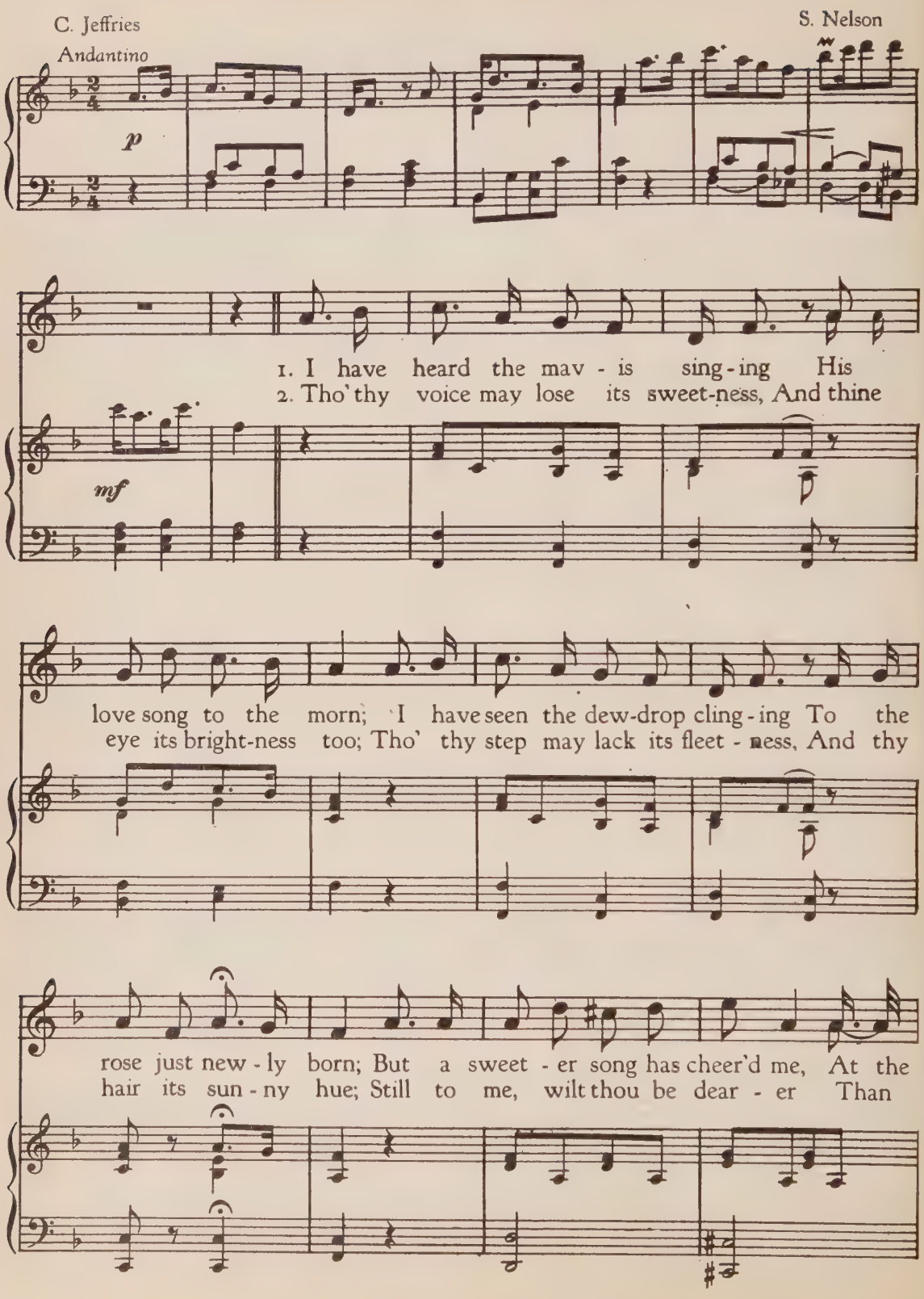

1. Sleep! Thy moth-er watch is keep-ing, Lull-a-lull-a-by,
2. Sleep! Thy moth-er watch is keep-ing, Lull-a-lull-a-by,
Optional Bass
Lull-a-lull-a-by, Sil-ver moon-beams near thee creep-ing,
Lull-a-lull-a-by, Sil-ver moon-beams near thee creep-ing,
Lull-a-lull-a-by. Winds are wak-ing,
Lull-a-lull-a-by. Night winds call-ing,

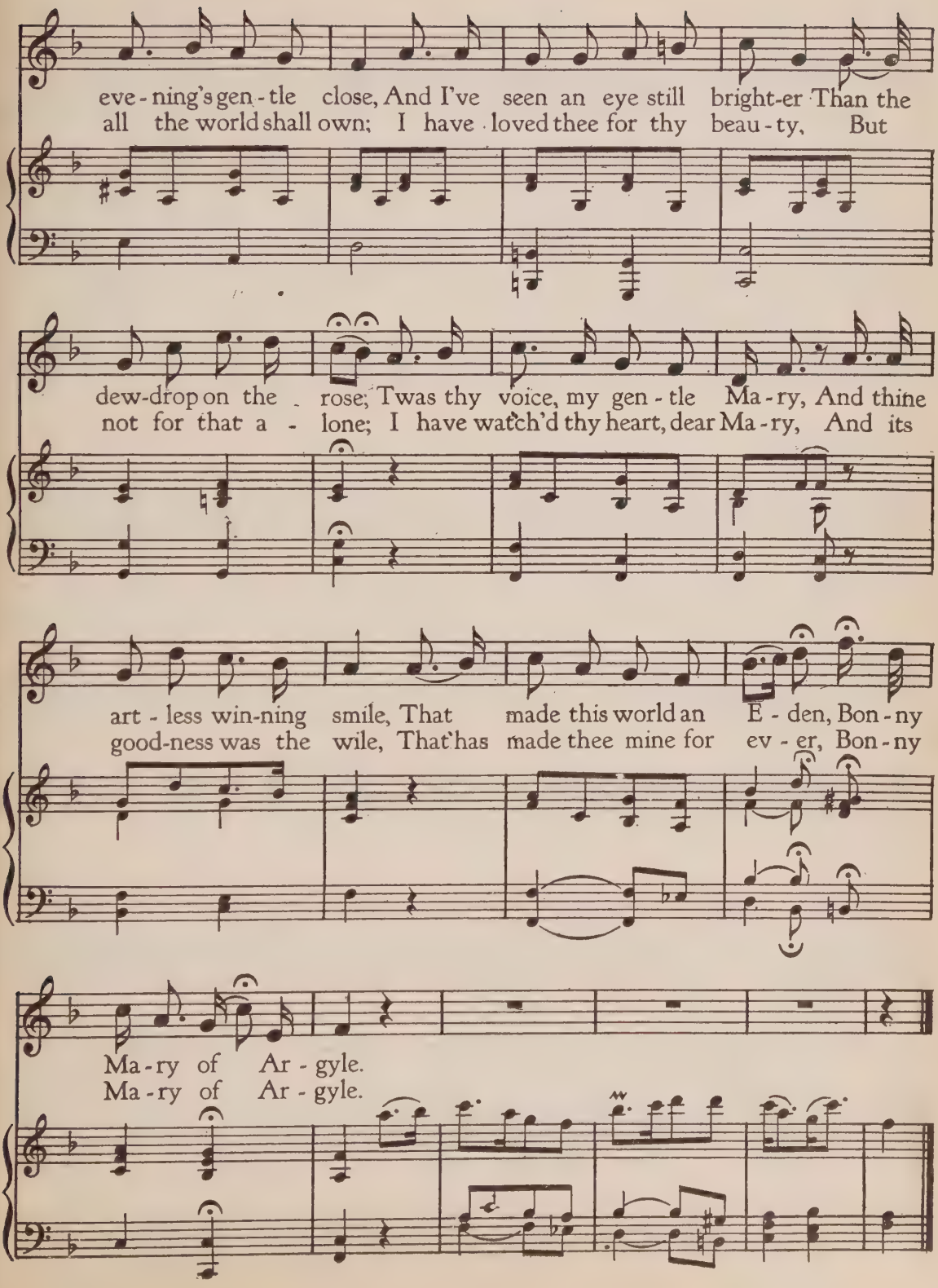

Wild waves break - ing, Dark the storm - y sea!
Shad - ows fall - ing, Star - shine on the sea;
Naught shall harm thee, None a - larm thee,
Near thee play - ing, Fair - ies stray - ing,
While I sing to thee. Bye - bye, lull - a - by.
Bring sweet dreams to thee. Bye - bye, lull - a - by.

BONNY MARY OF ARGYLE

C. Jeffries

S. Nelson

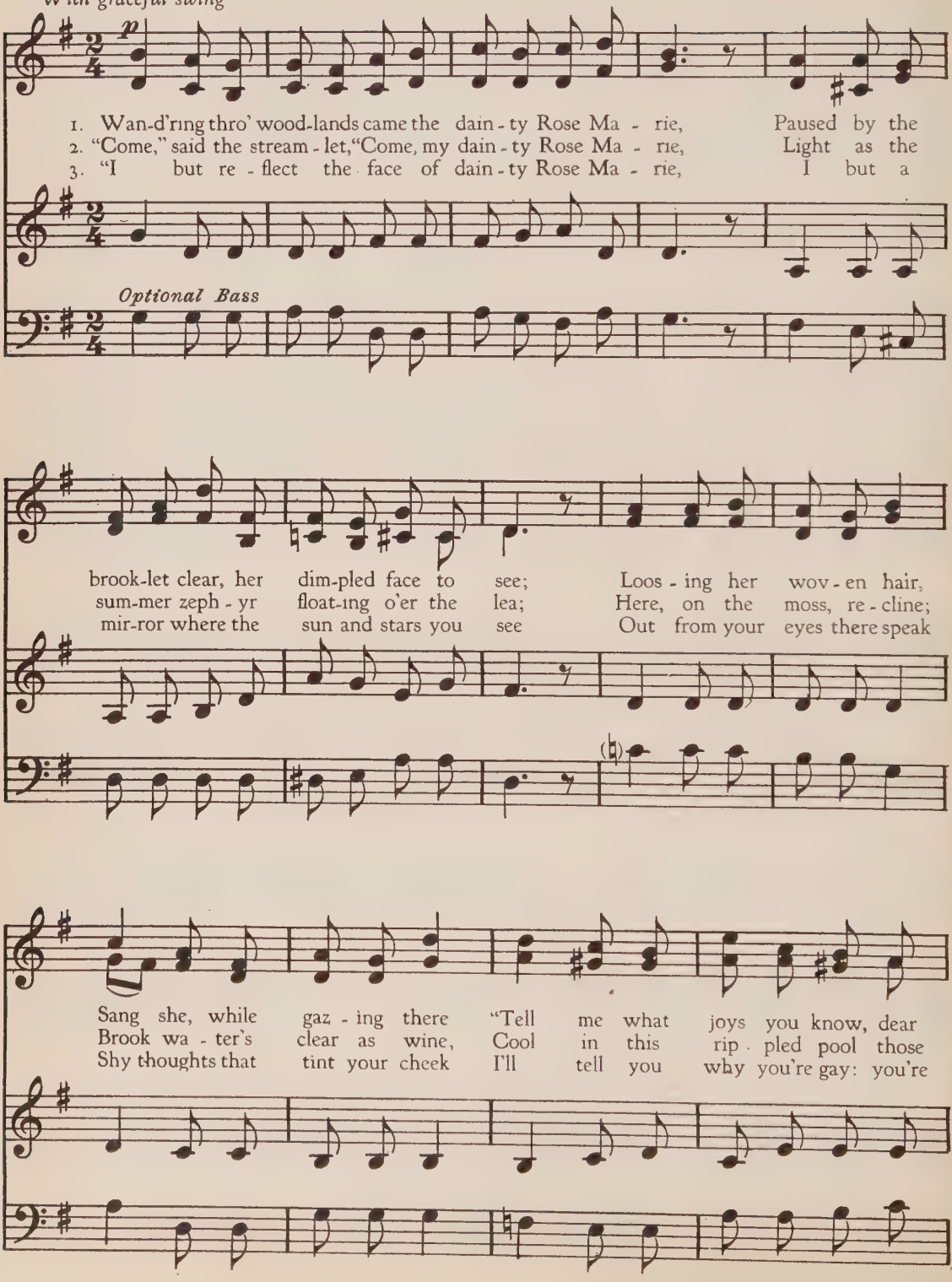

Andantino
p
1. I have heard the mav - is sing - ing His
2. Tho' thy voice may lose its sweet-ness, And thine
mf
love song to the morn; I have seen the dew-drop cling - ing To the
eye its bright-ness too; Tho' thy step may lack its fleet - ness, And thy
rose just new - ly born; But a sweet - er song has cheer'd me, At the
hair its sun - ny hue; Still to me, wilt thou be dear - er Than

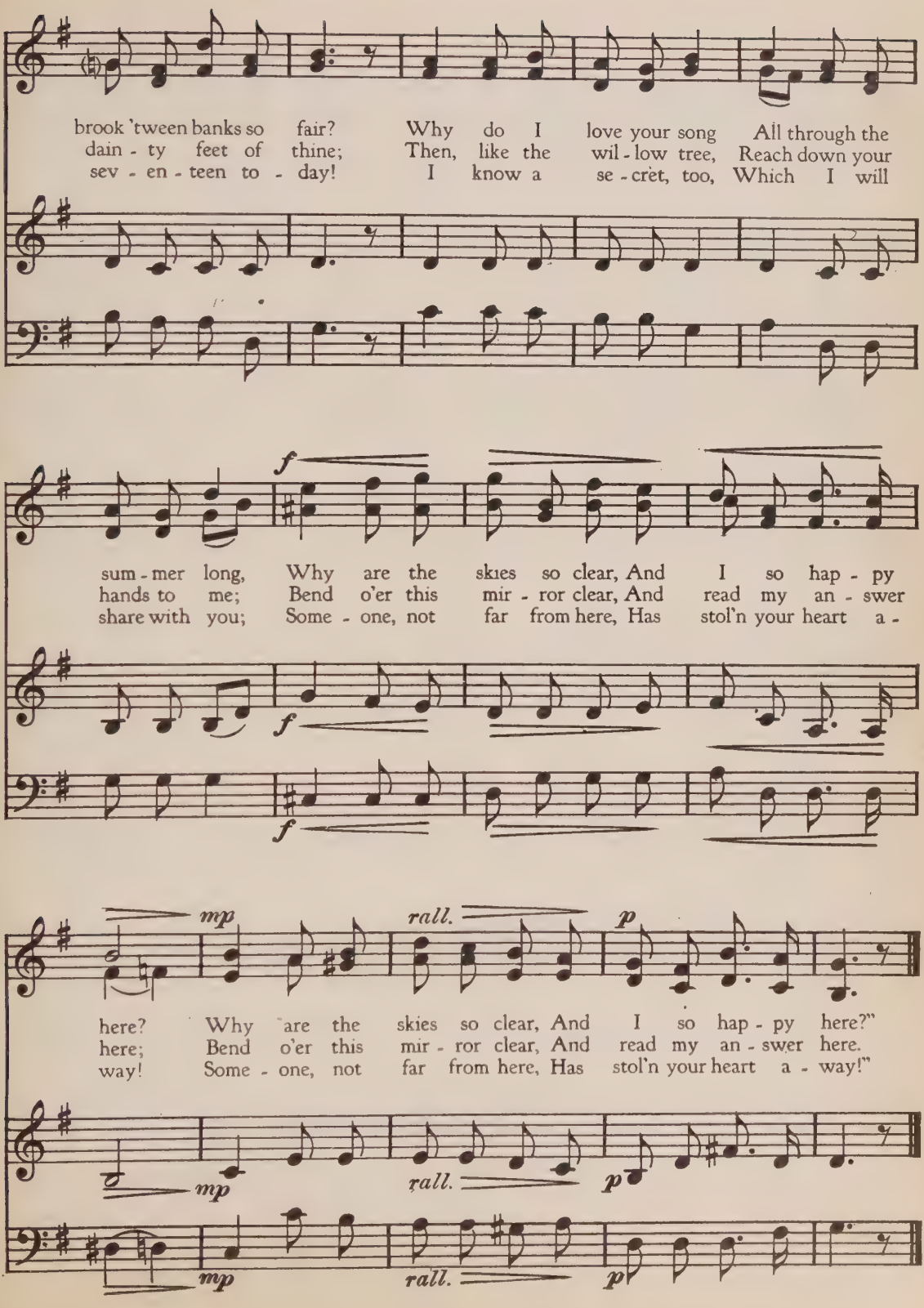

eve - ning's gen - tle close, And I've seen an eye still bright-er Than the
all the world shall own; I have loved thee for thy beau - ty, But
dew-drop on the rose; Twas thy voice, my gen - tle Ma - ry, And thine
not for that a - lone; I have watch'd thy heart, dear Ma - ry, And its
art - less win-ning smile, That made this world an E - den, Bon - ny
good-ness was the wile, That has made thee mine for ev - er, Bon - ny
Ma - ry of Ar - gyle.
Ma - ry of Ar - gyle.

ROSE MARIE

Z. Topelius — Karl Collan

With graceful swing


p
1. Wan-d'ring thro' wood-lands came the dain - ty Rose Ma - rie, Paused by the
2. "Come," said the stream - let, "Come, my dain - ty Rose Ma - rie, Light as the
3. "I but re - flect the face of dain - ty Rose Ma - rie, I but a
Optional Bass
brook-let clear, her dim-pled face to see; Loos - ing her wov - en hair,
sum-mer zeph - yr float-ing o'er the lea; Here, on the moss, re - cline;
mir-ror where the sun and stars you see Out from your eyes there speak
Sang she, while gaz - ing there "Tell me what joys you know, dear
Brook wa - ter's clear as wine, Cool in this rip - pled pool those
Shy thoughts that tint your cheek I'll tell you why you're gay: you're


brook 'tween banks so fair? Why do I love your song All through the
dain - ty feet of thine; Then, like the wil - low tree, Reach down your
sev - en - teen to - day! I know a se - cret, too, Which I will
f
sum - mer long, Why are the skies so clear, And I so hap - py
hands to me; Bend o'er this mir - ror clear, And read my an - swer
share with you; Some - one, not far from here, Has stol'n your heart a -
f
f
mp
rall.
p
here? Why are the skies so clear, And I so hap - py here?"
here; Bend o'er this mir - ror clear, And read my an - swer here.
way! Some - one, not far from here, Has stol'n your heart a - way!"
mp
rall.
p
mp
rall.
p

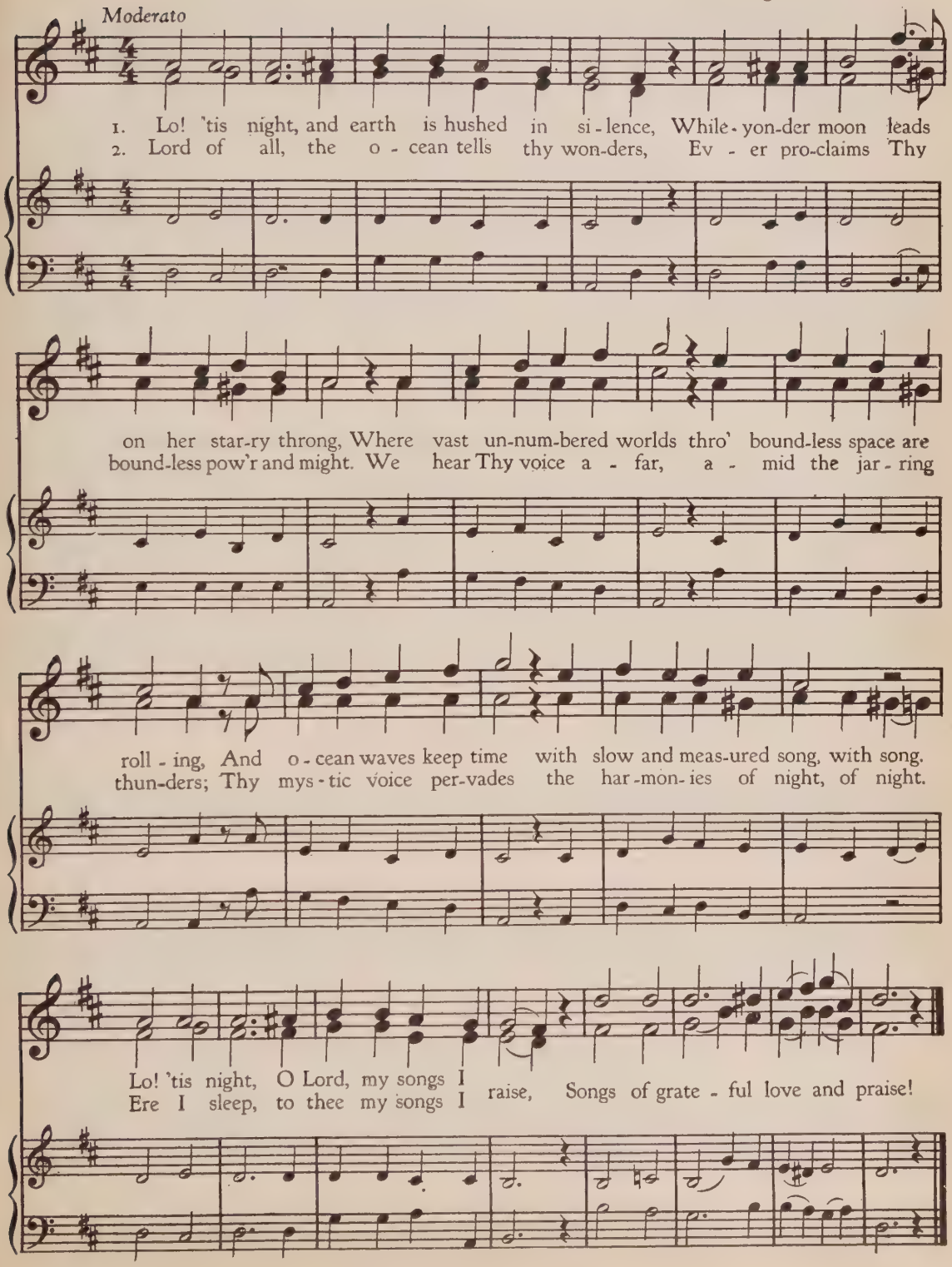
PRAISE YE THE LORD

Cecil Cowdrey

Polish Folk Song

Moderato
1. Praise ye the Lord! Oh, come to - day with sing - ing! Bless ye the
2. Bow in His pres - ence, ask that He may guide you; Still, day and
1. Praise ye the Lord! Oh, come to - day with sing - ing! Bless ye the
2. Bow in His pres - ence, ask that He may guide you; Still, day and
Optional Bass
Lord, all hon - or to Him bring - ing! Come, all ye chil - dren,
night, He ev - er walks be - side you. Come, all ye chil - dren,
Lord, all hon - or to Him bring - ing! Come, all ye chil - dren,
night, He ev - er walks be - side you. Come, all ye chil - dren,
His great love pro - claim, Kneel and a - dore Him, Ho-ly is His name!
here His love pro - claim, Kneel and a - dore Him, Ho-ly is His name!
His great love pro - claim, Kneel and a - dore Him, Ho-ly is His name!
here His love pro - claim, Kneel and a - dore Him, Ho-ly is His name!

Ludwig van Beethoven

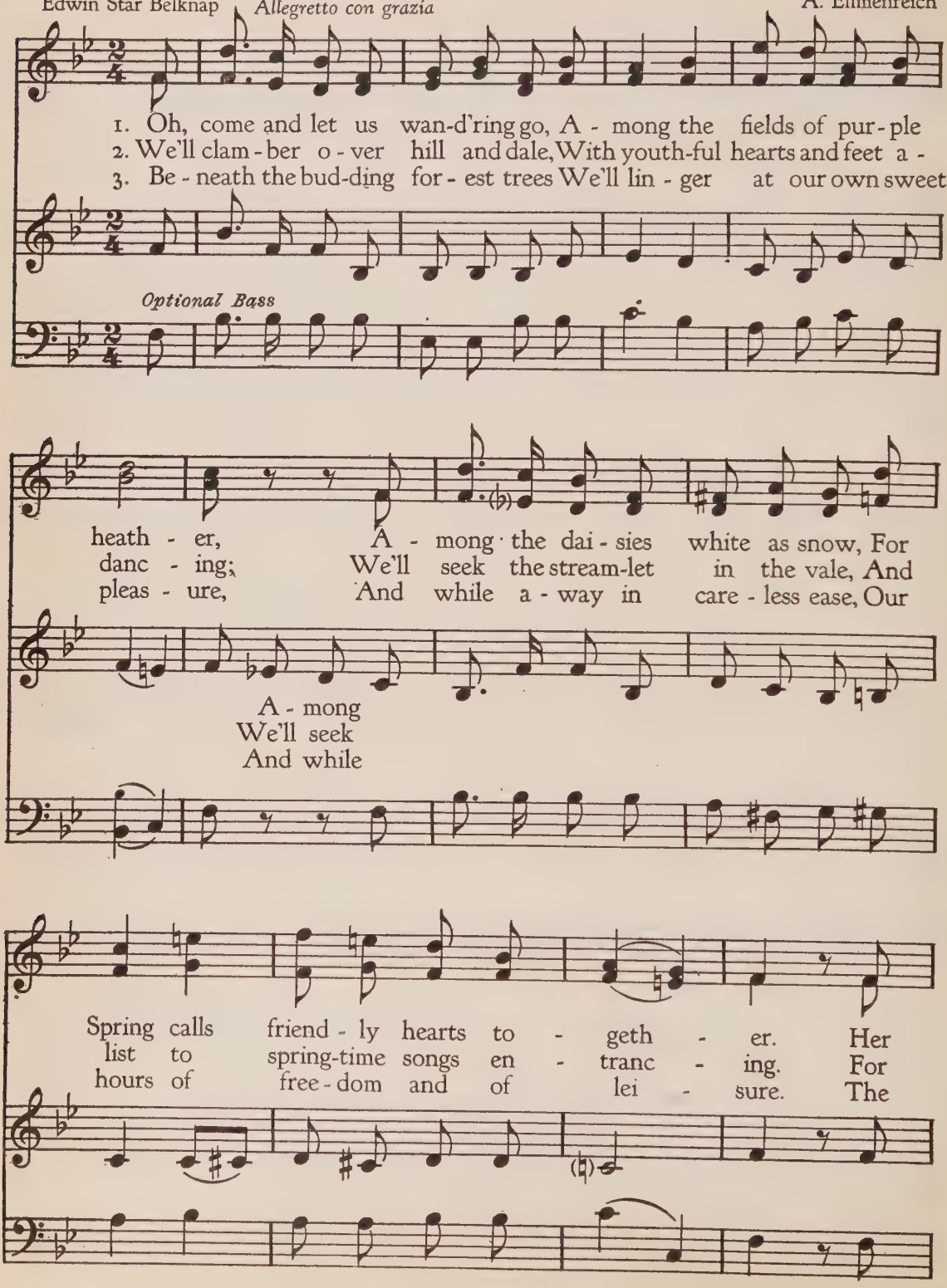

Moderato
1. Lo! 'tis night, and earth is hushed in si - lence, While - yon-der moon leads
2. Lord of all, the o - cean tells thy won-ders, Ev - er pro-claims Thy
on her star-ry throng, Where vast un-num-bered worlds thro' bound-less space are
bound-less pow'r and might. We hear Thy voice a - far, a - mid the jar - ring
roll - ing, And o - cean waves keep time with slow and meas-ured song, with song.
thun-ders; Thy mys - tic voice per-vades the har-mon- ies of night, of night.
Lo! 'tis night, O Lord, my songs I
Ere I sleep, to thee my songs I raise, Songs of grate - ful love and praise!

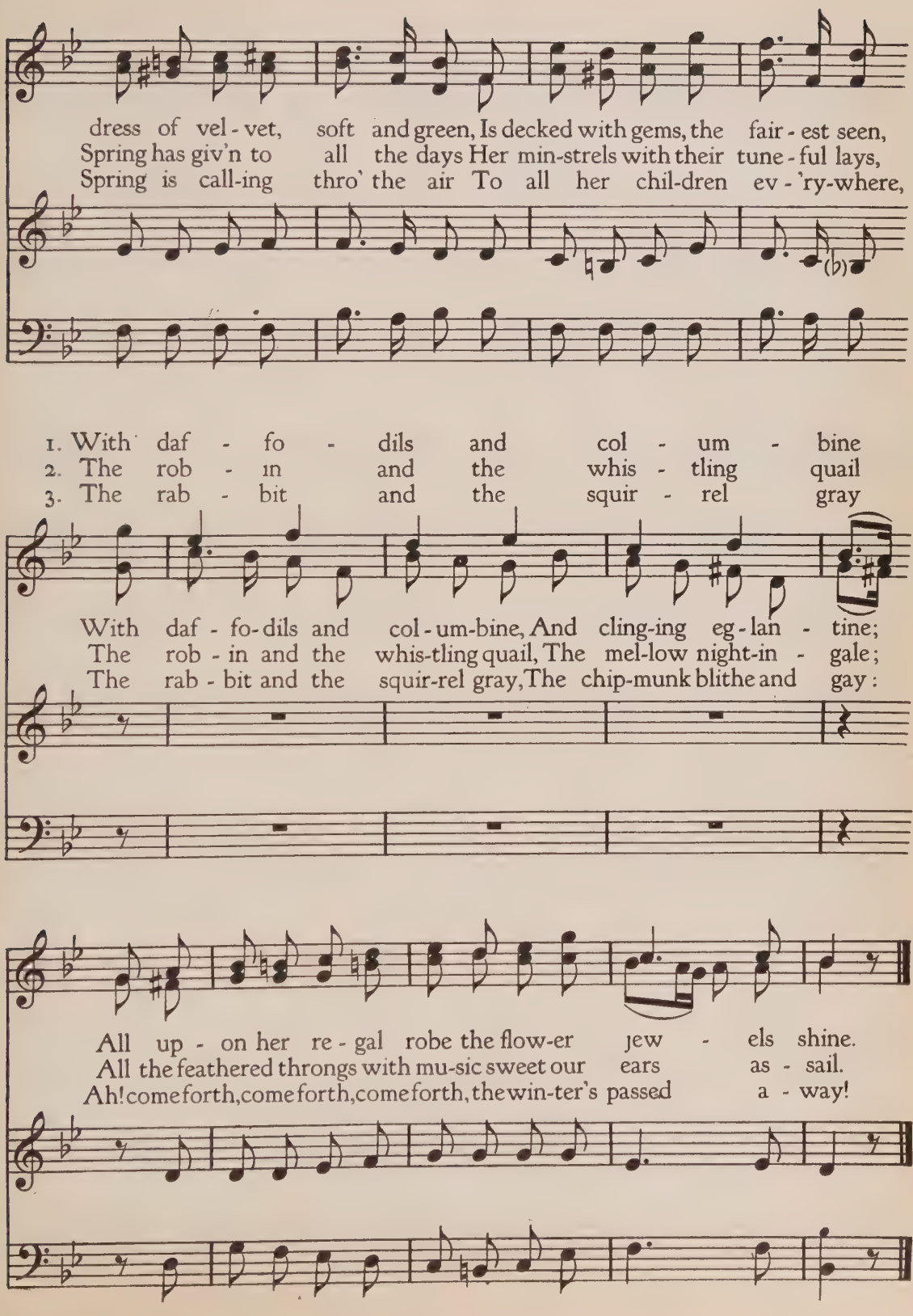
IN SPRING

From the German by
Edwin Star Belknap

Allegretto con grazia

A. Ellmenreich


1. Oh, come and let us wan-d'ring go, A - mong the fields of pur - ple
2. We'll clam - ber o - ver hill and dale, With youth-ful hearts and feet a -
3. Be - neath the bud-ding for - est trees We'll lin - ger at our own sweet
Optional Bass
heath - er, A - mong the dai - sies white as snow, For
danc - ing; We'll seek the stream-let in the vale, And
pleas - ure, And while a - way in care - less ease, Our
A - mong
We'll seek
And while
Spring calls friend - ly hearts to - geth - er. Her
list to spring-time songs en - tranc - ing. For
hours of free - dom and of lei - sure. The


dress of vel - vet, soft and green, Is decked with gems, the fair - est seen,
Spring has giv'n to all the days Her min-strels with their tune - ful lays,
Spring is call-ing thro' the air To all her chil-dren ev - 'ry-where,
1. With daf - fo - dils and col - um - bine
2. The rob - in and the whis - tling quail
3. The rab - bit and the squir - rel gray
With daf - fo-dils and col-um-bine, And cling-ing eg-lan - tine;
The rob - in and the whis-tling quail, The mel-low night-in - gale;
The rab - bit and the squir-rel gray, The chip-munk blithe and gay:
All up - on her re - gal robe the flow-er jew - els shine.
All the feathered throngs with mu-sic sweet our ears as - sail.
Ah! come forth, come forth, come forth, the win-ter's passed a - way!

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

Waltz Tempo — American Chanty

mf Bass Solo

1. Come all you young fel - lows that fol - low the
2. On board a Black Ball - er I first served my
3. With tink - ers and tai - lors and sol - diers and
4. It's lar - board and star - board, you jump to the

1. Come all you young fel - lows that fol - low the
2. On board a Black Ball - er I first served my
3. With tink - ers and tai - lors, and sol - diers and
4. It's lar - board and star - board, you jump to the

mf

mf

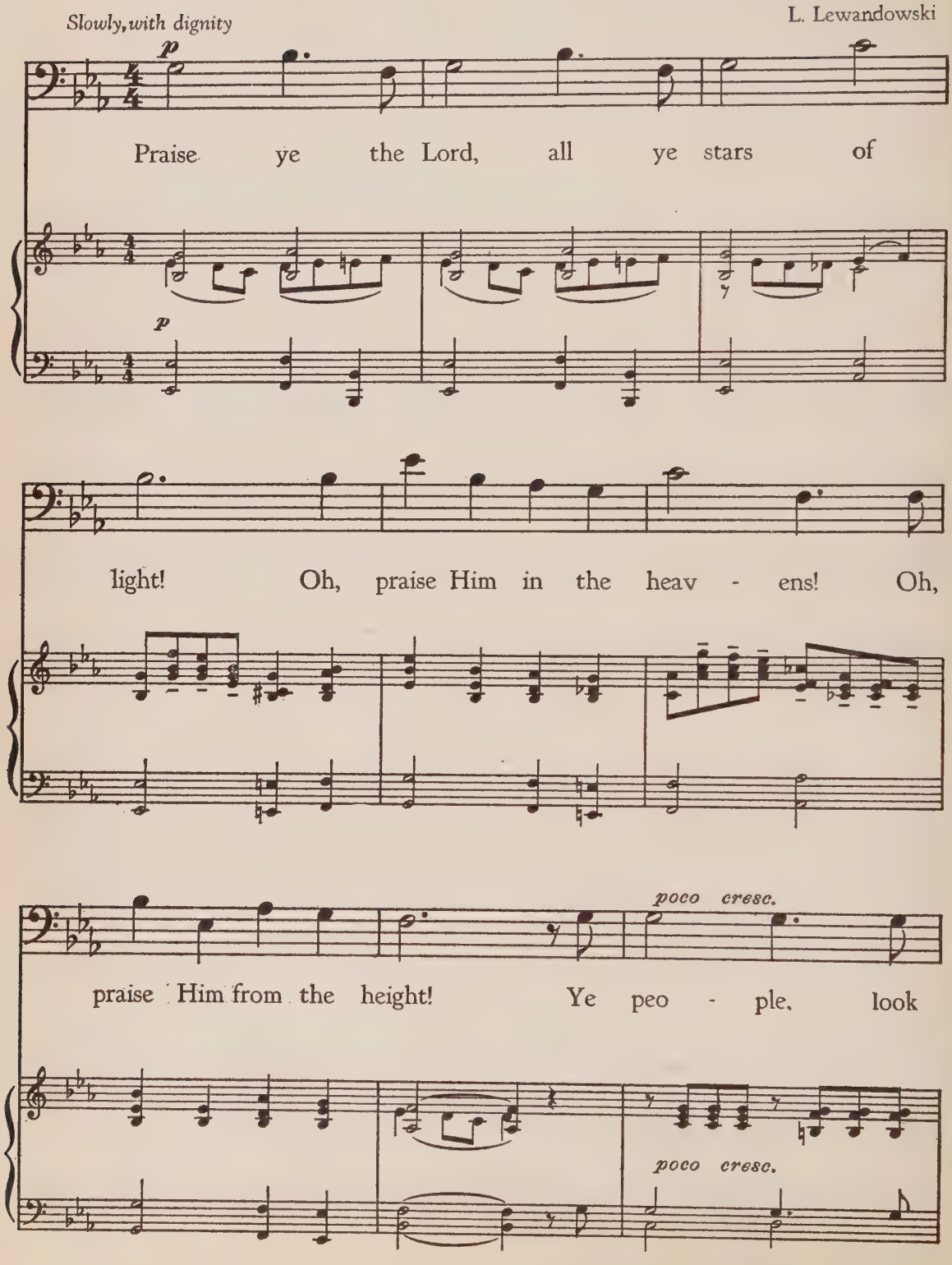
f

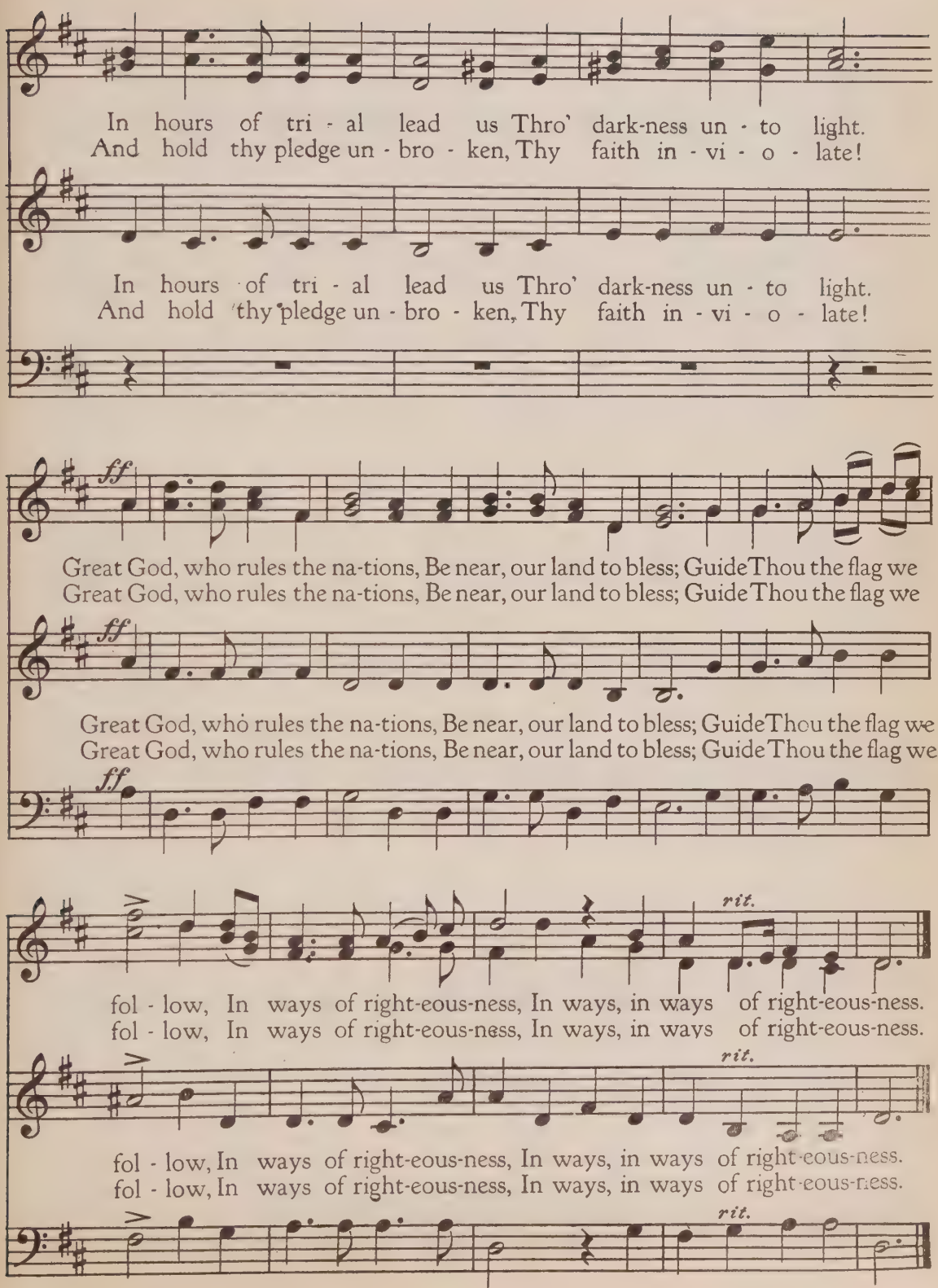
sea, Yeo! Ho! Blow the man
time, Yeo! Ho! Blow the man
all, Yeo! Ho! Blow the man
call, Yeo! Ho! Blow the man

sea, Yeo! Ho! Blow the man
time, Yeo! Ho! Blow the man
all, Yeo! Ho! Blow the man
call, Yeo! Ho! Blow the man

f

mf
down! Now please pay at - ten - tion and lis - ten to
down! And in that Black Ball - er I wast - ed my
down! You'll sel - dom find sail - ors a - board a Black
down! For Roar - ing Jack Wil - liams com - mands that Black
down! Now please pay at - ten - tion and lis - ten to
down! And in that Black Ball - er I wast - ed my
down! You'll sel - dom find sail - ors a - board a Black
down! For Roar - ing Jack Wil - liams com - mands that Black
mf
f
me, Give me some time to blow the man down.
prime, Give me some time to blow the man down.
Ball, Give me some time to blow the man down.
Ball, Give me some time to blow the man down.
f
me, Give me some time to blow the man down.
prime, Give me some time to blow the man down.
Ball, Give me some time to blow the man down.
Ball, Give me some time to blow the man down.
f
f

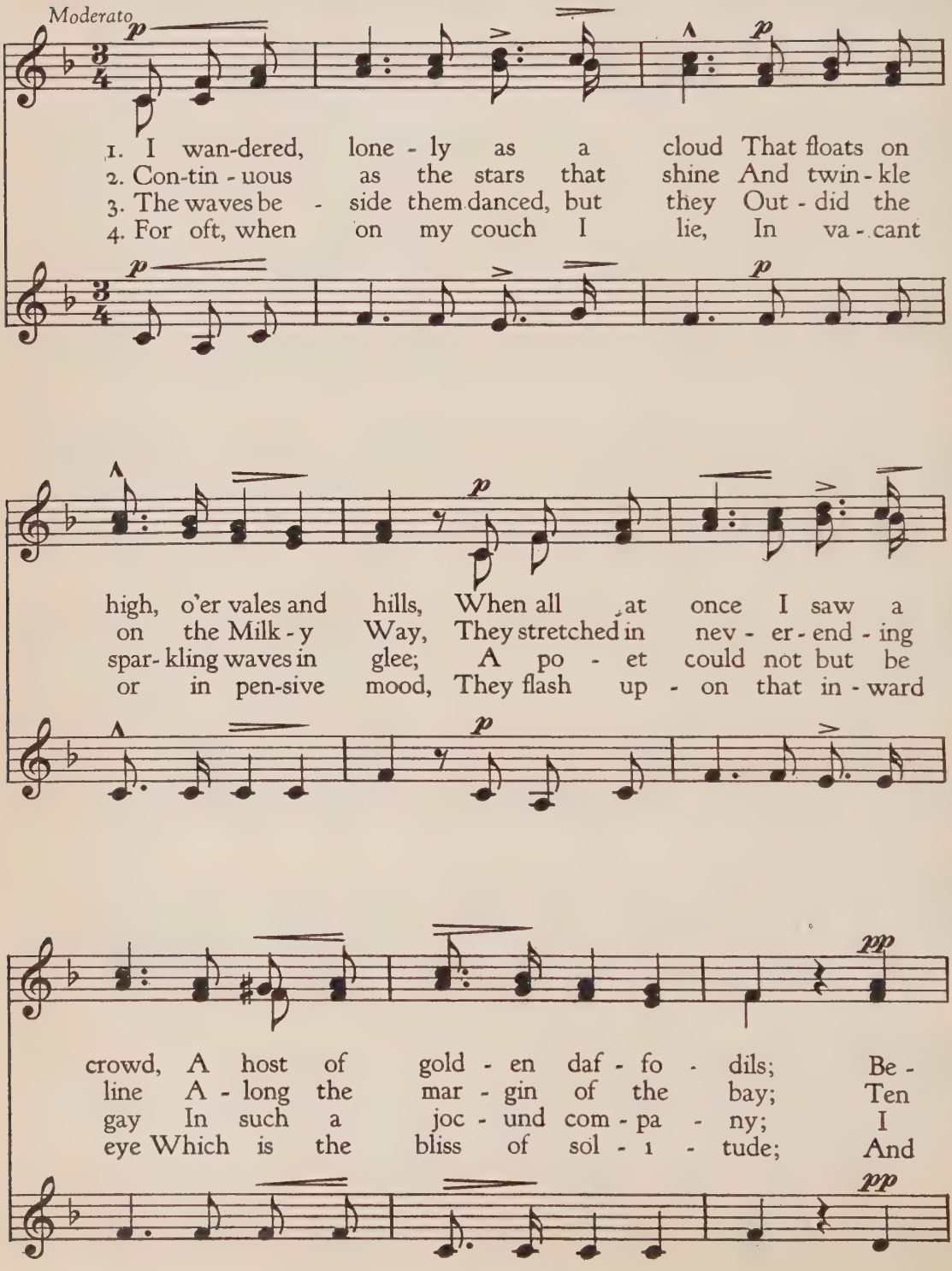

Slowly, with dignity
L. Lewandowski
p
Praise ye the Lord, all ye stars of
light! Oh, praise Him in the heav - ens! Oh,
poco cresc.
praise Him from the height! Ye peo - ple, look
poco cresc.

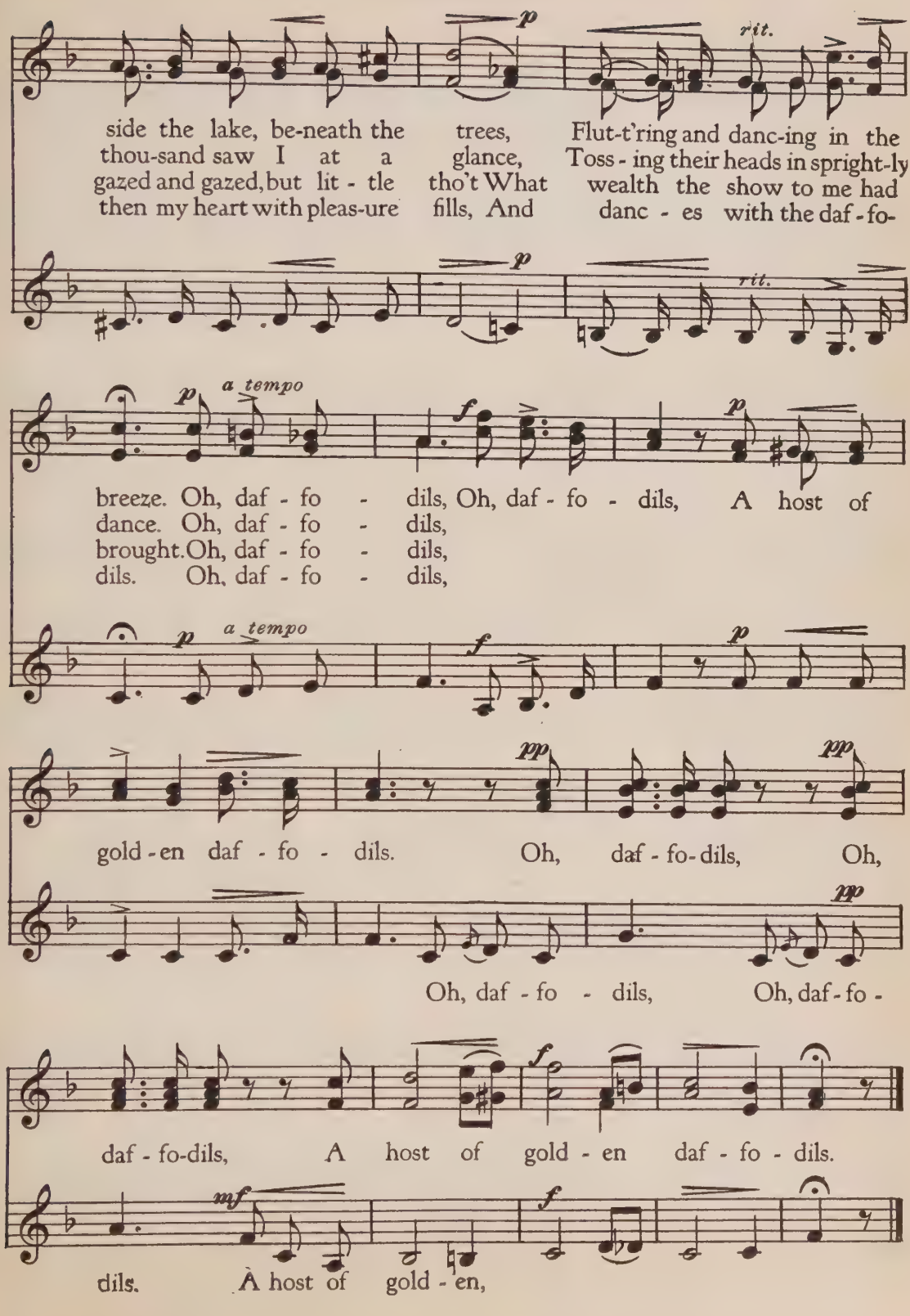

In hours of tri - al lead us Thro' dark-ness un - to light.
And hold thy pledge un - bro - ken, Thy faith in - vi - o - late!
In hours of tri - al lead us Thro' dark-ness un - to light.
And hold thy pledge un - bro - ken, Thy faith in - vi - o - late!
ff
Great God, who rules the na-tions, Be near, our land to bless; Guide Thou the flag we
Great God, who rules the na-tions, Be near, our land to bless; Guide Thou the flag we
ff
Great God, who rules the na-tions, Be near, our land to bless; Guide Thou the flag we
Great God, who rules the na-tions, Be near, our land to bless; Guide Thou the flag we
ff
rit.
fol - low, In ways of right-eous-ness, In ways, in ways of right-eous-ness.
fol - low, In ways of right-eous-ness, In ways, in ways of right-eous-ness.
rit.
fol - low, In ways of right-eous-ness, In ways, in ways of right-eous-ness.
fol - low, In ways of right-eous-ness, In ways, in ways of right-eous-ness.
rit.

THE DAFFODILS

Wordsworth

E. Hermes


Moderato
1. I wan-dered, lone - ly as a cloud That floats on
2. Con-tin - uous as the stars that shine And twin - kle
3. The waves be - side them danced, but they Out - did the
4. For oft, when on my couch I lie, In va - cant
high, o'er vales and hills, When all at once I saw a
on the Milk - y Way, They stretched in nev - er - end - ing
spar- kling waves in glee; A po - et could not but be
or in pen-sive mood, They flash up - on that in - ward
crowd, A host of gold - en daf - fo - dils; Be -
line A - long the mar - gin of the bay; Ten
gay In such a joc - und com - pa - ny; I
eye Which is the bliss of sol - i - tude; And


p
rit.
side the lake, be-neath the trees, Flut-t'ring and danc-ing in the
thou-sand saw I at a glance, Toss - ing their heads in spright-ly
gazed and gazed, but lit - tle tho't What wealth the show to me had
then my heart with pleas-ure fills, And danc - es with the daf - fo-
p
rit.
p
a tempo
f
p
breeze. Oh, daf - fo - dils, Oh, daf - fo - dils, A host of
dance. Oh, daf - fo - dils,
brought. Oh, daf - fo - dils,
dils. Oh, daf - fo - dils,
p
a tempo
f
p
pp
pp
gold - en daf - fo - dils. Oh, daf - fo - dils, Oh,
pp
Oh, daf - fo - dils, Oh, daf - fo -
f
daf - fo-dils, A host of gold - en daf - fo - dils.
mf
f
dils. A host of gold - en,

A HAPPY LIFE

Sir H. Wotton

Benedict

Moderato
mf
1. How hap - py is he born and taught That serv-eth not an - oth - er's will, Whose
2. Who en-vies none that chance doth raise Nor vice, who never un-der-stood How
mf
cresc.
f
arm - or is his hon - est thought, And sim - ple truth his ut-most skill! Who
deep - est wounds are giv'n by praise, Nor rules of state, but rules of good; This
8
cresc.
f
cresc.
dim.
mf
hath his life from ru-mors freed, Whose conscience is his strong re-treat, Whose
man is freed from ser-vile bands Of hope to rise or fear to fall; Lord
dim.
mf
state can nei-ther flatt'rers feed, Nor ru - in make op - pres-sors great.
of him-self, tho' not of lands, And, hav-ing noth - ing, yet hath all.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

Rev. F. W. Faber

H. F. Hemy

Moderato

1. Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still, In spite of
2. Faith of our fa - thers! Faith and pray'r Have kept our
3. Faith of our fa - thers! We will love Both friend and

Optional Bass

dun - geon, fire and sword, Oh, how our hearts beat
coun - try brave and free, And thro' the truth that
foe in all our strife. And preach thee, too, as

high with joy, When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word!
comes from God, Her chil - dren have true lib - er - ty.
love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life.

Refrain

Faith of our fa-thers, Ho-ly faith, we will be true to thee till death!

LULLABY

Sigmund Spaeth

M. Hauser

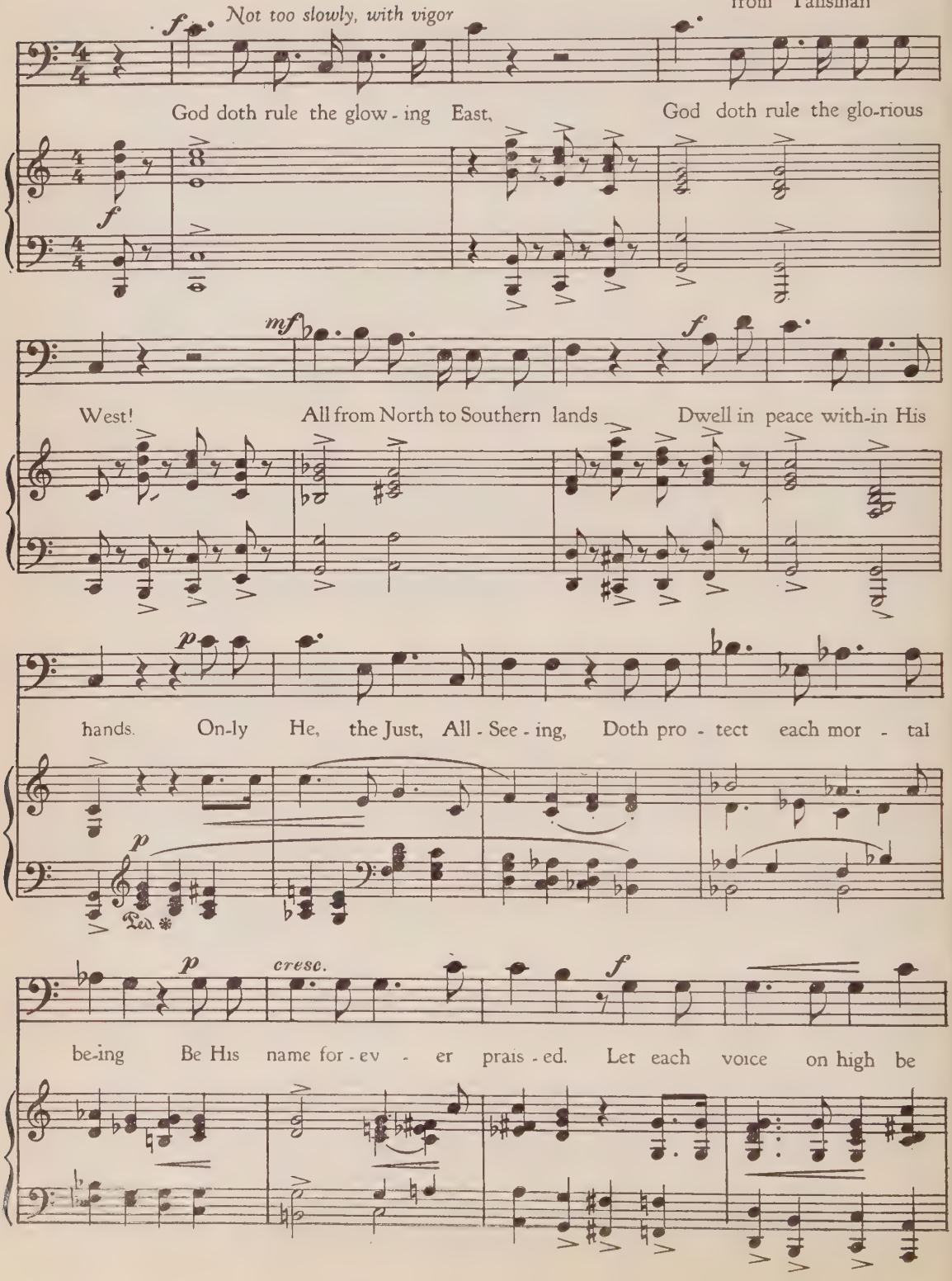
Moderato
1. Lull - a - by, lull - a - by,
2. Lull - a - by, lull - a - by,
Optional Bass
Sleep while fair - ies watch by your bed - side!
Now in dreams you play with the fair - ies;
Close your eyes, hush your little cries,
Shin - ing bright, all through the night,
Fair - ies sing you their lull - a - bies Like the
They will stay for a child's de - light. Keep your

stars their bright eyes gleam, And each one rides on a
eye - lids closed in sleep, While sha - dows soft - ly, and
moon - light beam. Close your eyes, Twi - light soon
slow - ly creep. Lull - a - by, Soft, Lull - a -
flies, Dark - ness creep - ing is time for
by, You'll be wak - ing when day - light
sound sleep - ing, Soft - ly close your sleep - y eyes!
comes break - ing, Bye, bye, lull - a, lull - a - by.

KING OF KINGS

Translated from Goethe
by Edwin Star Belknap

Robert Schumann
from "Talisman"


Not too slowly, with vigor
God doth rule the glow - ing East,
God doth rule the glo-rious
West!
All from North to Southern lands
Dwell in peace with-in His
hands.
On-ly He, the Just, All - See - ing,
Doth pro - tect each mor - tal
be-ing
Be His name for - ev - er prais - ed.
Let each voice on high be
cresc.
Ped.

THE EVERGREEN

[1]Translated from the German

German Folk Song

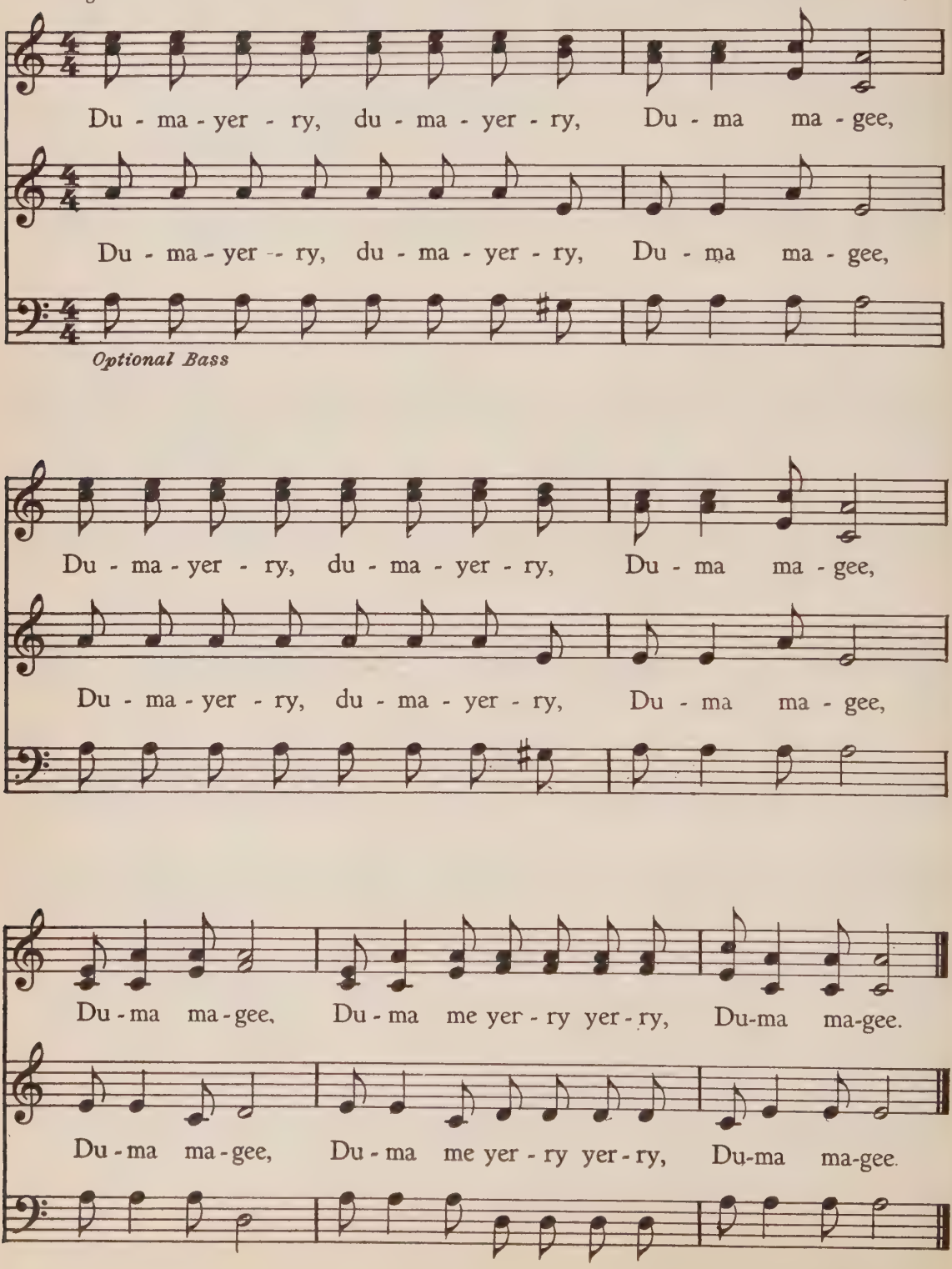
Moderato
1. O ev - er-green, fair ev - er-green, With branch - es bright and ver - nal,
2. O ev - er-green, fair ev - er-green, When Christ-mas bells are ring - ing,
(Bass Melody)
'Neath burn - ing suns of sum - mer time, Thro'
In hum - ble cot or pal - ace hall, Thou'rt
bar - ren days of win - ter's rime, O ev - er - green, fair
lad - en rich with fruit for all, O ev - er - green, fair
ev - er - green, Thy beau - ty bides e - ter - nal!
ev - er - green, The joys of Yule - tide bring - ing!

DUMAYERRY

Nonsense Song

Allegro vivace

Bahama Islands Folk Song

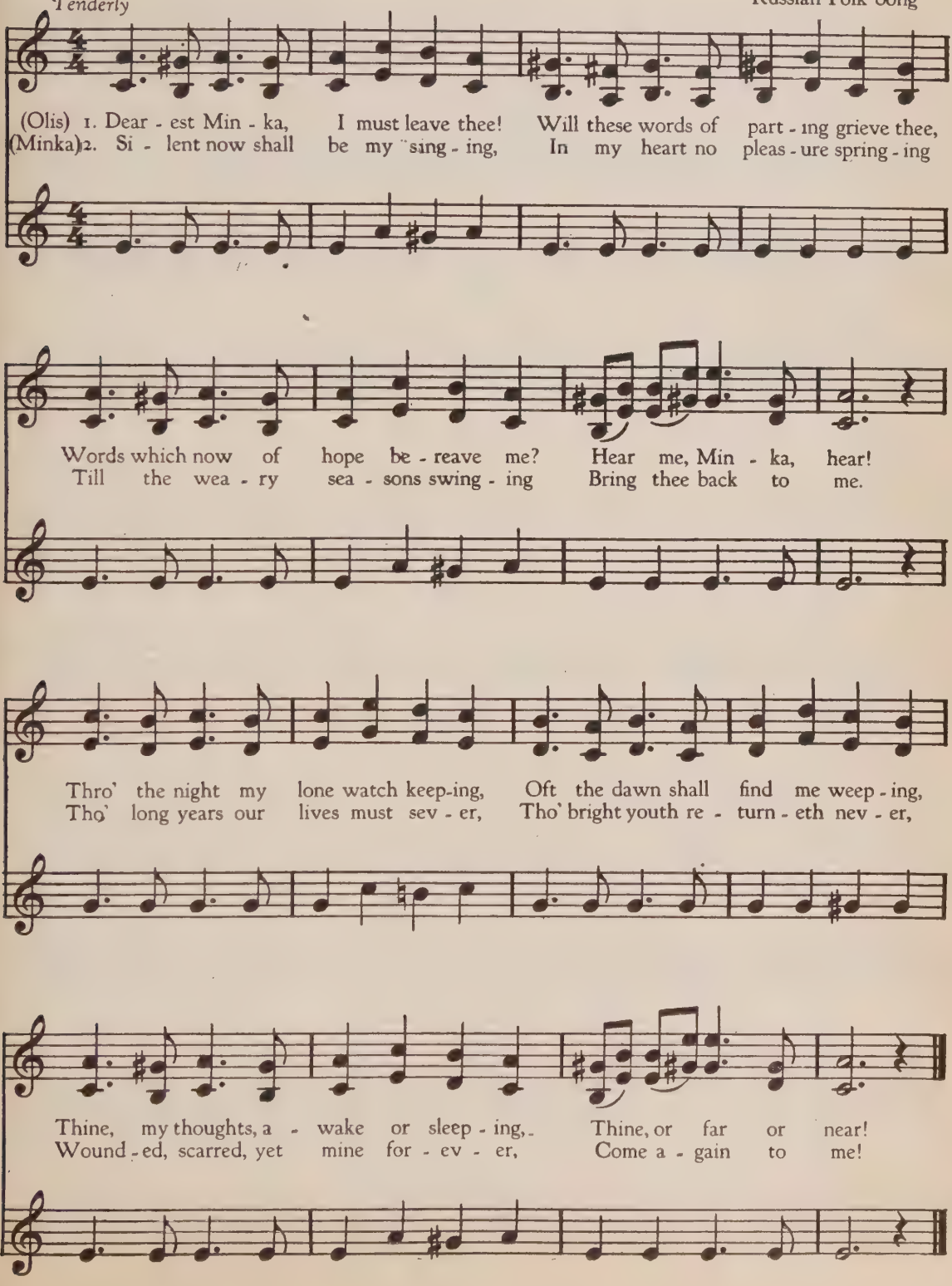

Du - ma - yer - ry, du - ma - yer - ry, Du - ma ma - gee,
Du - ma - yer - ry, du - ma - yer - ry, Du - ma ma - gee,
Optional Bass
Du - ma - yer - ry, du - ma - yer - ry, Du - ma ma - gee,
Du - ma - yer - ry, du - ma - yer - ry, Du - ma ma - gee,
Du - ma ma - gee, Du - ma me yer - ry yer - ry, Du-ma ma-gee.
Du - ma ma - gee, Du - ma me yer - ry yer - ry, Du-ma ma-gee.

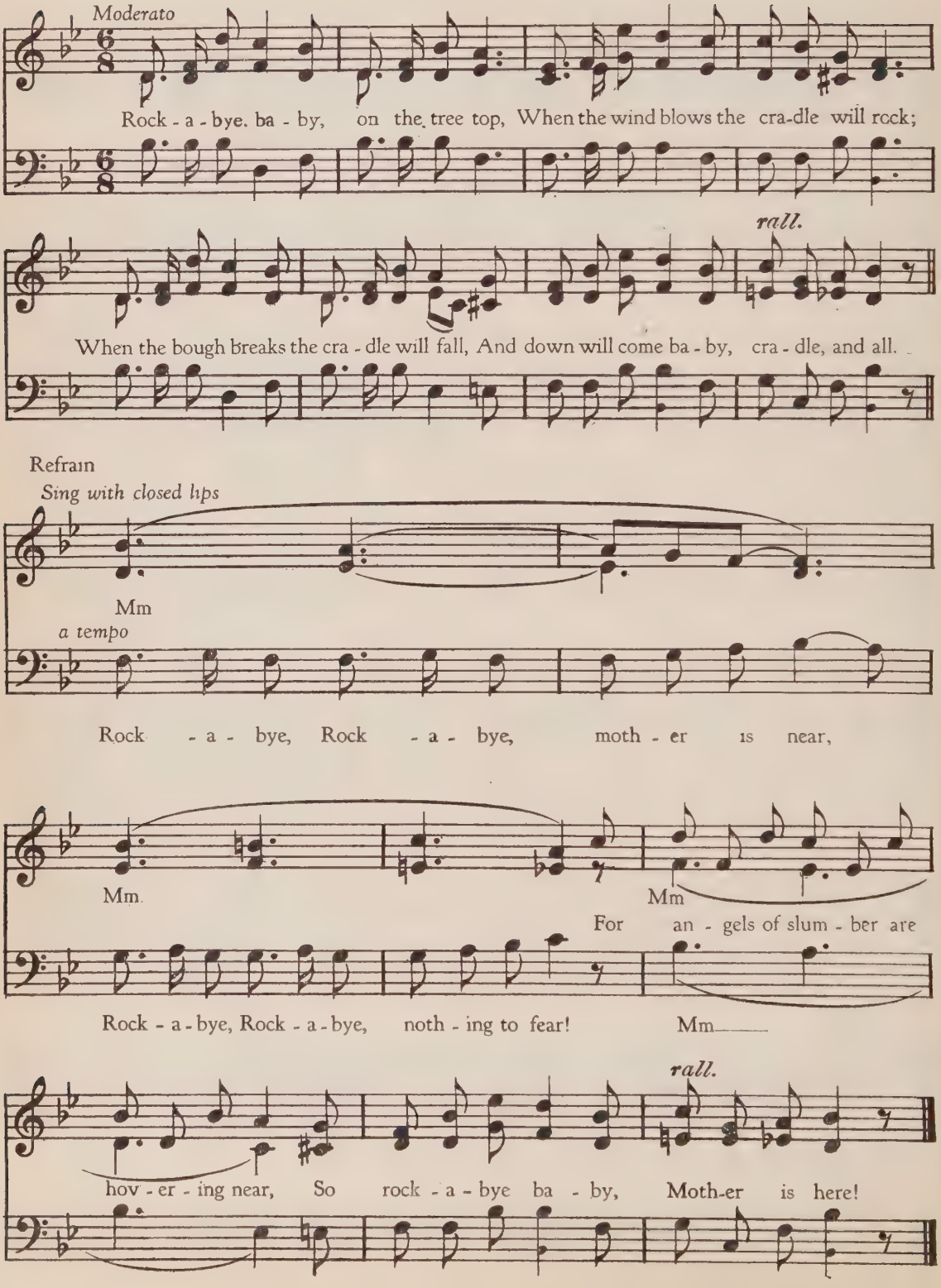
THE COSSACK'S FAREWELL

Adapted from the Russian

Tenderly

Russian Folk Song


(Olis) 1. Dear - est Min - ka, I must leave thee! Will these words of part - ing grieve thee,
(Minka) 2. Si - lent now shall be my sing - ing, In my heart no pleas - ure spring - ing
Words which now of hope be - reave me? Hear me, Min - ka, hear!
Till the wea - ry sea - sons swing - ing Bring thee back to me.
Thro' the night my lone watch keep-ing, Oft the dawn shall find me weep - ing,
Tho' long years our lives must sev - er, Tho' bright youth re - turn - eth nev - er,
Thine, my thoughts, a - wake or sleep - ing, Thine, or far or near!
Wound - ed, scarred, yet mine for - ev - er, Come a - gain to me!


Moderato
Rock - a - bye, ba - by, on the tree top, When the wind blows the cra-dle will rock;
rall.
When the bough breaks the cra - dle will fall, And down will come ba - by, cra - dle, and all.
Refrain
Sing with closed lips
Mm
a tempo
Rock - a - bye, Rock - a - bye, moth - er is near,
Mm
Mm
For an - gels of slum - ber are
Rock - a - bye, Rock - a - bye, noth - ing to fear!
Mm
rall.
hov - er - ing near, So rock - a - bye ba - by, Moth-er is here!

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE?

Thuringian Folk Song

Rather slowly

Friedrich Kücken

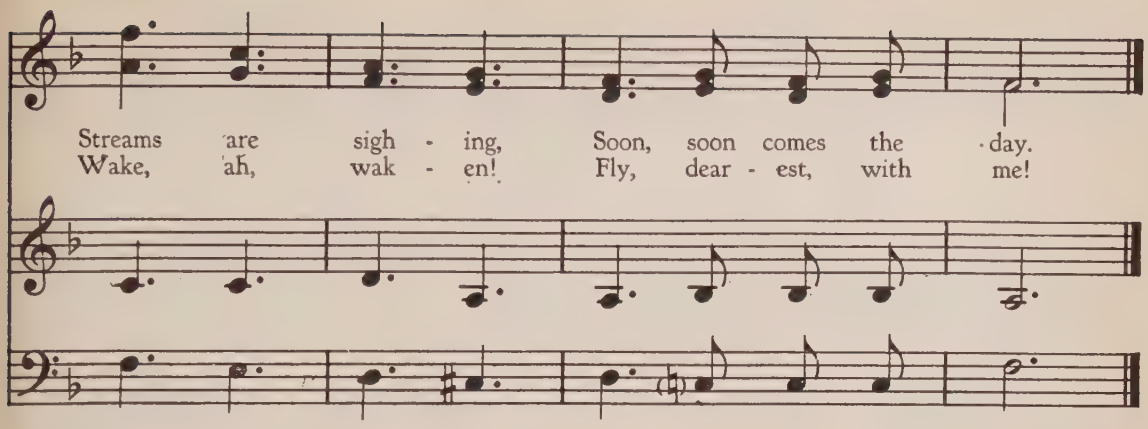
1. How can I leave thee? How can I bear to part?
2. Blue is the flow - ret Called the for - get - me - not;
Thou, who hast all my heart, Thou art mine own!
Oh, place it on thy heart, Think e'er of me!
Thou hast this soul of mine, So whol - ly is it thine
Flow - ret may fade a - way, My love shall last for aye;
None oth - er can I love Save thee a - lone.
Con - stant and ev - er true, I love but thee.

MOORISH SERENADE

Adapted from the Italian
by Cecil Cowdrey

Giulio Ricordi

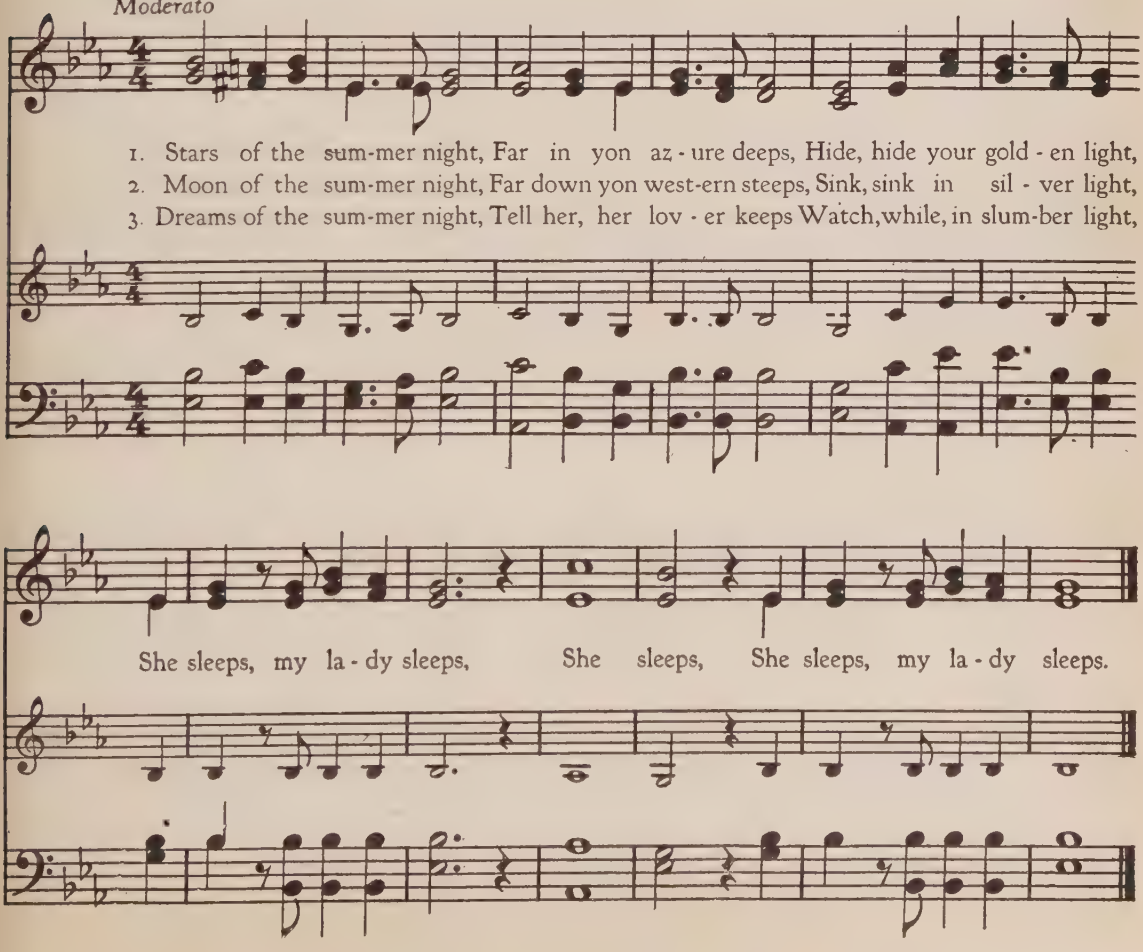
Moderato
La la la la la la la la la la la la
Melody in second Sop.
1. Soft be - neath her lat - tice Sound, sound, my gui-
2. Dark the storm cloud gath - ers, Fierce rid - eth the
La la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
tar. Des - ert winds are call - ing, Streams whis - per a-
foe. Swift the hours are fleet - ing; Sweet maid, let us
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la.
Melody in Sop.
far. Winds are cry - ing, Haste, has - ten a - way!'
go! Frets my Ar - ab, Fair sad - dled for thee.
la la la
a - way.
for thee.



STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow — I. B. Woodbury

Moderato

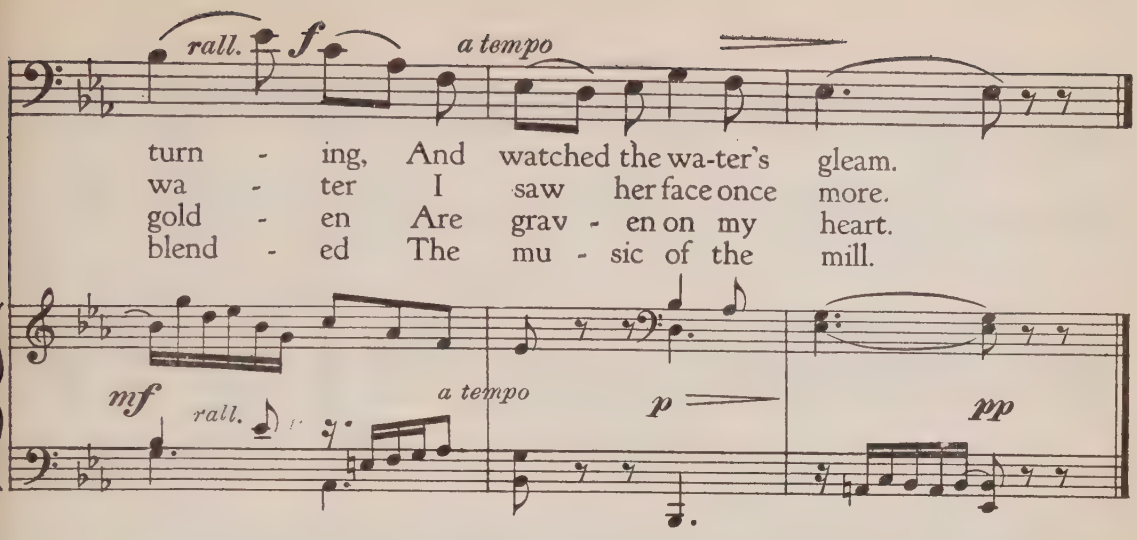

1. Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your gold - en light,
2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down yon west-ern steeps, Sink, sink in sil - ver light,
3. Dreams of the sum-mer night, Tell her, her lov - er keeps Watch, while, in slum-ber light,
She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

THE MILL

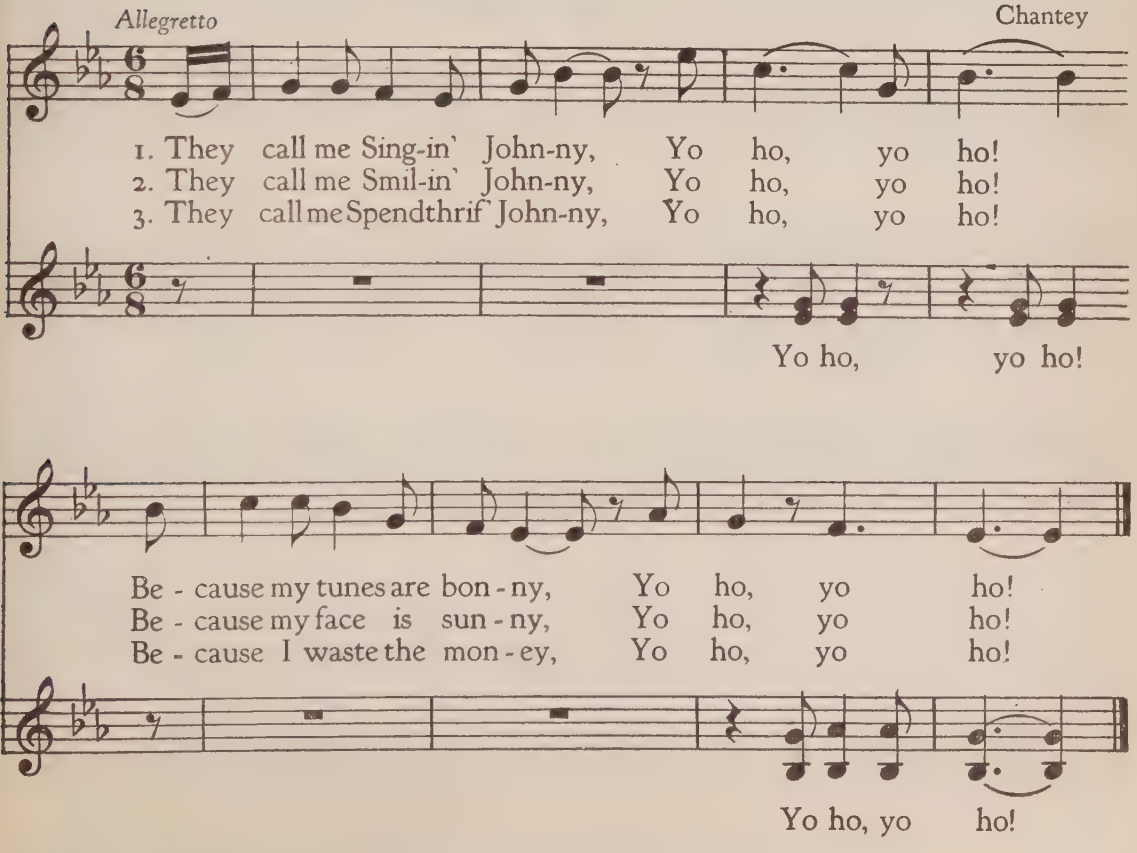
Translated from the German

Melody by J. L. F. Glück

With gentle motion
p
1. Once, filled with youth-ful yearn - ing, I
2. The mill - er's love'- ly daugh - ter Was
3. She sang a bal - lad old - en With
4. And loath I home-ward wend - ed, For
p
p
legato
stood be - side the stream, And heard the mill wheel
stand - ing at the door; Re - flect - ed in the
sim - ple na - tive art, And now those notes so
she was sing - ing still, And with her lyr - ic
mp always legato
cresc
turn - ing, And watched the wa-ter's gleam. I heard the mill wheel
wa - ter I saw her face once more. Re - flect - ed in the
gold - en Are grav-en on my heart. And now those notes so
blend - ed The mu-sic of the mill. And with her lyr - ic
mp
pp

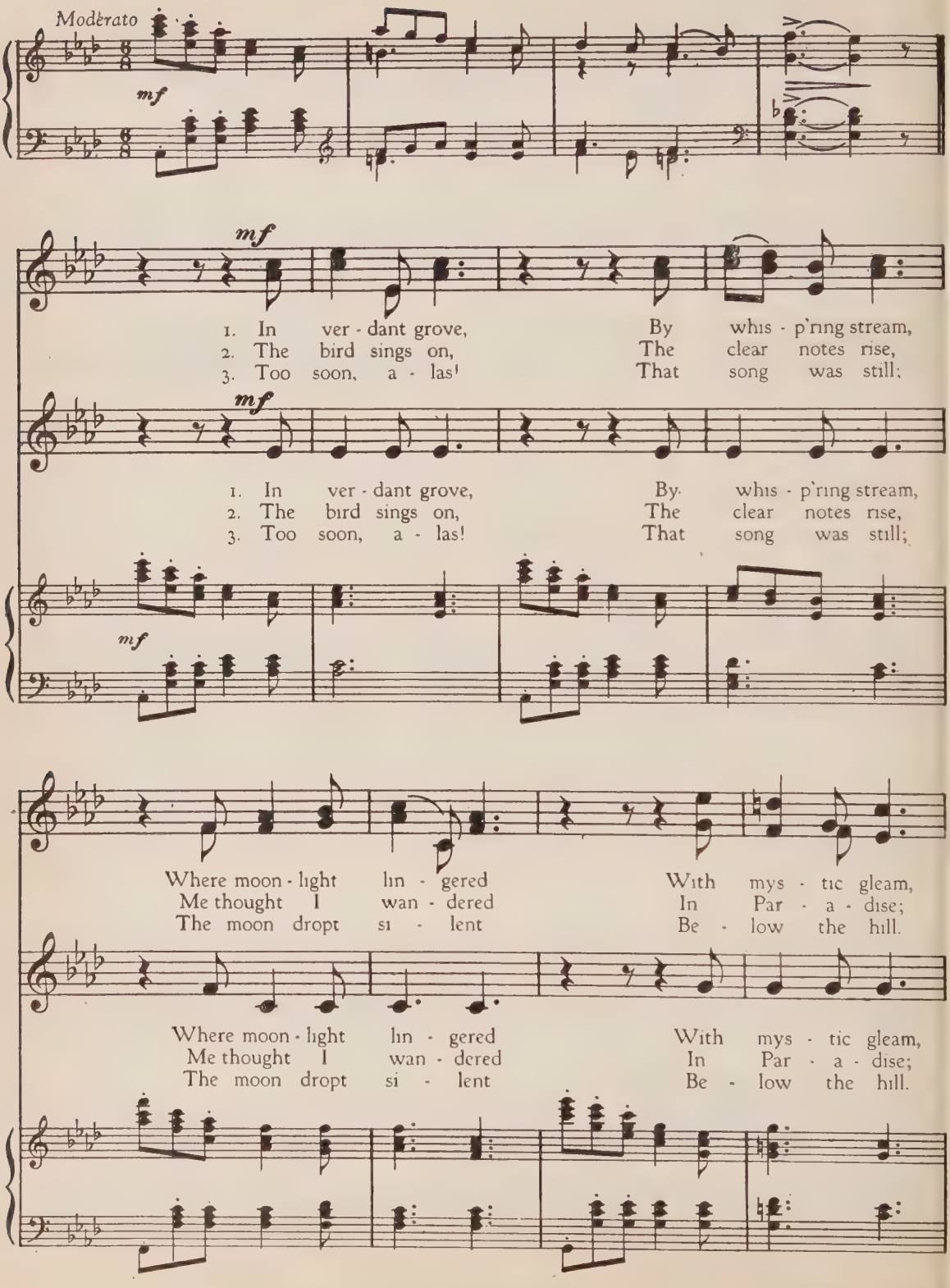


SINGIN' JOHNNY

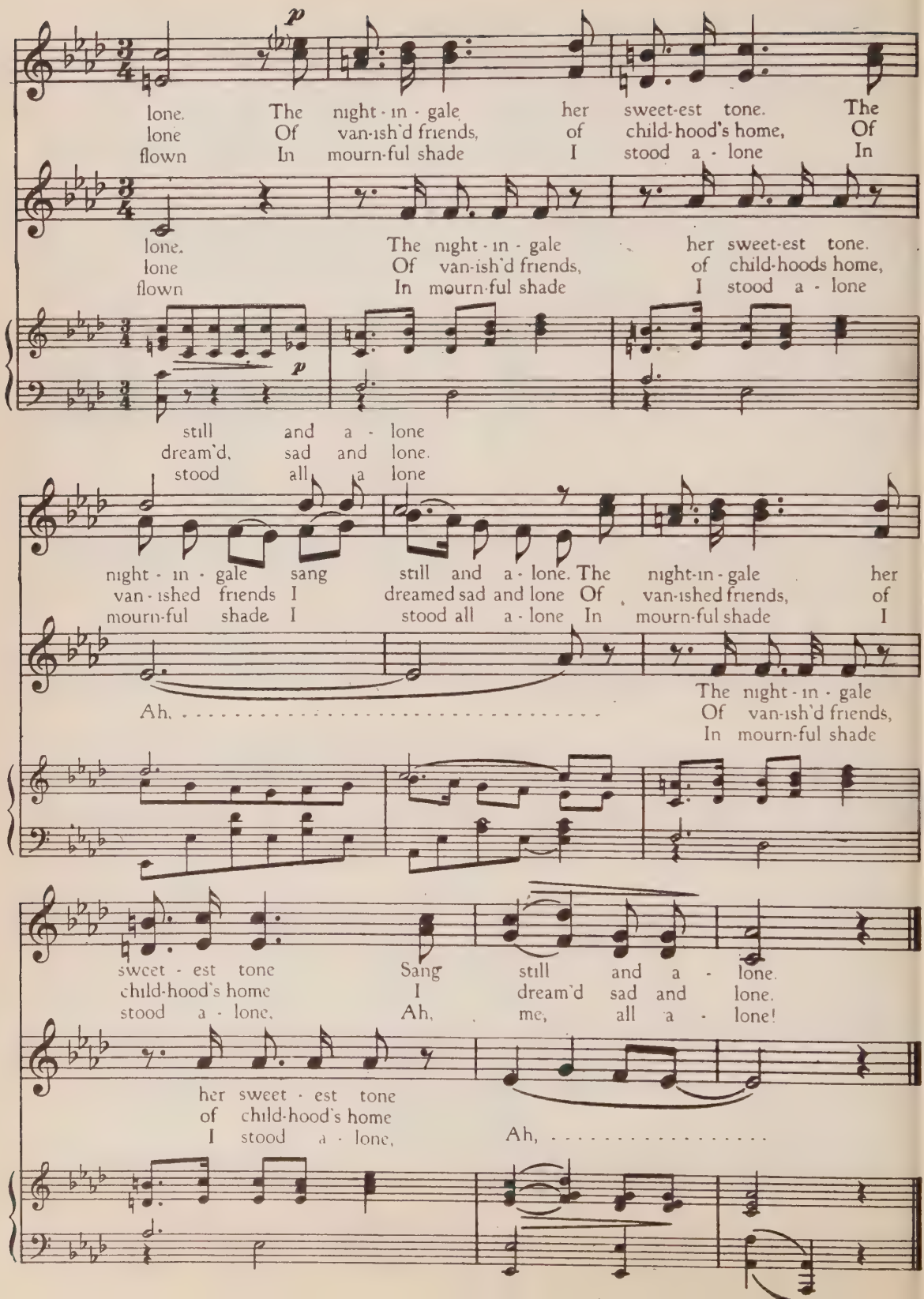

Allegretto
Chantey
1. They call me Sing-in' John-ny, Yo ho, yo ho!
2. They call me Smil-in' John-ny, Yo ho, yo ho!
3. They call me Spendthrif' John-ny, Yo ho, yo ho!
Yo ho, yo ho!
Be - cause my tunes are bon - ny, Yo ho, yo ho!
Be - cause my face is sun - ny, Yo ho, yo ho!
Be - cause I waste the mon - ey, Yo ho, yo ho!
Yo ho, yo ho!

ALONE

Josef Röhrer


Moderato
mf
1. In ver - dant grove, By whis - p'ring stream,
2. The bird sings on, The clear notes rise,
3. Too soon, a - las! That song was still;
1. In ver - dant grove, By whis - p'ring stream,
2. The bird sings on, The clear notes rise,
3. Too soon, a - las! That song was still;
Where moon - light lin - gered With mys - tic gleam,
Me thought I wan - dered In Par - a - dise;
The moon dropt si - lent Be - low the hill.
Where moon - light lin - gered With mys - tic gleam,
Me thought I wan - dered In Par - a - dise;
The moon dropt si - lent Be - low the hill.

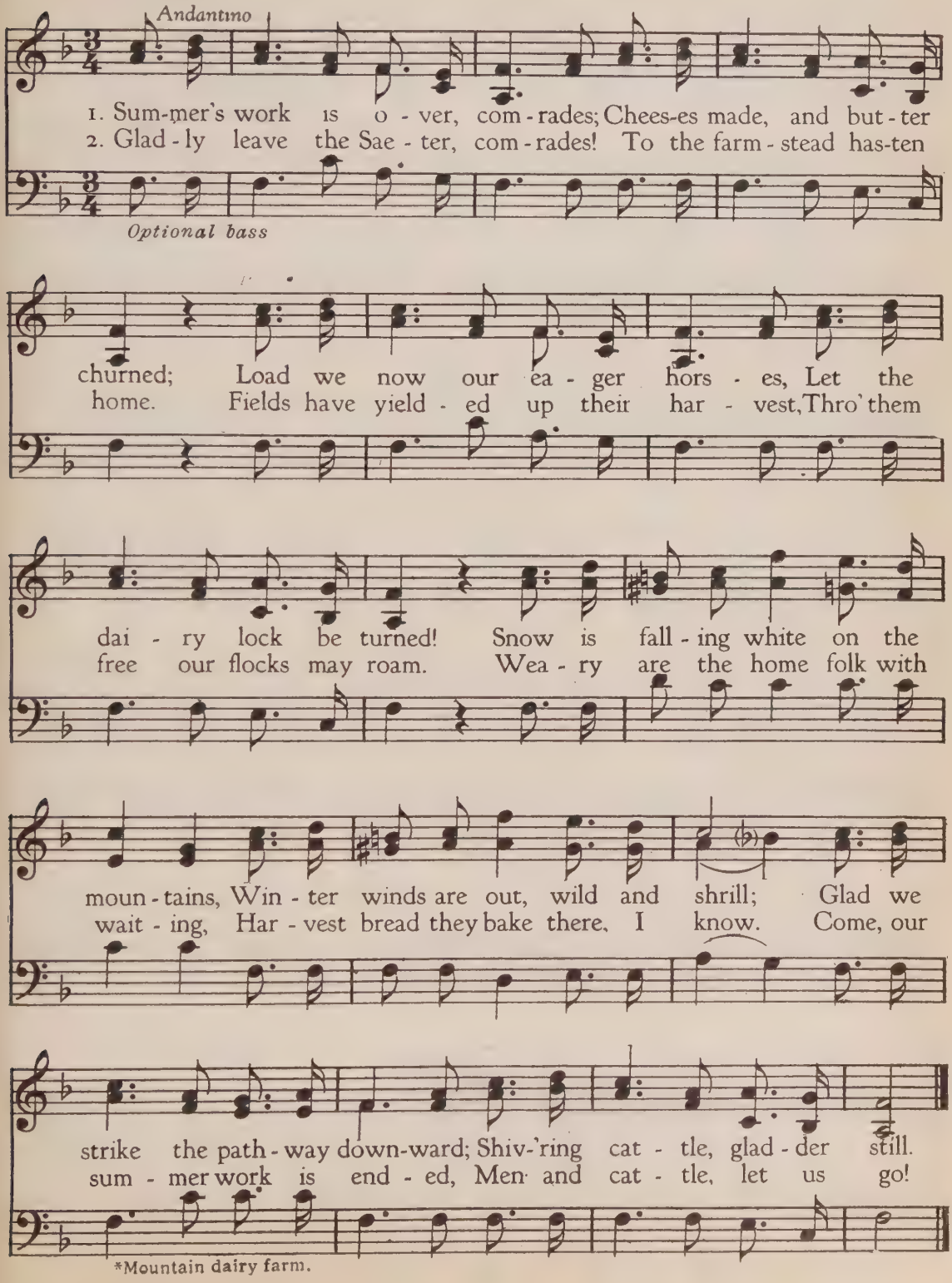
With mys - tic gleam, Sang in the
In Par - a - dise; Si - lent I
Be - low the hill. Dark - some the
With mys - tic gleam,
In Par - a - dise;
Be - low the hill.
Still and a - lone,
Sad and a - lone
The bird had flown
branch - es, Sang in the branch - es,
dream'd there, Si - lent I dream'd there,
wood land, Dark - some the wood - land,
Sang in the branch - es, Still and a -
Si - lent I dream'd there; Sad and a -
Dark - some the wood - land, The bird had
Sang in the branch - es, Still and a -
Si - lent I dream'd there, Sad and a -
Dark - some the wood - land, The bird had


lone. The night-in-gale her sweet-est tone. The
lone Of van-ish'd friends, of child-hood's home, Of
flown In mourn-ful shade I stood a-lone In
lone. The night-in-gale her sweet-est tone.
lone Of van-ish'd friends, of child-hoods home,
flown In mourn-ful shade I stood a-lone
still and a-lone
dream'd, sad and lone.
stood all a lone
night-in-gale sang still and a-lone. The night-in-gale her
van-ished friends I dreamed sad and lone Of van-ished friends, of
mourn-ful shade I stood all a-lone In mourn-ful shade I
Ah,
The night-in-gale
Of van-ish'd friends,
In mourn-ful shade
sweet-est tone Sang still and a-lone.
child-hood's home I dream'd sad and lone.
stood a-lone. Ah, me, all a-lone!
her sweet-est tone
of child-hood's home
I stood a-lone,
Ah,

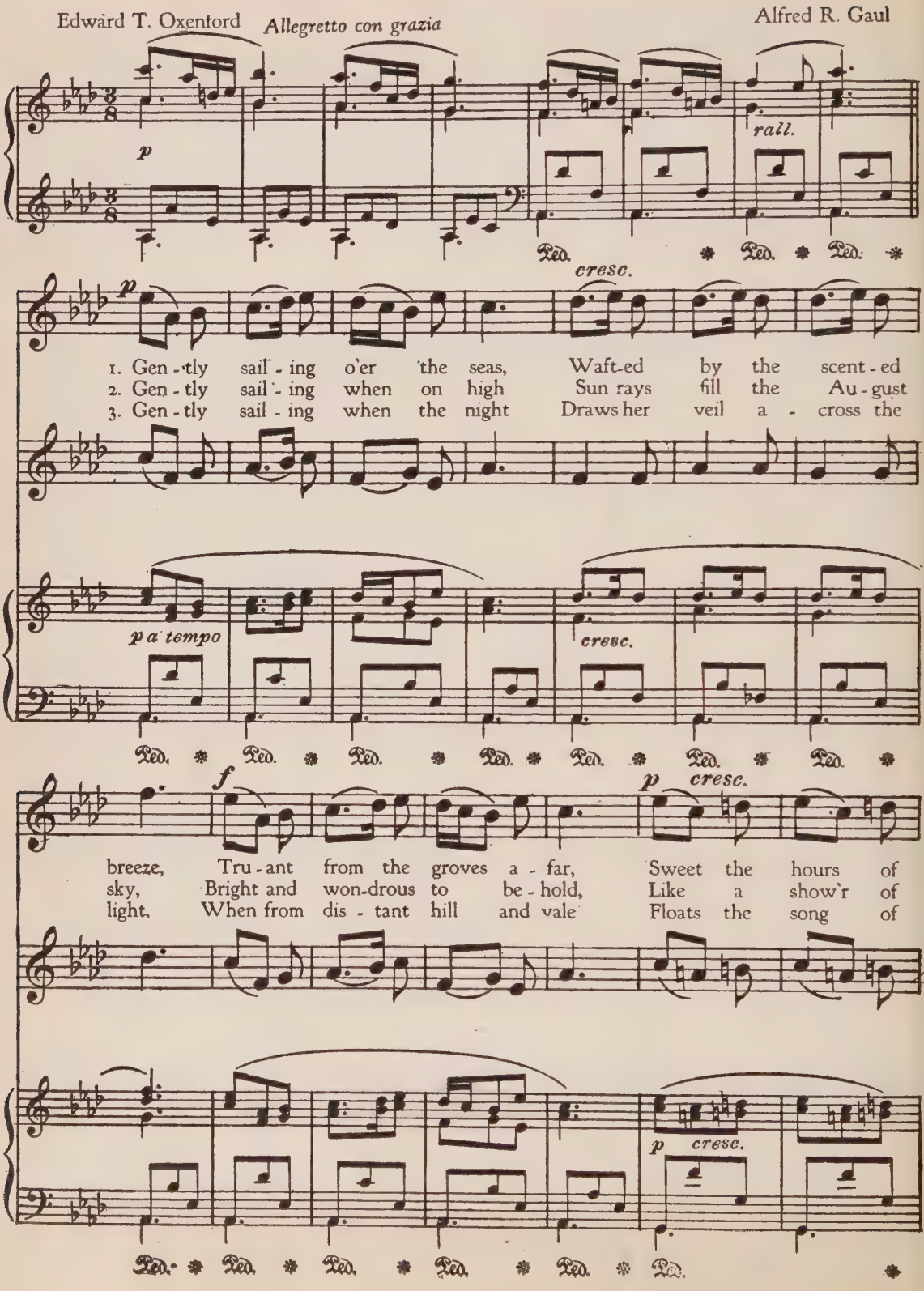
HOME FROM THE SAETER*

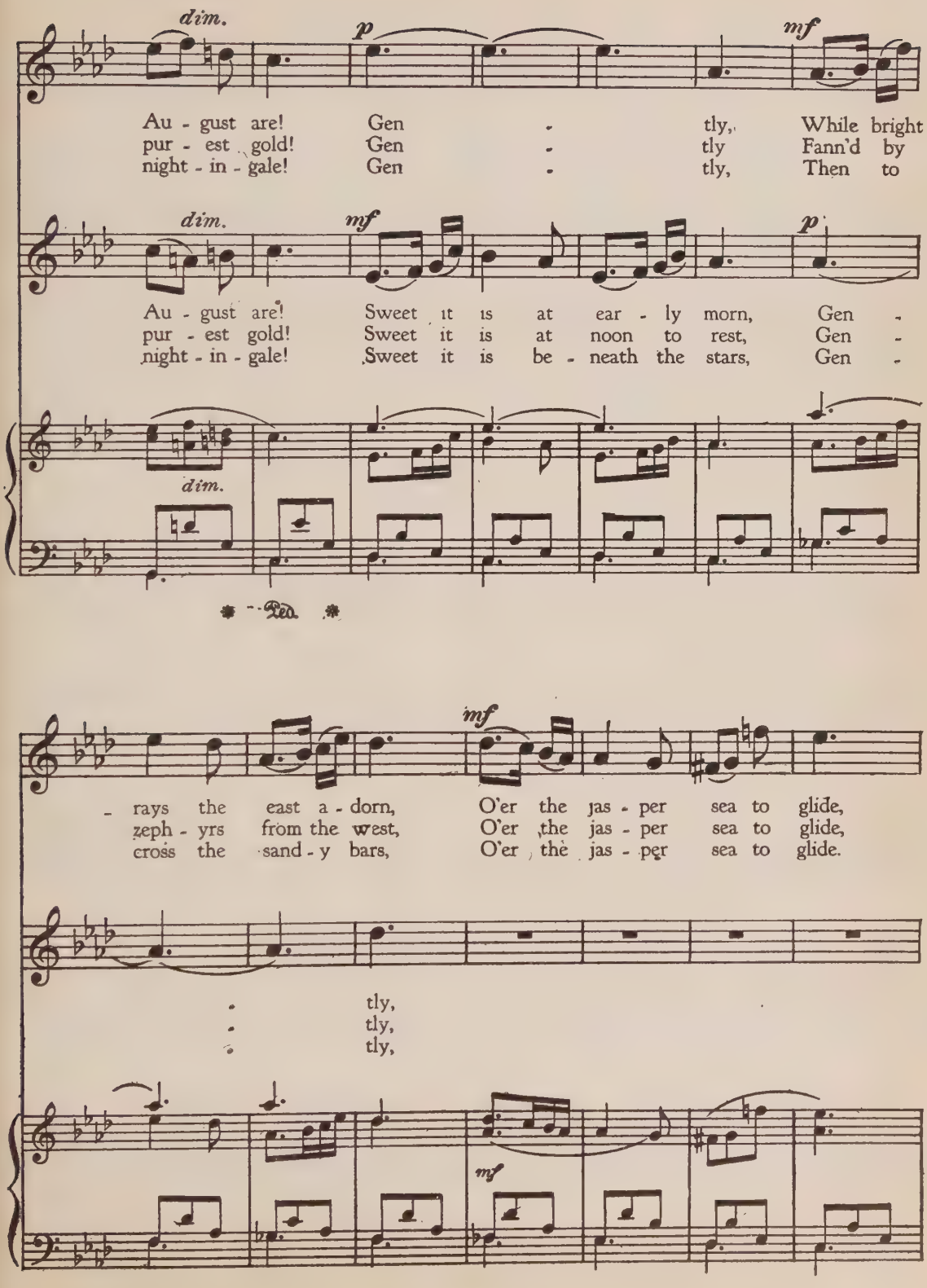
From the Norwegian
by Cecil Cowdrey

Norwegian Folk Song


Andantino
1. Sum-mer's work is o - ver, com - rades; Chees-es made, and but - ter
2. Glad - ly leave the Sae - ter, com - rades! To the farm - stead has-ten
Optional bass
churned; Load we now our ea - ger hors - es, Let the
home. Fields have yield - ed up their har - vest, Thro' them
dai - ry lock be turned! Snow is fall - ing white on the
free our flocks may roam. Wea - ry are the home folk with
moun - tains, Win - ter winds are out, wild and shrill; Glad we
wait - ing, Har - vest bread they bake there, I know. Come, our
strike the path - way down-ward; Shiv-'ring cat - tle, glad - der still.
sum - mer work is end - ed, Men and cat - tle, let us go!

*Mountain dairy farm.


Edward T. Oxenford
Allegretto con grazia
Alfred R. Gaul
p
rall.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
cresc.
p
1. Gen - tly sail - ing o'er the seas, Waft-ed by the scent - ed
2. Gen - tly sail - ing when on high Sun rays fill the Au - gust
3. Gen - tly sail - ing when the night Draws her veil a - cross the
p a tempo
cresc.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
f
p cresc.
breeze, Tru - ant from the groves a - far, Sweet the hours of
sky, Bright and won-drous to be - hold, Like a show'r of
light, When from dis - tant hill and vale Floats the song of
p cresc.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *


dim.
p
mf
Au - gust are! Gen - tly, While bright
pur - est gold! Gen - tly Fann'd by
night - in - gale! Gen - tly, Then to
dim.
mf
p
Au - gust are! Sweet it is at ear - ly morn, Gen -
pur - est gold! Sweet it is at noon to rest, Gen -
night - in - gale! Sweet it is be - neath the stars, Gen -
dim.
Ped.
mf
- rays the east a - dorn, O'er the jas - per sea to glide,
zeph - yrs from the west, O'er the jas - per sea to glide,
cross the sand - y bars, O'er the jas - per sea to glide.
tly,
tly,
tly,
mf

rall.
p a tempo
Float-ing on the sil - v'ry tide!
Drift-ing with the sil - v'ry tide!
Homeward on the flow - ing tide!
Gen - tly sail - ing o'er the seas,
Gen - tly sail - ing when on high,
Gen - tly sail - ing when the night
mf
rall.
p a tempo
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
rall.
Waft - ed by the breeze, by the scent - ed breeze.
Sun rays fill the sky, fill the Au - gust sky.
Draws her veil a cross, a - cross the light.
D.C.
cresc.
dim.
rall.
D.C.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
a tempo
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

THE FIRST TULIP

(Canon in the Unison)

Elinor Westbrook

Allegretto

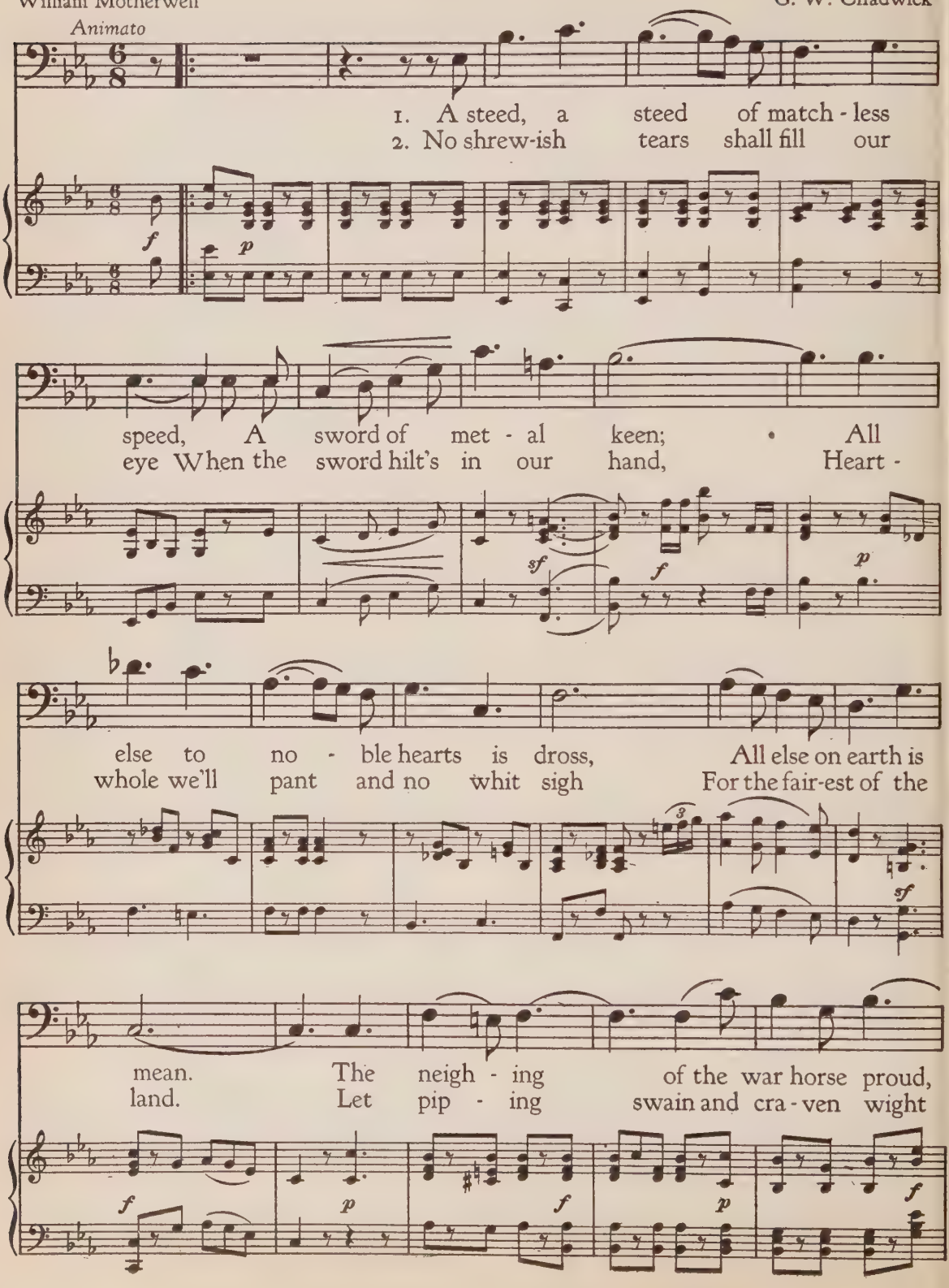
Arthur Edward Johnstone

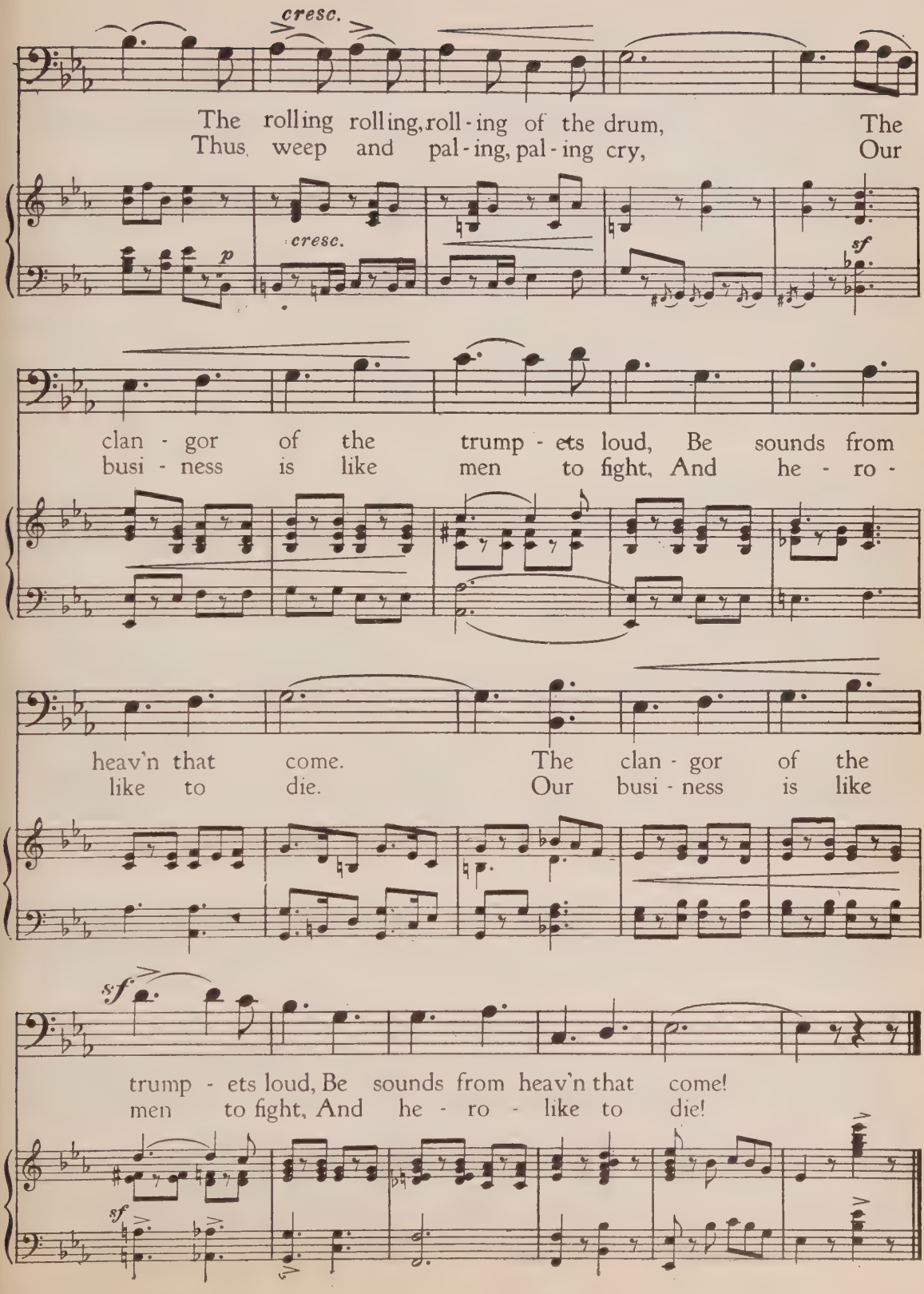
1. Here, look in the gar-den bed; Some-thing beau-ti-ful is
small and green; Flame-like, now he is a
1. Here, look in the gar-den bed;
2. Last night he was small and green;
grow - ing! Bright, shaped like a
glow - ing! This one is the
Some - thing beau - ti - ful is grow - ing!
Flame - like now he is a glow - ing!
cup, all red, Tu - lip o - pens to the
first I've seen; Now sweet weath - er is be -
Bright, shaped like a cup, all red,
Sweet tu - lip, a gold - en heart
1
2
sun. 2. Last night he was
(Omit) gun.
1
2
Tu - lip o - pens to the sun.
(Omit) show - ing!

THE CAVALIER'S SONG

William Motherwell

G. W. Chadwick


Animato
1. A steed, a steed of match - less
2. No shrew-ish tears shall fill our
speed, A sword of met - al keen; All
eye When the sword hilt's in our hand, Heart -
else to no - ble hearts is dross, All else on earth is
whole we'll pant and no whit sigh For the fair-est of the
mean. The neigh - ing of the war horse proud,
land. Let pip - ing swain and cra - ven wight

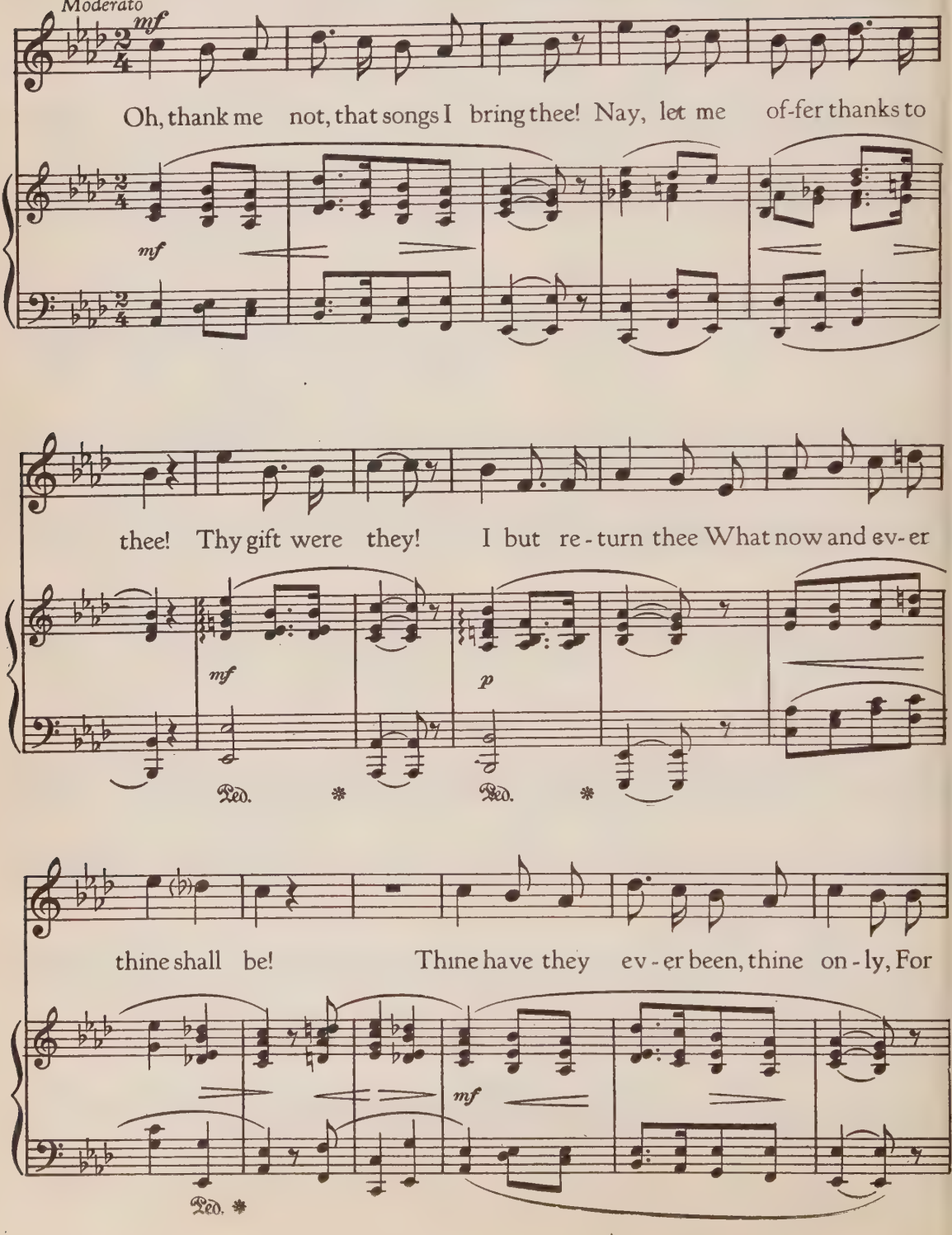

cresc.
The rolling rolling, roll - ing of the drum, The
Thus weep and pal - ing, pal - ing cry, Our
cresc.
p
sf
clan - gor of the trump - ets loud, Be sounds from
busi - ness is like men to fight, And he - ro -
heav'n that come. The clan - gor of the
like to die. Our busi - ness is like
sf
trump - ets loud, Be sounds from heav'n that come!
men to fight, And he - ro - like to die!
sf

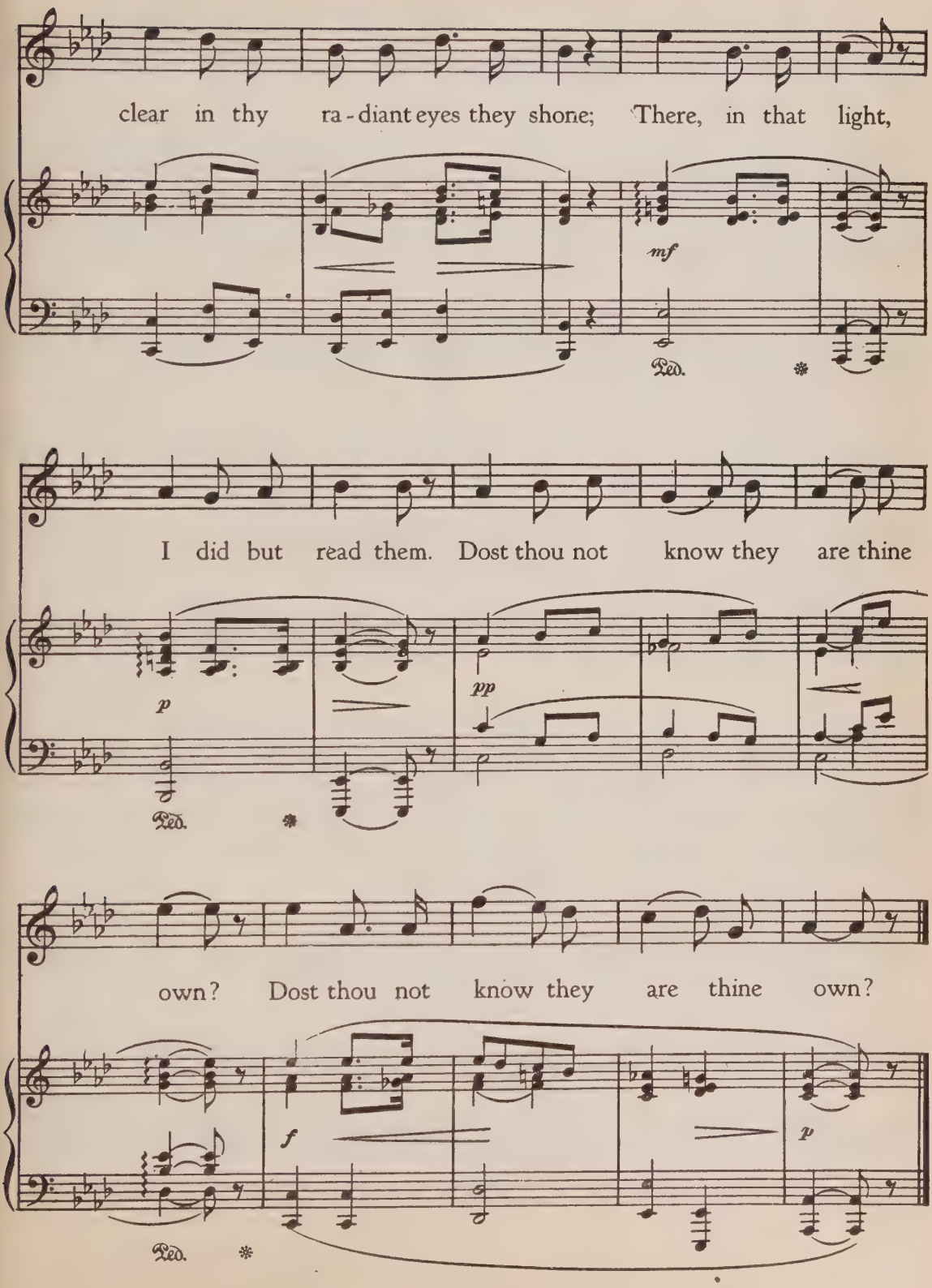
DEDICATION

Wolfgang Müller

Robert Franz

Translated by Cecil Cowdrey


Moderato
mf
Oh, thank me not, that songs I bring thee! Nay, let me of-fer thanks to
thee! Thy gift were they! I but re-turn thee What now and ev-er
p
thine shall be! Thine have they ev-er been, thine on-ly, For
Ped.

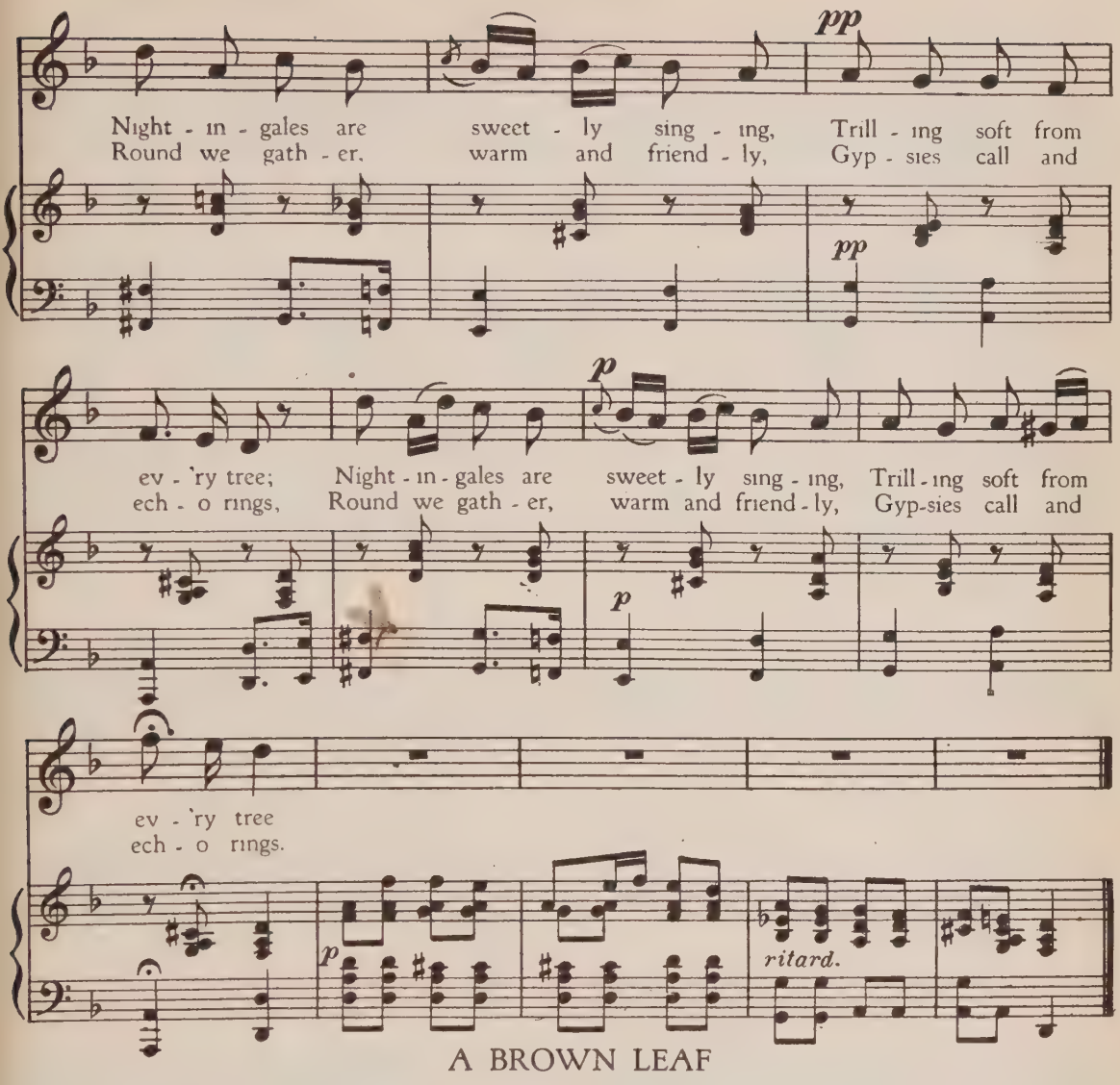

clear in thy ra-diant eyes they shone; There, in that light,
mf
Ped.
I did but read them. Dost thou not know they are thine
p
pp
Ped.
own? Dost thou not know they are thine own?
f
p
Ped.

SONG OF THE GYPSY

Allegretto

J. Wassileff

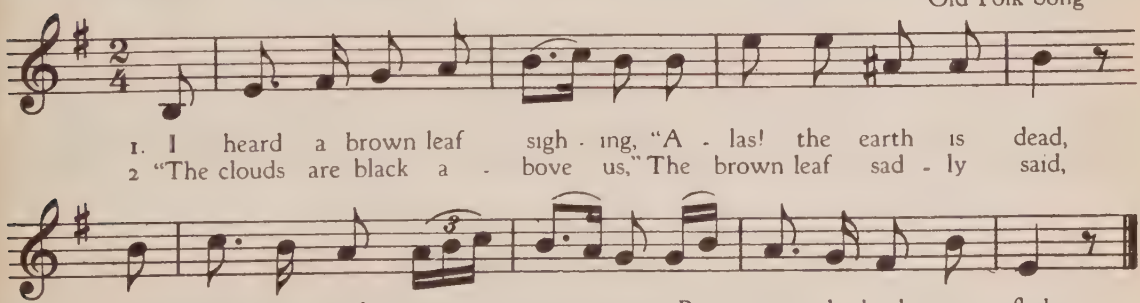
f
p
1. Child of for - ests, brave and fear - less, Here I first saw
2 When the frost - y winds are blow - ing, When the trees are
f
p
f
light of day, Here I live my life so gay - ly,
bleak and bare, Still our lives are gay and cheer - ful,
f
p
rit.
p animato
Here my life shall pass a - way, Thro the spring, when
Know - ing naught of grief or care. When the fire is
p
rit.
p
flow'rs are bloom - ing, Na - ture spreads her boun - ty free,
bright - ly blaz - ing, How the bub - bling ket - tle sings!


pp
Night - in - gales are sweet - ly sing - ing, Trill - ing soft from
Round we gath - er, warm and friend - ly, Gyp - sies call and
pp
p
ev - 'ry tree; Night - in - gales are sweet - ly sing - ing, Trill - ing soft from
ech - o rings, Round we gath - er, warm and friend - ly, Gyp-sies call and
p
ev - 'ry tree
ech - o rings.
p
ritard.

A BROWN LEAF

James Geddes

Old Folk Song


1. I heard a brown leaf sigh - ing, "A - las! the earth is dead,
2 "The clouds are black a - bove us," The brown leaf sad - ly said,
And all the winds are cry - ing, Be - cause the birds are fled.
"And where are hearts to love us When all the earth is dead?"

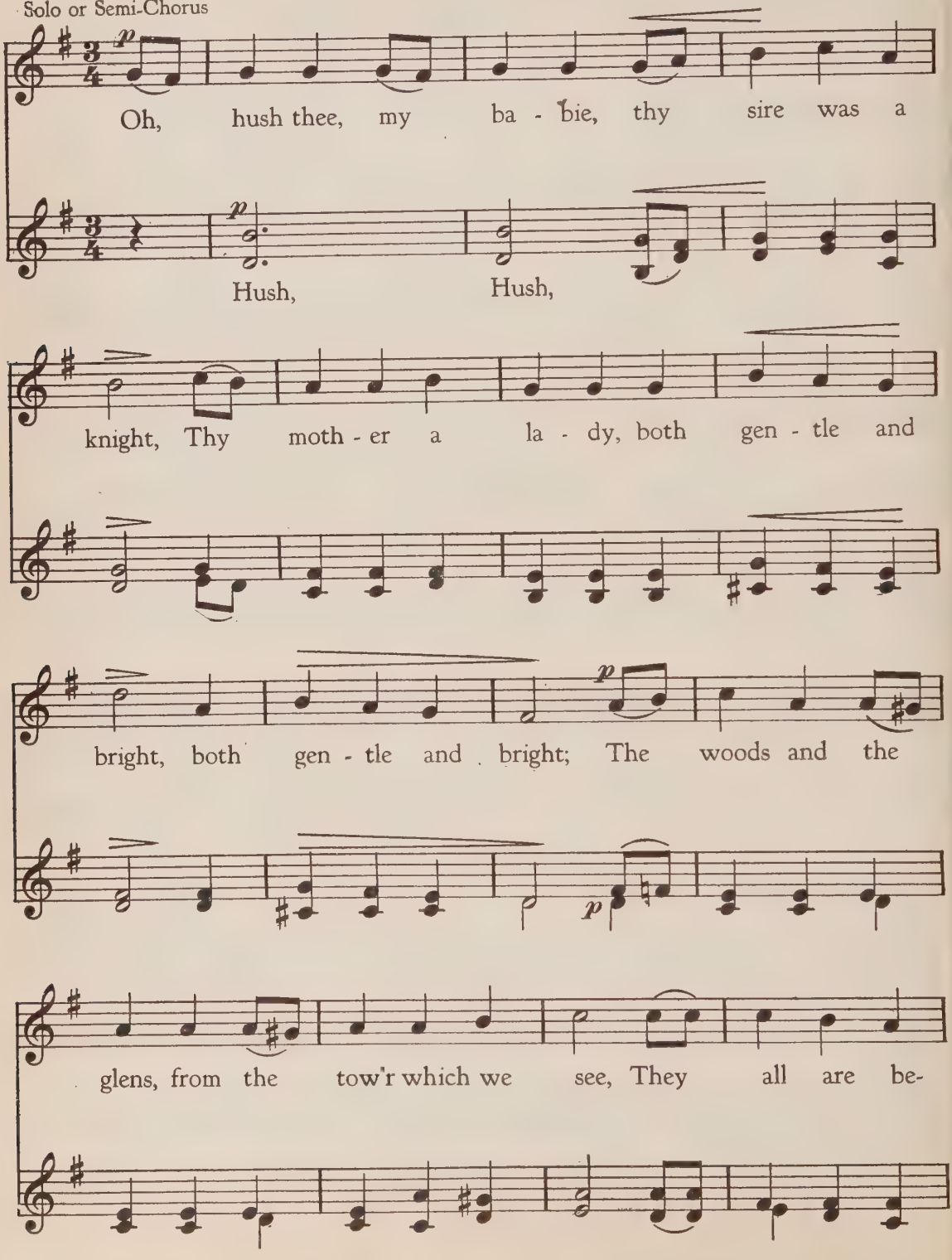
LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

Sir Walter Scott

Sir Arthur S. Sullivan

Allegretto

Solo or Semi-Chorus


Oh, hush thee, my ba - bie, thy sire was a
Hush, Hush,
knight, Thy moth - er a la - dy, both gen - tle and
bright, both gen - tle and bright; The woods and the
glens, from the tow'r which we see, They all are be-

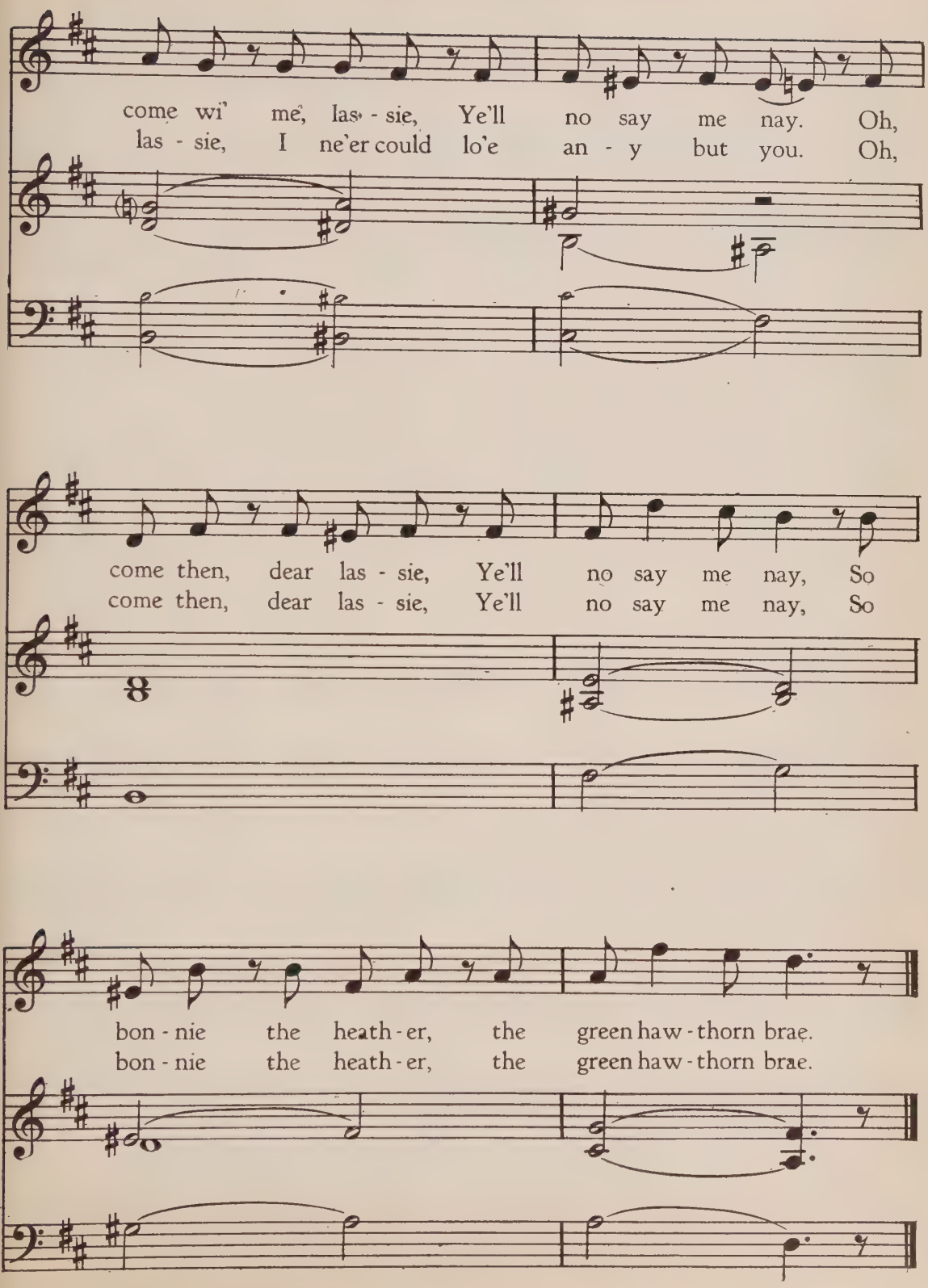
long - ing, dear ba - bie, to thee, They all are be-
mf
p
long - ing, dear ba - bie, to thee! Oh, hush thee, my
mf
pp
Hush!
pp
ba - bie! Oh, hush thee, my
p
Hush! Oh, hush thee, my ba - bie! Oh!
pp
ba - bie!
pp
hush thee, my ba - bie!

CONFESSION

(Melody may be sung by selected sopranos)

Adapted from an old Scotch Song — Robert Schumann.

Moderato
1. Las - sie, dear las - sie, Come wan-der wi' me, So
2. Come then, wee las - sie, For when you are nigh, There's
Drone with closed lips
Optional Bass
bon - nie the heath - er, The white haw - thorn tree.
no storm to dark - en, No cloud in the sky.
White is the haw-thorn that blows on the brae, Then
Roam - in' to - geth - er, I'll tell ye what's true, How,


come wi' me, las - sie, Ye'll no say me nay. Oh,
las - sie, I ne'er could lo'e an - y but you. Oh,
come then, dear las - sie, Ye'll no say me nay, So
come then, dear las - sie, Ye'll no say me nay, So
bon - nie the heath - er, the green haw - thorn brae.
bon - nie the heath - er, the green haw - thorn brae.

PETER, PETER

Old German Tune

Well-marked rhythm
Pe - ter, Pe - ter, pump-kin eat - er, had a wife and could - n't keep her;
Put her in a pump-kin shell, and there he kept her ver - y well.
Poor Pe - ter! Poor Pe - ter!
Poor Pe - ter! Poor Pe - ter!
Pe - ter, Pe - ter, pump-kin eat - er, had a wife and could 'nt keep her;
What a place to put her, in a pump-kin shell!
What a place to put her, in a pump-kin shell!
Put her in a pump-kin shell, and there he kept her, kept her ver - y

Pe - ter, Pe - ter, pump-kin eat - er, had a wife and could n't keep her;
La la la
well. Poor Pe - ter! Oh, poor Pe - ter!
Put her in a pump-kin shell, and there he kept her ver - y well.
La la la la
What a place to put her, in a pump-kin shell!
Pe - ter, Pe - ter, pump-kin eat - er, had a wife and could n't keep her;
La la la
Oh, poor Pe - ter! Oh, poor Pe - ter!
Put her in a pump-kin shell, and there he kept her ver - y well.
La la There he kept her ver - y well.
What a place, but there he kept her ver - y well!

FISHER, FISHER

Adapted from the Portuguese

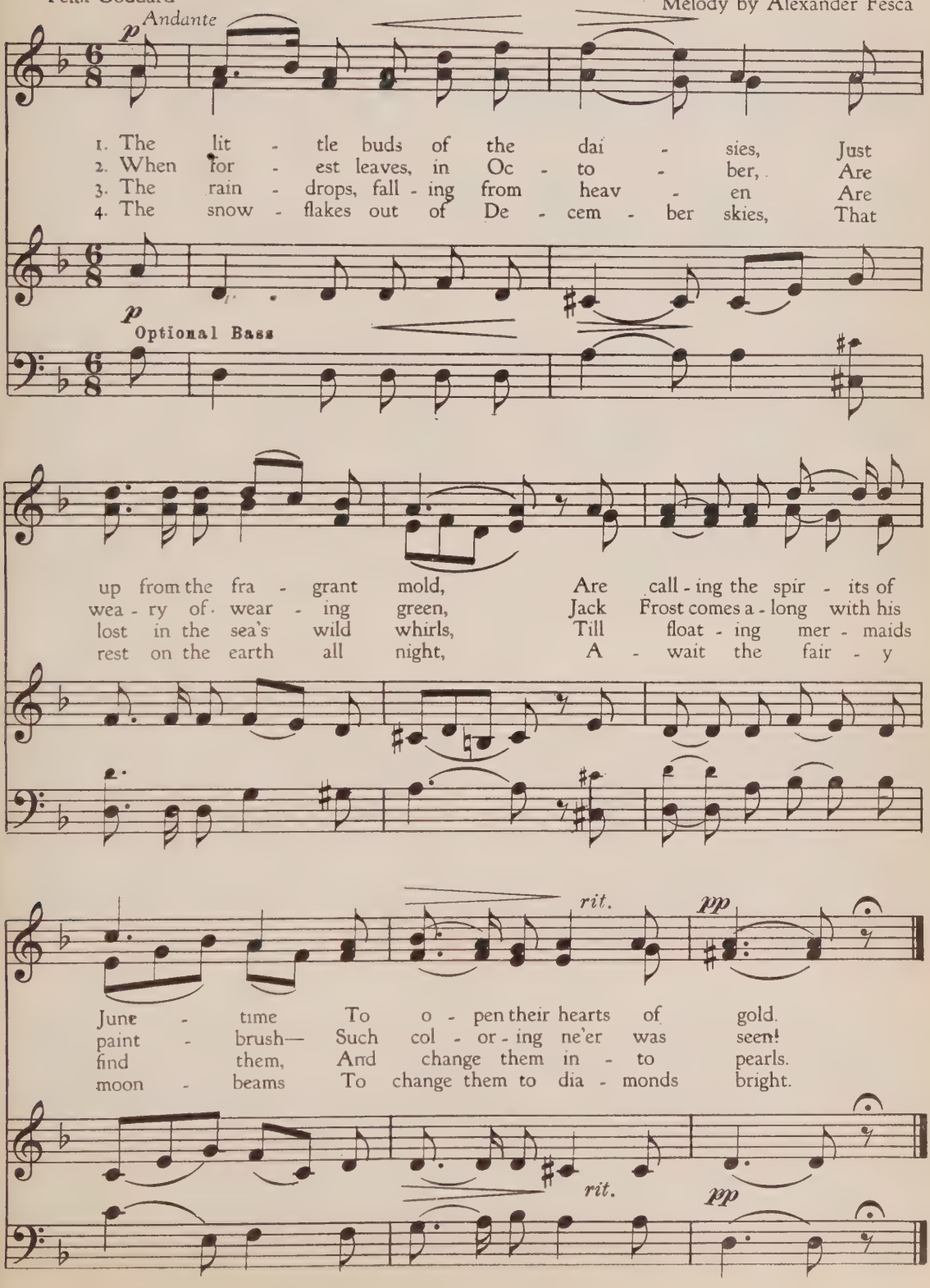
Allegretto

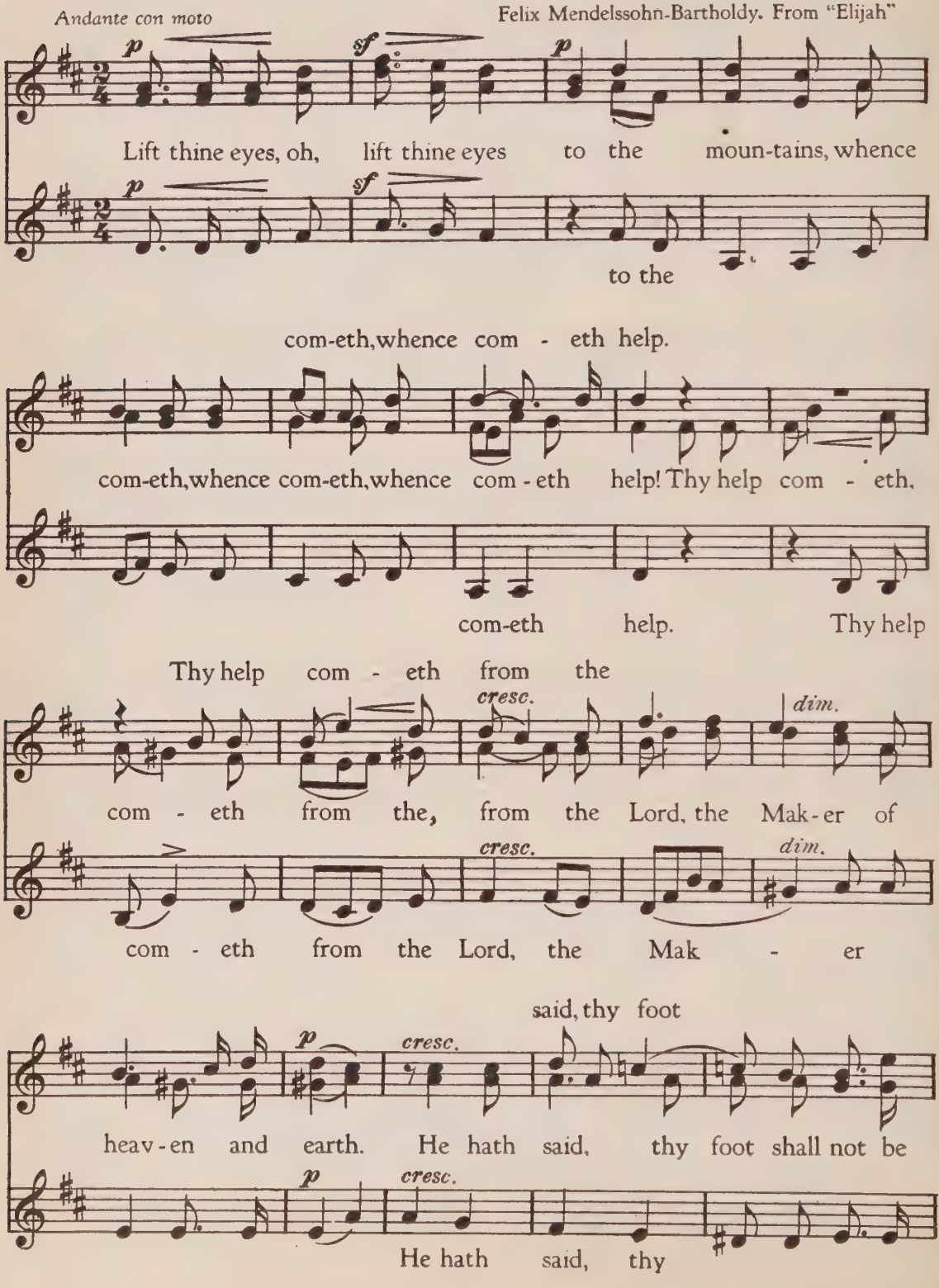
A. C. Gomes

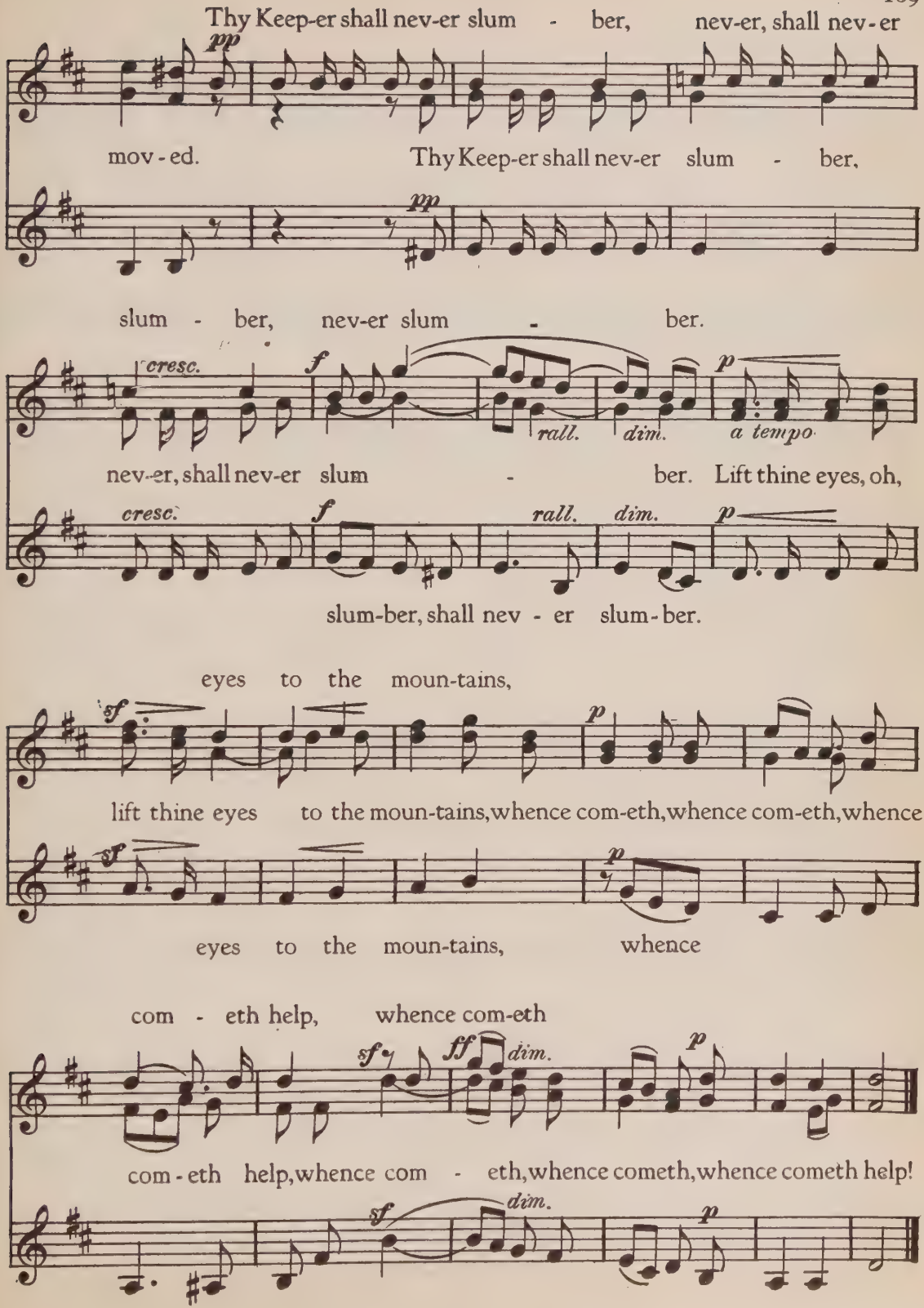
1. Fish - er, fish - er, far at sea, Fair is the
2. Fish - er, see yon last faint star, Far where the
3. Fish - er, guard your nets with care, Deep be the
4. Fish - er, cast your net with care, Heed not the
5. Fish - er, fish - er, far at sea, In your fair
La, la, la, etc,
bark you are row - ing, Blue the skies and
clouds gath - er, hid - ing, Quick - ly, fish - er,
wave of your choos - ing, Fish - er, tan - gle
bright mer - maid sing - ing, Cru - el sunk - en
bark light - ly row - ing, Scan the skies, the
blue the wave; Fish - er - man, where are you go - ing?
reef your sail, Bird - like, the free wa - ters rid - ing.
not the mesh, Else oar and sail you'll be los - ing.
reef be - ware, Hid where her soft voice is ring - ing.
light-ning's gleam, Soon will the tem - pest be blow - ing.

Felix Goddard

Melody by Alexander Fesca


Andante
p
1. The lit - tle buds of the dai - sies, Just
2. When for - est leaves, in Oc - to - ber, Are
3. The rain - drops, fall - ing from heav - en Are
4. The snow - flakes out of De - cem - ber skies, That
p
Optional Bass
up from the fra - grant mold, Are call - ing the spir - its of
wea - ry of wear - ing green, Jack Frost comes a - long with his
lost in the sea's wild whirls, Till float - ing mer - maids
rest on the earth all night, A - wait the fair - y
rit.
pp
June - time To o - pen their hearts of gold.
paint - brush— Such col - or - ing ne'er was seen!
find them, And change them in - to pearls.
moon - beams To change them to dia - monds bright.
rit.
pp

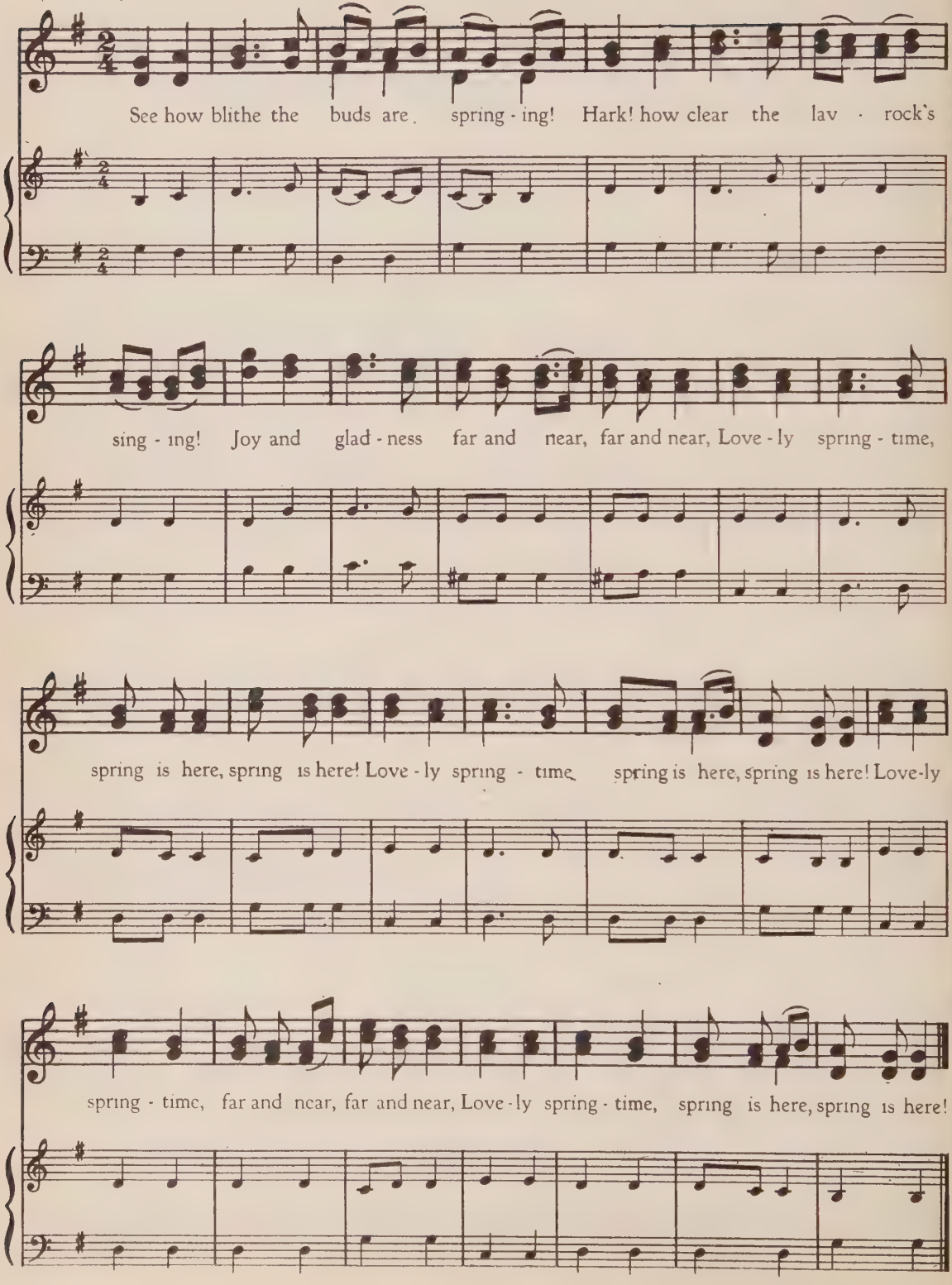

Andante con moto
Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. From "Elijah"
p
sf
p
Lift thine eyes, oh, lift thine eyes to the moun-tains, whence
p
sf
to the
com-eth, whence com - eth help.
com-eth, whence com-eth, whence com - eth help! Thy help com - eth,
com-eth help. Thy help
Thy help com - eth from the
cresc.
dim.
com - eth from the, from the Lord, the Mak-er of
cresc.
dim.
com - eth from the Lord, the Mak - er
said, thy foot
p
cresc.
heav-en and earth. He hath said, thy foot shall not be
p
cresc.
He hath said, thy

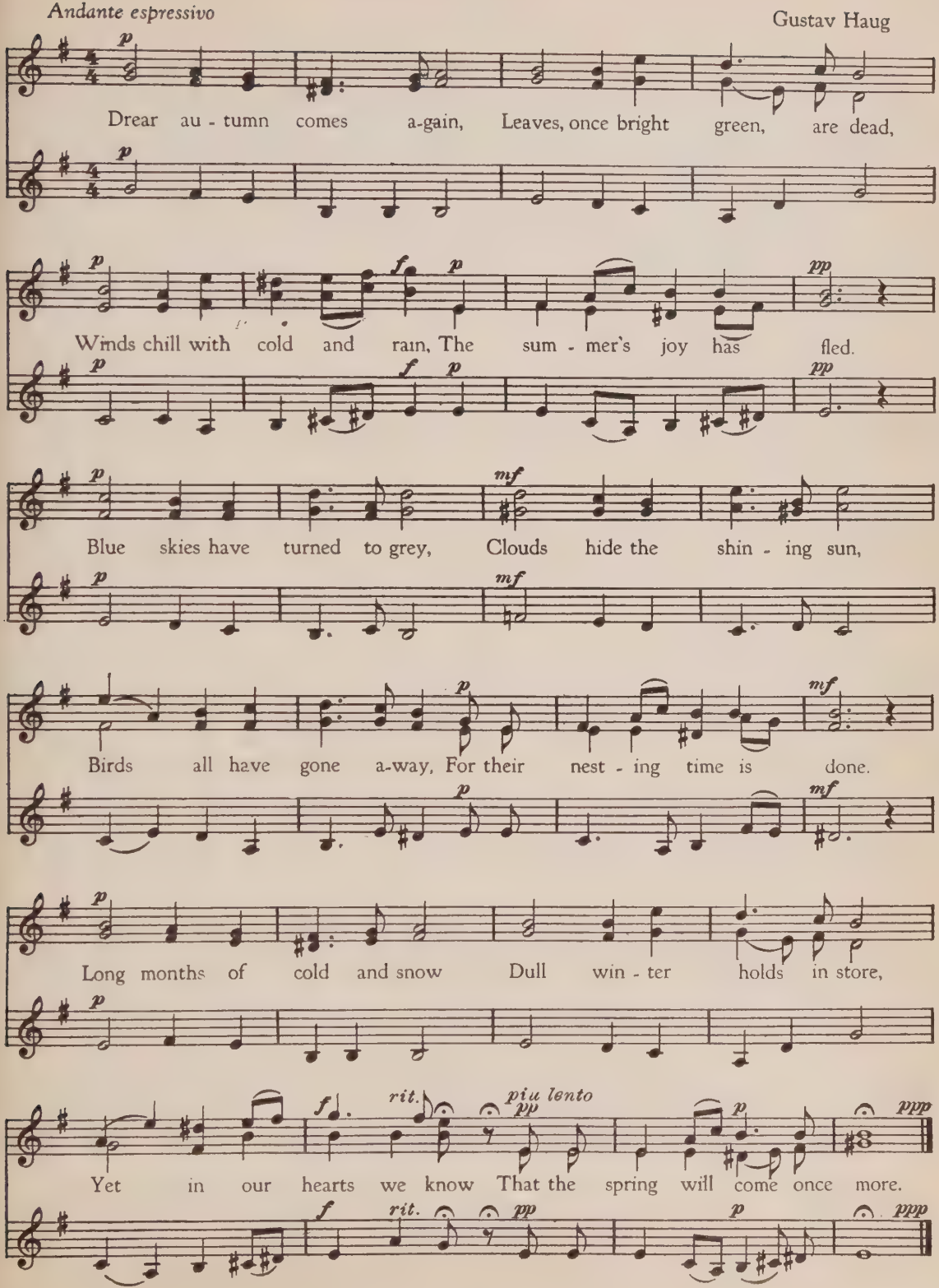

Thy Keep-er shall nev-er slum - ber, nev-er, shall nev-er
pp
mov-ed. Thy Keep-er shall nev-er slum - ber,
pp
slum - ber, nev-er slum - ber.
cresc.
f
rall.
dim.
p
a tempo
nev-er, shall nev-er slum - ber. Lift thine eyes, oh,
cresc.
f
rall.
dim.
p
slum-ber, shall nev - er slum-ber.
eyes to the moun-tains,
sf
p
lift thine eyes to the moun-tains, whence com-eth, whence com-eth, whence
sf
p
eyes to the moun-tains, whence
com - eth help, whence com-eth
sf
ff
dim.
p
com-eth help, whence com - eth, whence cometh, whence cometh help!
sf
dim.
p

SPRINGTIME

Translated from the German by Cecil Cowdrey

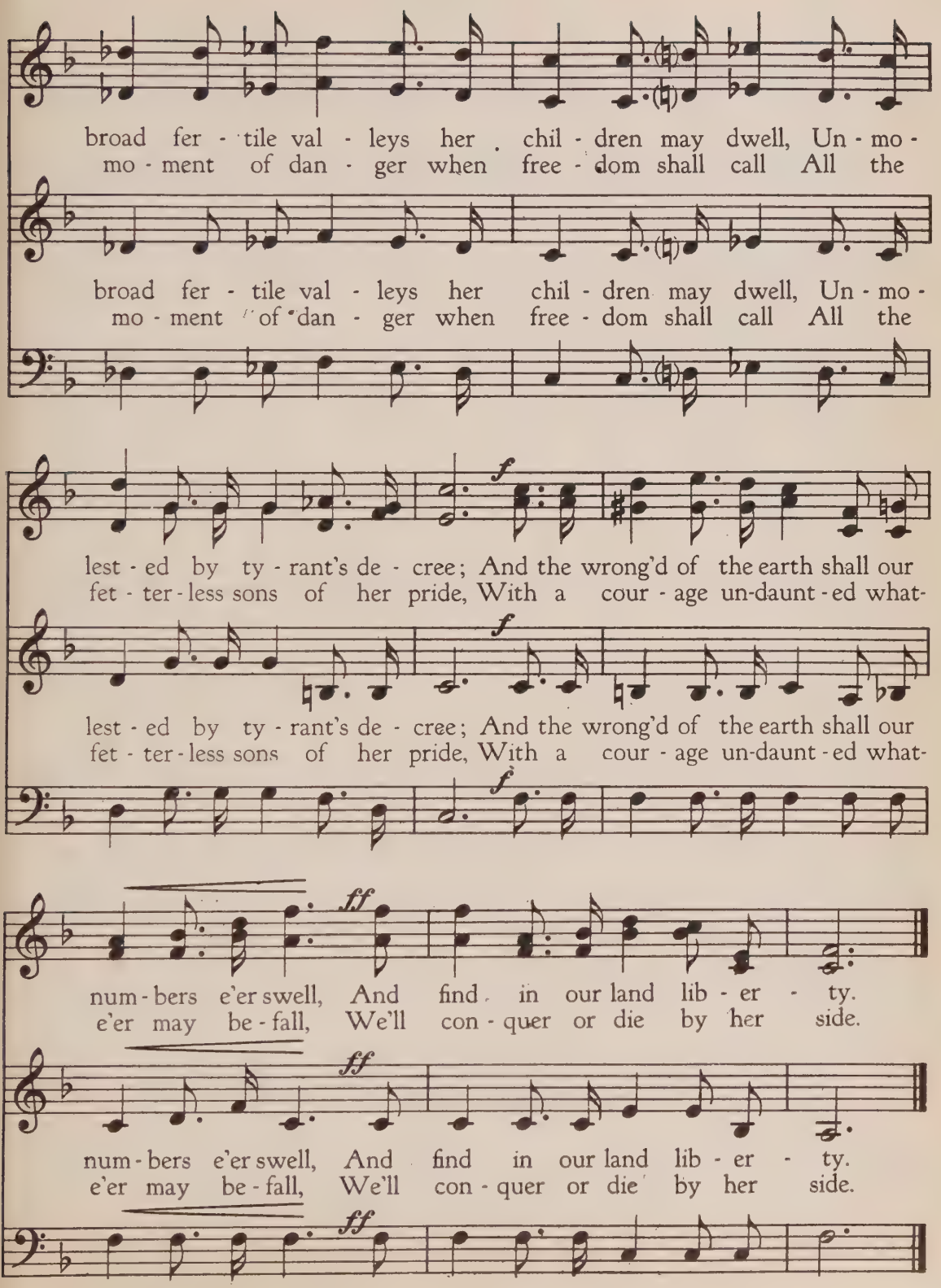
Friedrich Smetana


See how blithe the buds are spring - ing! Hark! how clear the lav - rock's
sing - ing! Joy and glad - ness far and near, far and near, Love - ly spring - time,
spring is here, spring is here! Love - ly spring - time spring is here, spring is here! Love-ly
spring - time, far and near, far and near, Love - ly spring - time, spring is here, spring is here!


Andante espressivo
Gustav Haug
Drear au - tumn comes a-gain, Leaves, once bright green, are dead,
Winds chill with cold and rain, The sum - mer's joy has fled.
Blue skies have turned to grey, Clouds hide the shin - ing sun,
Birds all have gone a-way, For their nest - ing time is done.
Long months of cold and snow Dull win - ter holds in store,
Yet in our hearts we know That the spring will come once more.
rit.
piu lento
rit.

OH, THE LAND THAT WE LOVE

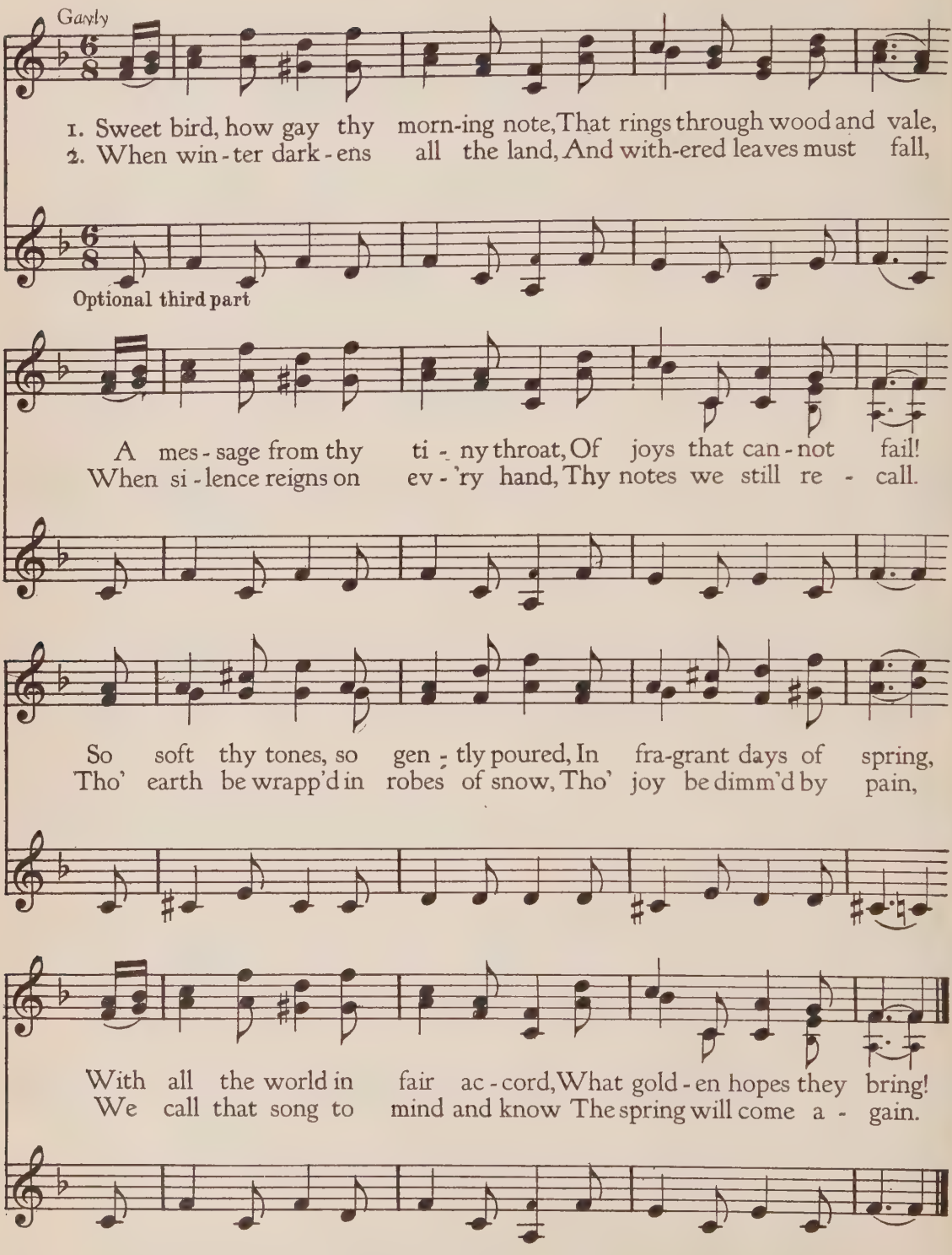
Moderato
M. W. Balfe
f
1. Oh, the land that we love is our own na-tive land, Spread-ing
2. Should a foe e'er in-vade thee, my own na-tive land, Ev-'ry
Optional Bass
proud-ly from sea un-to sea; Her moun-tains so grand-ly like
sword shall un-sheath'd quick-ly be; And ev-er to guard thee we
mf
sen-ti-nels stand, E'er guard-ing the homes of the free: In her
firm-ly will stand, U-nit-ed, de-ter-min'd, and free. In that


broad fer - tile val - leys her chil - dren may dwell, Un - mo -
mo - ment of dan - ger when free - dom shall call All the
broad fer - tile val - leys her chil - dren may dwell, Un - mo -
mo - ment of dan - ger when free - dom shall call All the
f
lest - ed by ty - rant's de - cree; And the wrong'd of the earth shall our
fet - ter - less sons of her pride, With a cour - age un-daunt - ed what-
f
lest - ed by ty - rant's de - cree; And the wrong'd of the earth shall our
fet - ter - less sons of her pride, With a cour - age un-daunt - ed what-
f
ff
num - bers e'er swell, And find in our land lib - er - ty.
e'er may be - fall, We'll con - quer or die by her side.
ff
num - bers e'er swell, And find in our land lib - er - ty.
e'er may be - fall, We'll con - quer or die by her side.
ff

THE BLUEBIRD

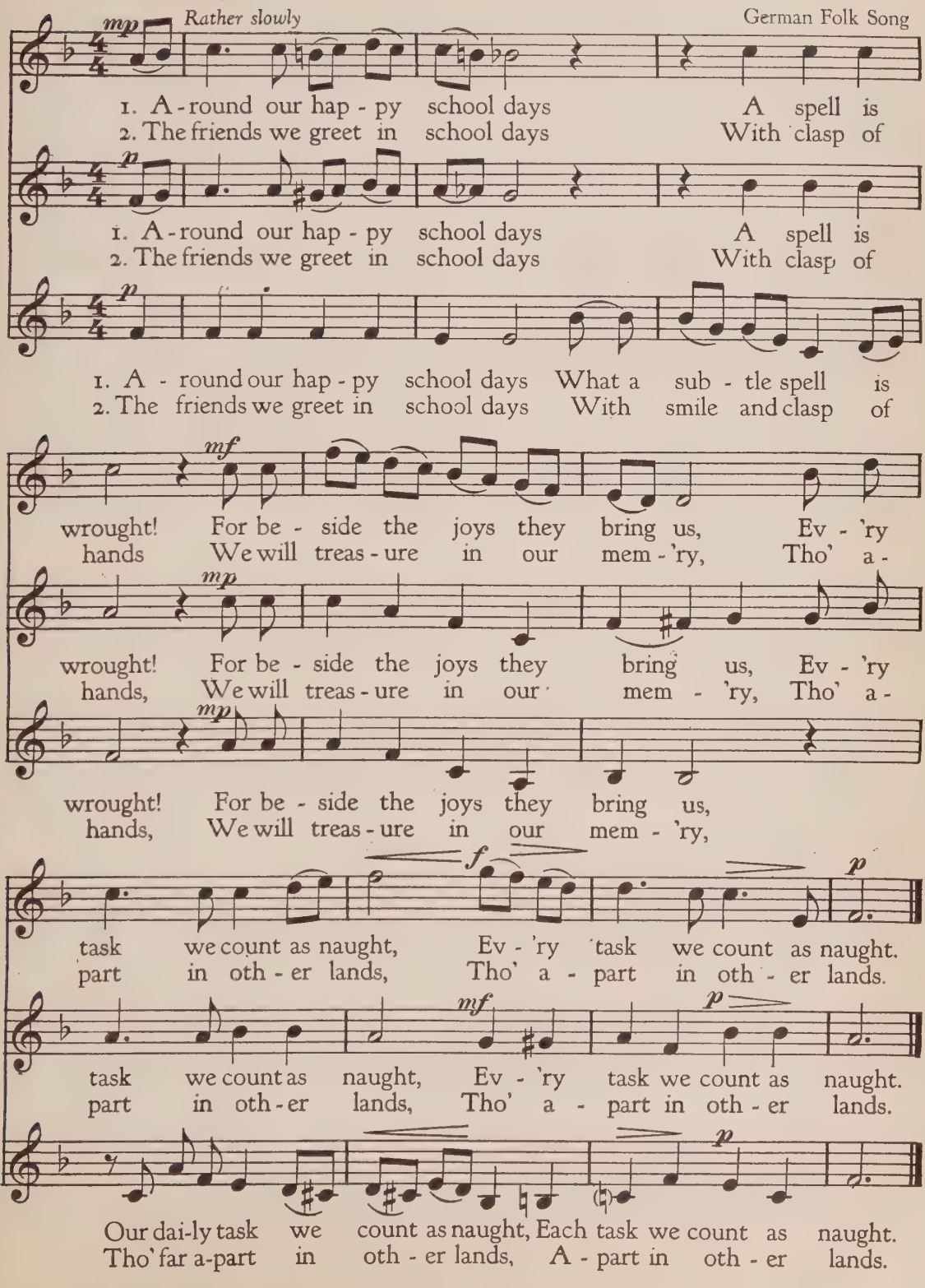
Cecil Cowdrey

Charles Auguste de Bériot


Gayly
1. Sweet bird, how gay thy morn-ing note, That rings through wood and vale,
2. When win-ter dark-ens all the land, And with-ered leaves must fall,
Optional third part
A mes-sage from thy ti-ny throat, Of joys that can-not fail!
When si-lence reigns on ev-'ry hand, Thy notes we still re-call.
So soft thy tones, so gen-tly poured, In fra-grant days of spring,
Tho' earth be wrapp'd in robes of snow, Tho' joy be dimm'd by pain,
With all the world in fair ac-cord, What gold-en hopes they bring!
We call that song to mind and know The spring will come a-gain.

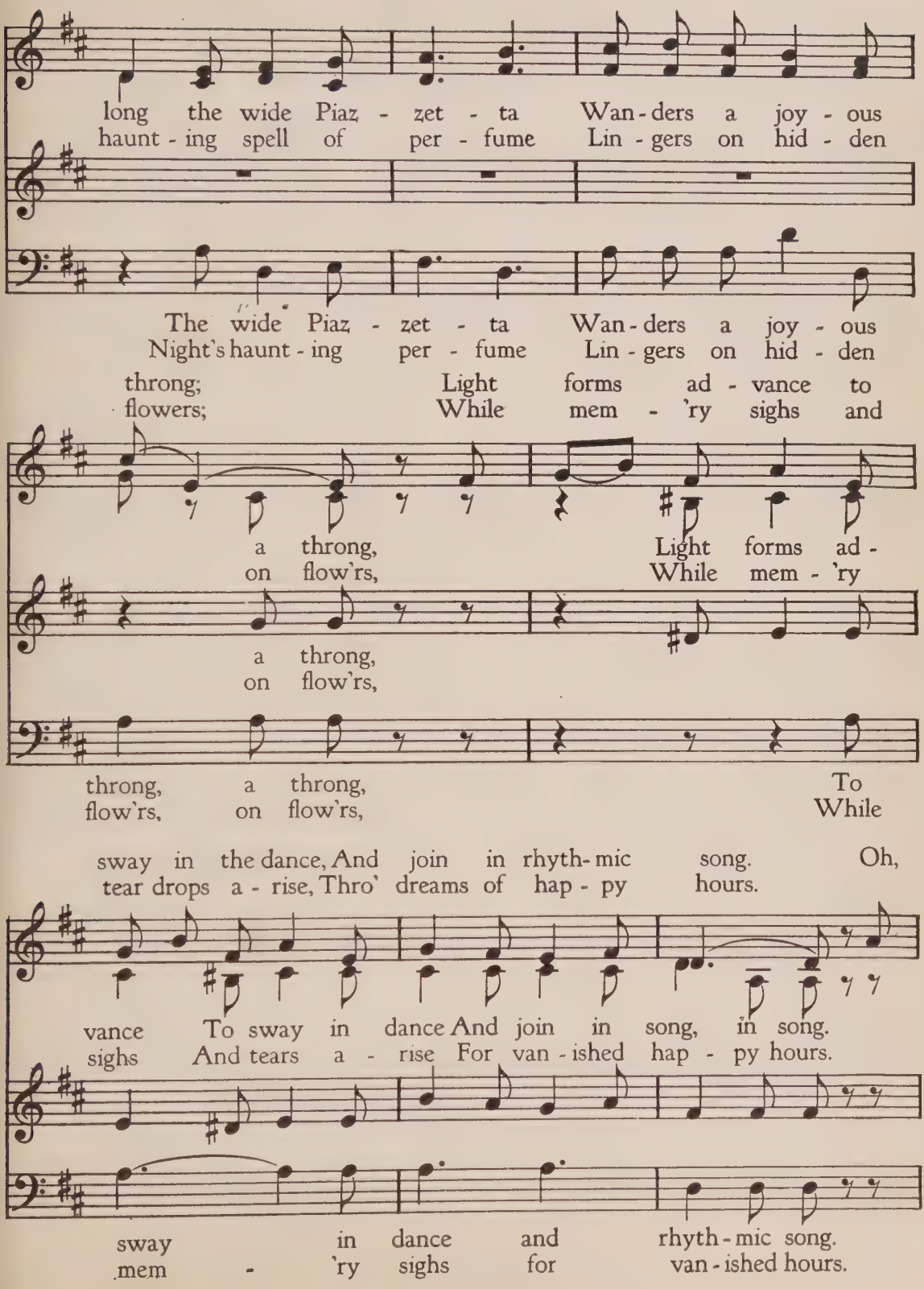
Edwin Star Belknap

German Folk Song

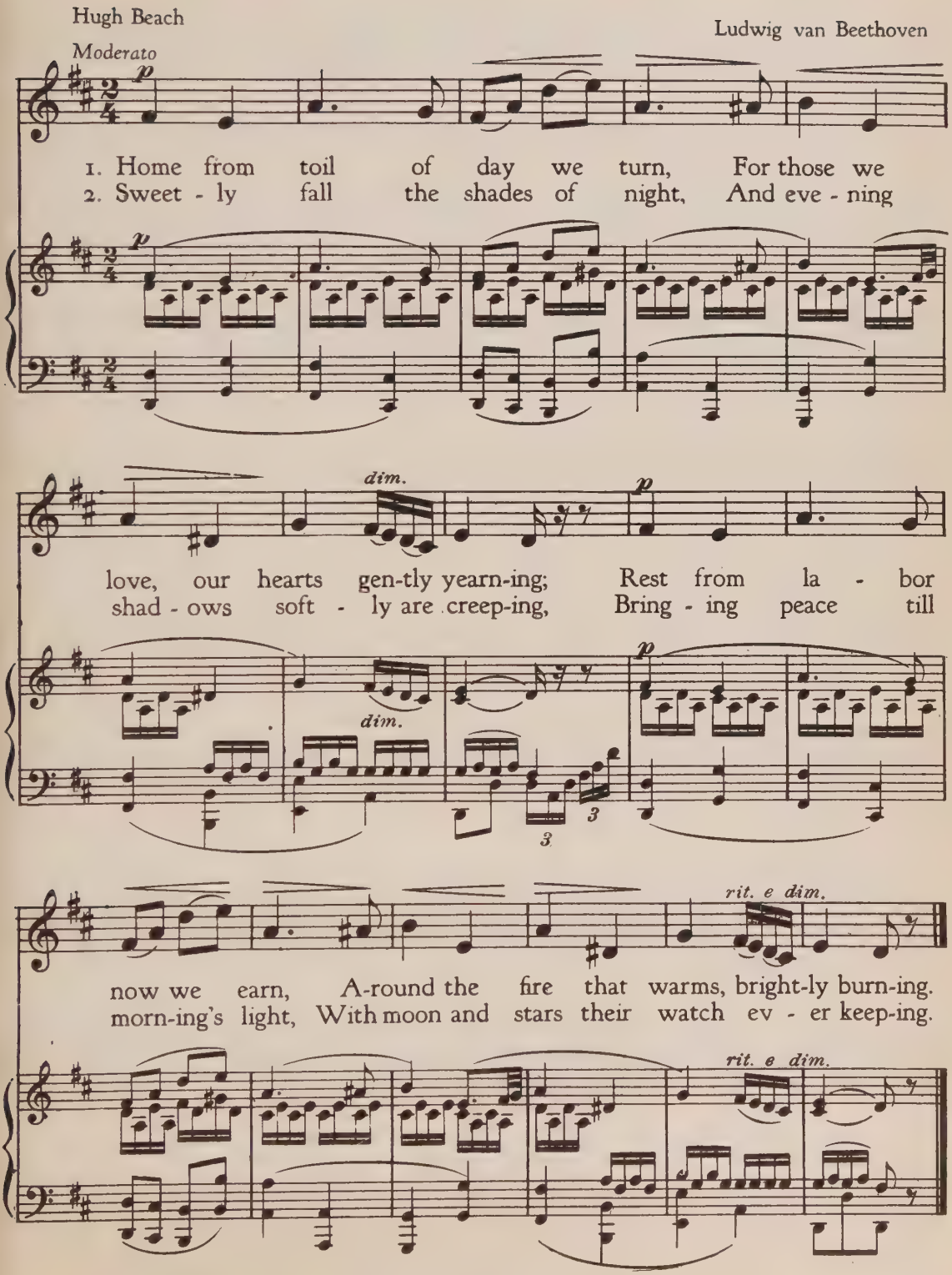

mp
Rather slowly
1. A-round our hap-py school days A spell is
2. The friends we greet in school days With clasp of
p
1. A-round our hap-py school days A spell is
2. The friends we greet in school days With clasp of
p
1. A-round our hap-py school days What a sub-tle spell is
2. The friends we greet in school days With smile and clasp of
mf
wrought! For be-side the joys they bring us, Ev-'ry
hands We will treas-ure in our mem-'ry, Tho' a-
mp
wrought! For be-side the joys they bring us, Ev-'ry
hands, We will treas-ure in our mem-'ry, Tho' a-
mp
wrought! For be-side the joys they bring us,
hands, We will treas-ure in our mem-'ry,
f
p
task we count as naught, Ev-'ry task we count as naught.
part in oth-er lands, Tho' a-part in oth-er lands.
mf
p
task we count as naught, Ev-'ry task we count as naught.
part in oth-er lands, Tho' a-part in oth-er lands.
p
Our dai-ly task we count as naught, Each task we count as naught.
Tho' far a-part in oth-er lands, A-part in oth-er lands.

Emile Paladilhe

Moderato
1. The moon-light gleams.
2. A man - do - lin
1. In mys - tic moon-light gleam - ing Slum-bers the A - dri -
1. A man - do - lin is sound - ing, Sweet-ly the tones are
a dream
re - sounds
a dream
re - sounds
at - ic, A dream on her tide light
ring - ing, What young gon - do - lier has
To mu - sic's charm - ing tones A -
To some fair maid - en sings. Night's
charm - ing tones.
maid - en sings.
gon - do - las glide to mu - sic's charm ec - stat - ic.
drift - ed so near, to some fair maid - en sing - ing?


long the wide Piaz - zet - ta Wan - ders a joy - ous
haunt - ing spell of per - fume Lin - gers on hid - den
The wide Piaz - zet - ta Wan - ders a joy - ous
Night's haunt - ing per - fume Lin - gers on hid - den
throng; Light forms ad - vance to
flowers; While mem - 'ry sighs and
a throng, Light forms ad -
on flow'rs, While mem - 'ry
a throng,
on flow'rs,
throng, a throng, To
flow'rs, on flow'rs, While
sway in the dance, And join in rhyth - mic song. Oh,
tear drops a - rise, Thro' dreams of hap - py hours.
vance To sway in dance And join in song, in song.
sighs And tears a - rise For van - ished hap - py hours.
sway in dance and rhyth - mic song.
mem - 'ry sighs for van - ished hours.

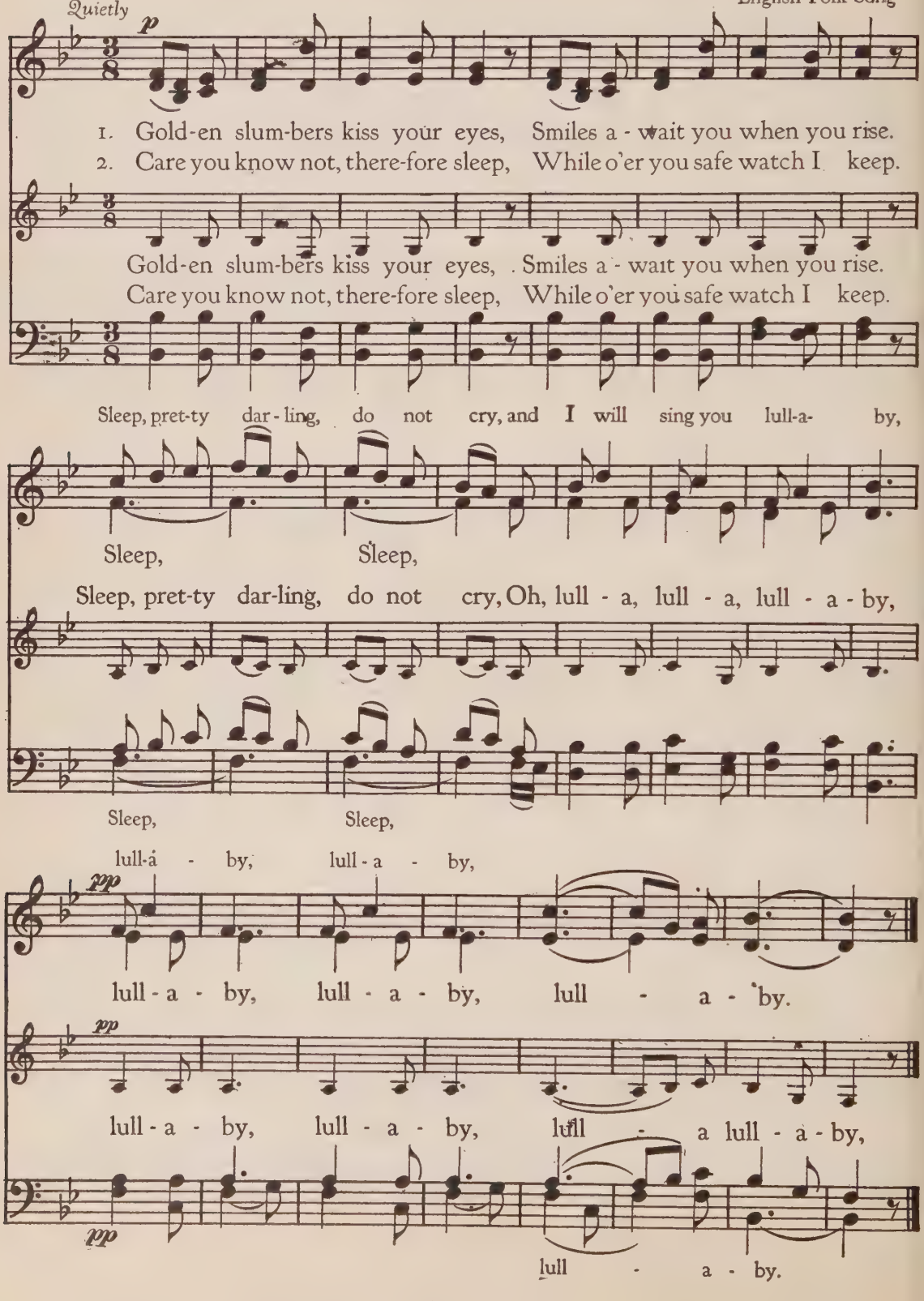
Hark! Far o'er the wa - ters, 'Tis the
O - ver the waves, O - ver the waves,
O - ver the waves, O - ver the waves,
Hark, hark, hark, hark!
bells wak - ing on high! How clear - ly they call, how
Bells a - wake on high, on high; How clear - ly they call, how
Bells a - wake on high, on high; How clear - ly they call, how
Bells a - wake on high. Ding dong, Ding
sweet the tones fall, faint - ly fail and die!
Sweet the tones fall, then faint - ly fail and die!
sweet the tones fall, then faint - ly fail and die!
dong! Then faint - ly fail and die!


Hugh Beach
Ludwig van Beethoven
Moderato
p
1. Home from toil of day we turn, For those we
2. Sweet - ly fall the shades of night, And eve - ning
dim.
p
love, our hearts gen-tly yearn-ing; Rest from la - bor
shad - ows soft - ly are creep-ing, Bring - ing peace till
dim.
3
3
rit. e dim.
now we earn, A-round the fire that warms, bright-ly burn-ing.
morn-ing's light, With moon and stars their watch ev - er keep-ing.
rit. e dim.

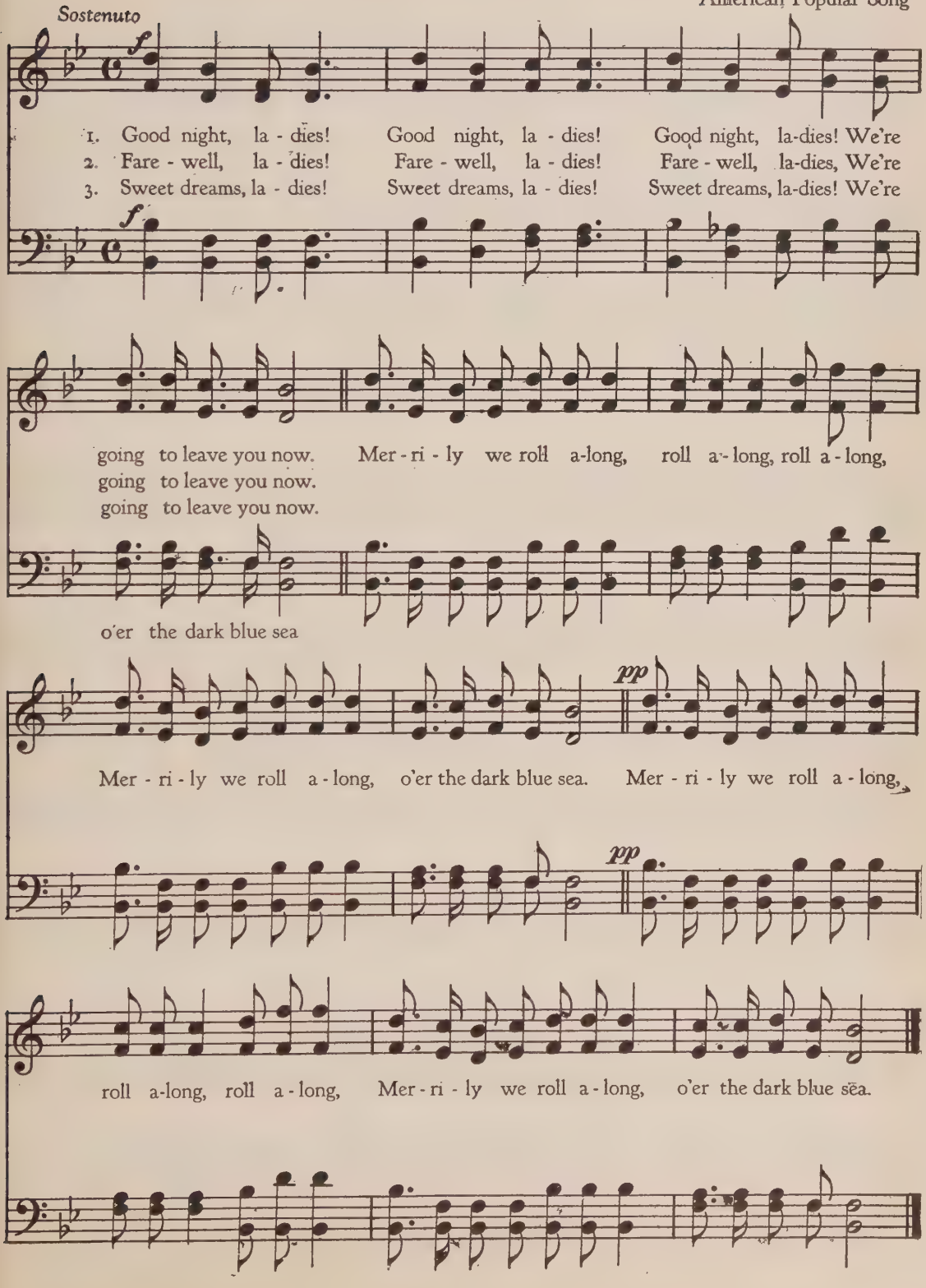
GOLDEN SLUMBERS KISS YOUR EYES

Thomas Dekker

English Folk Song


Quietly
p
1. Gold-en slum-bers kiss your eyes, Smiles a - wait you when you rise.
2. Care you know not, there-fore sleep, While o'er you safe watch I keep.
Gold-en slum-bers kiss your eyes, Smiles a - wait you when you rise.
Care you know not, there-fore sleep, While o'er you safe watch I keep.
Sleep, pret-ty dar-ling, do not cry, and I will sing you lull-a- by,
Sleep, Sleep,
Sleep, pret-ty dar-ling, do not cry, Oh, lull - a, lull - a, lull - a - by,
Sleep, Sleep,
lull-a - by, lull - a - by,
pp
lull - a - by, lull - a - by, lull - a - by.
pp
lull - a - by, lull - a - by, lull - a lull - a - by,
pp
lull - a - by.

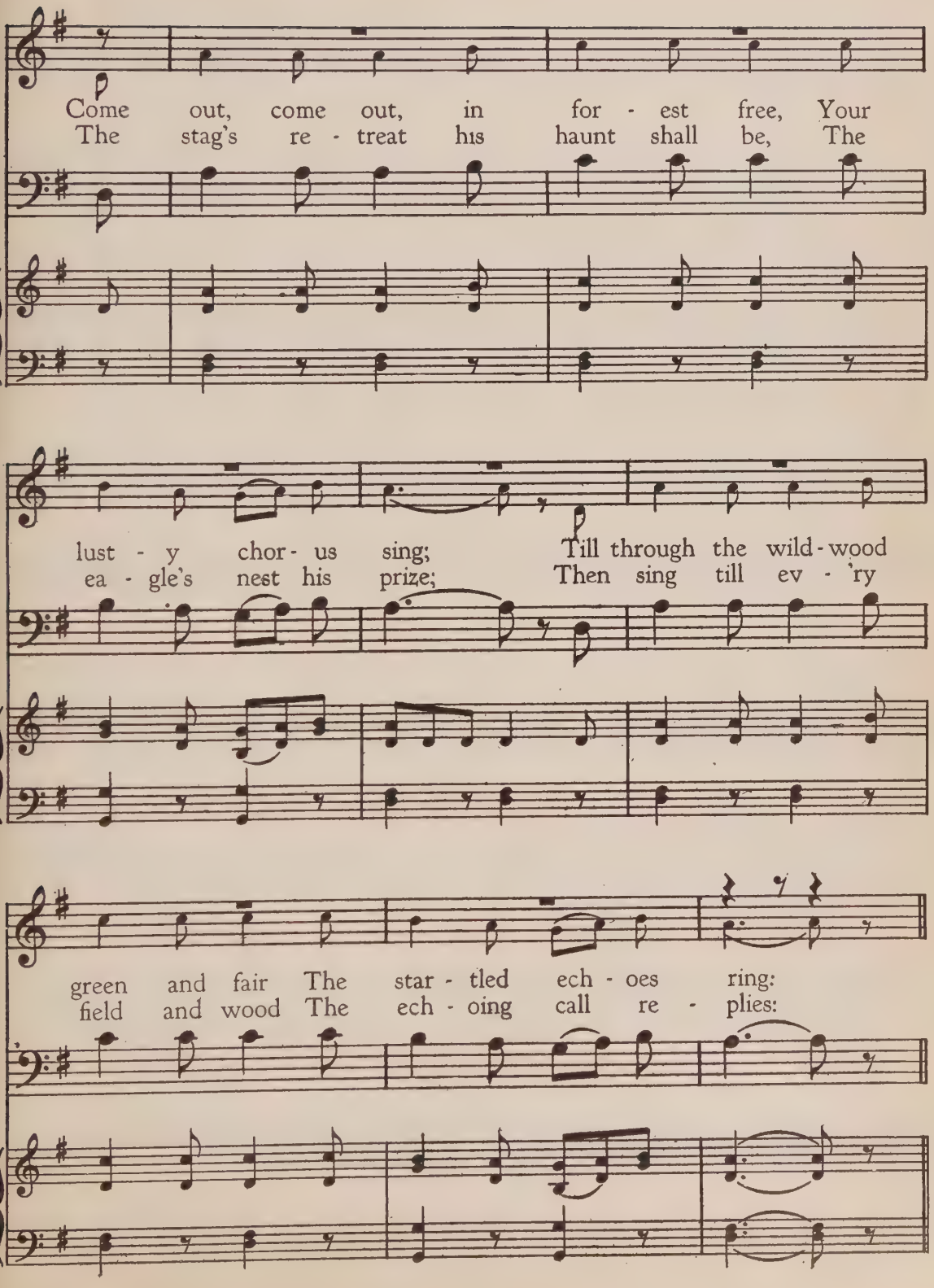
American Popular Song

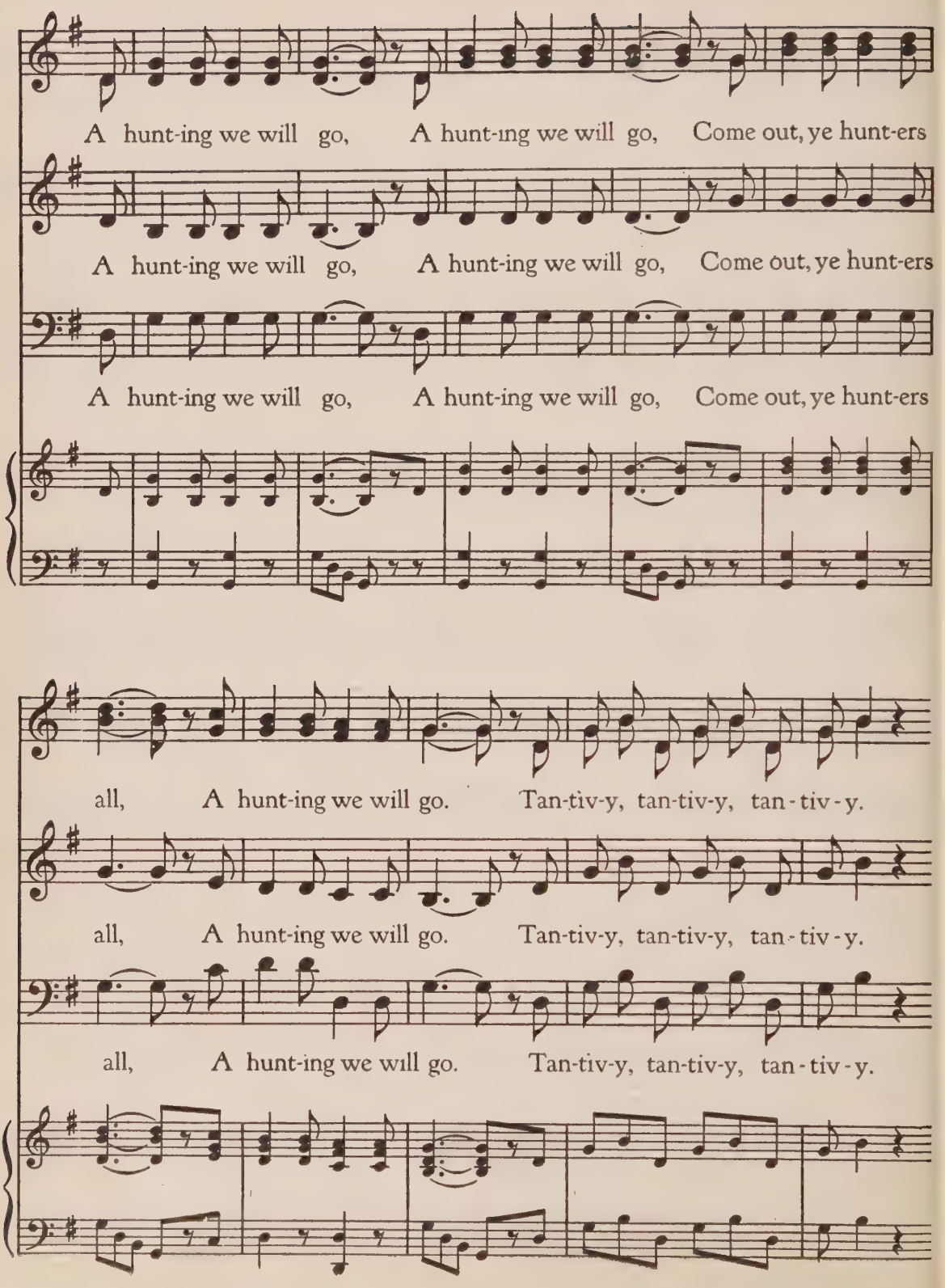

Sostenuto
f
1. Good night, la - dies! Good night, la - dies! Good night, la-dies! We're
2. Fare - well, la - dies! Fare - well, la - dies! Fare - well, la-dies, We're
3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! Sweet dreams, la - dies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! We're
f
going to leave you now. Mer - ri - ly we roll a-long, roll a - long, roll a - long,
going to leave you now.
going to leave you now.
o'er the dark blue sea
pp
Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, o'er the dark blue sea. Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,
pp
roll a-long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, o'er the dark blue sea.

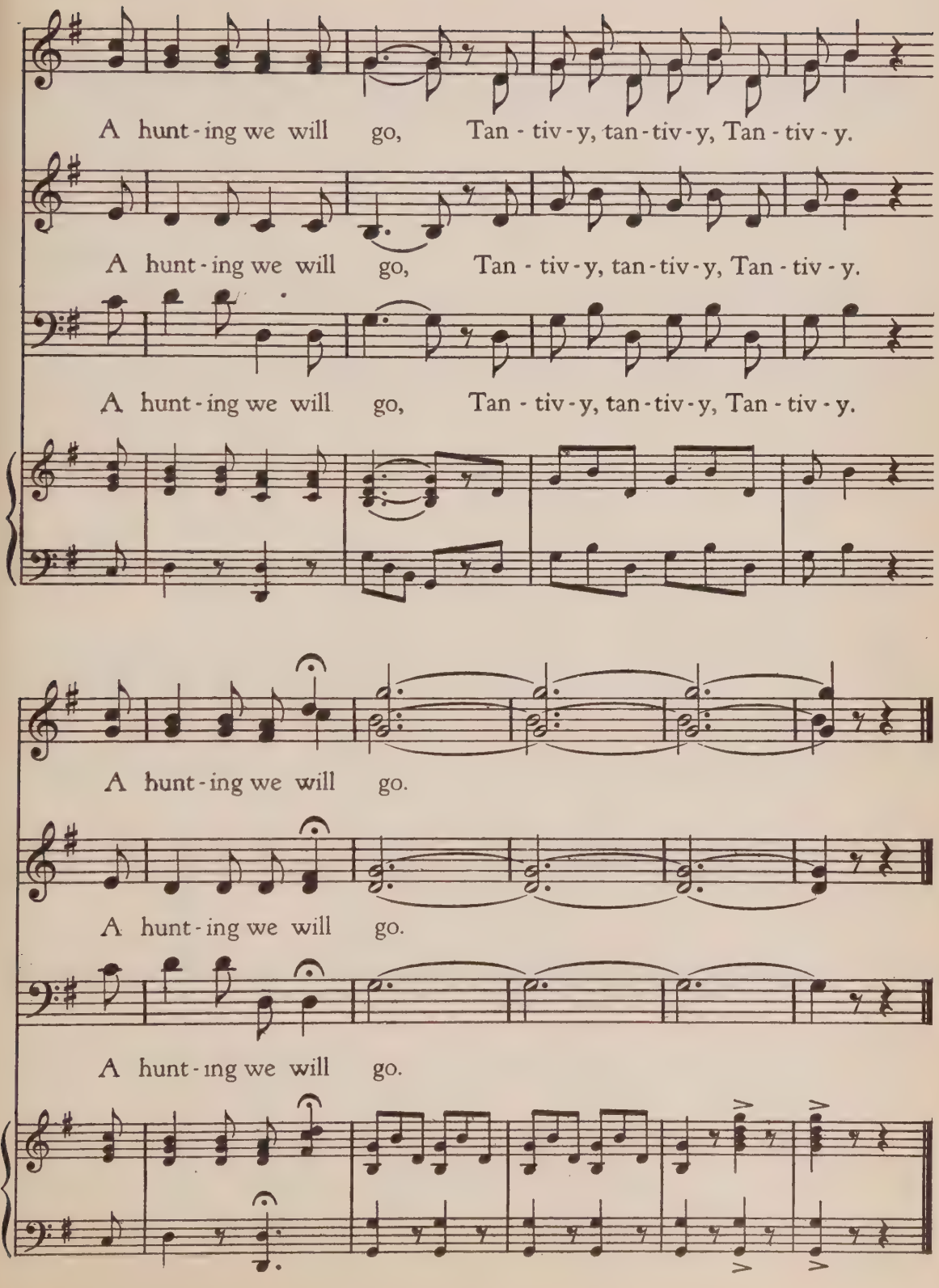
HUNTING SONG

P. Buccalossi

Lively
In absence of Basses
1. Come out, come out, ye hunt - ers all, Where
2. Tho' fierce the prey, tho' sharp the way, Tho'
fresh the storm winds blus - ter - ing blow, When thro' the green - ing
wild and far the glo - ri - ous chase, Let wind and weath - er
thick - et rove, The wild boar and the roe.
work their will, The hunt - er wins the race.


Come out, come out, in for - est free, Your
The stag's re - treat his haunt shall be, The
lust - y chor - us sing; Till through the wild - wood
ea - gle's nest his prize; Then sing till ev - 'ry
green and fair The star - tled ech - oes ring:
field and wood The ech - oing call re - plies:

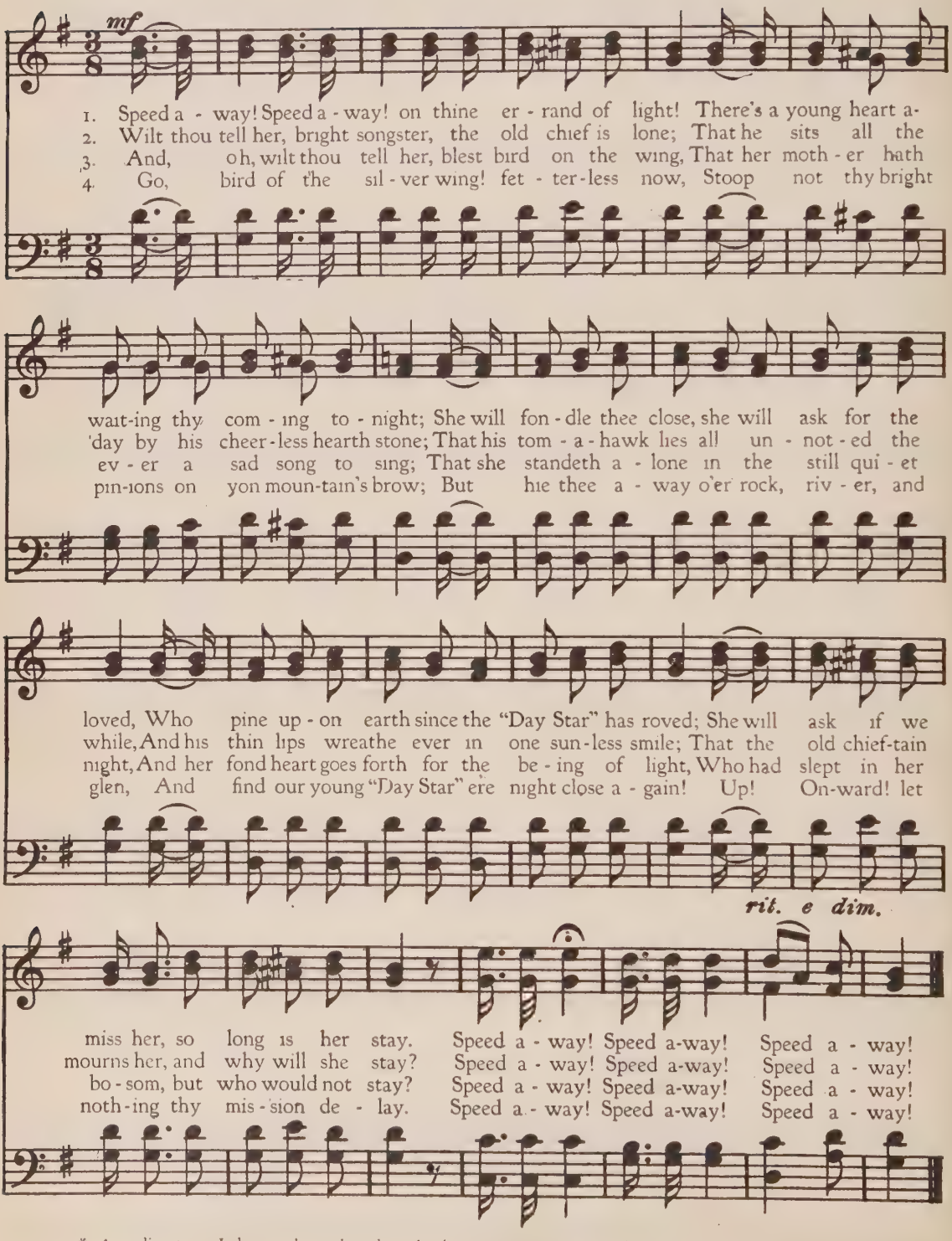

A hunt-ing we will go, A hunt-ing we will go, Come out, ye hunt-ers
A hunt-ing we will go, A hunt-ing we will go, Come out, ye hunt-ers
A hunt-ing we will go, A hunt-ing we will go, Come out, ye hunt-ers
all, A hunt-ing we will go. Tan-tiv-y, tan-tiv-y, tan-tiv-y.
all, A hunt-ing we will go. Tan-tiv-y, tan-tiv-y, tan-tiv-y.
all, A hunt-ing we will go. Tan-tiv-y, tan-tiv-y, tan-tiv-y.


A hunt-ing we will go, Tan-tiv-y, tan-tiv-y, Tan-tiv-y.
A hunt-ing we will go, Tan-tiv-y, tan-tiv-y, Tan-tiv-y.
A hunt-ing we will go, Tan-tiv-y, tan-tiv-y, Tan-tiv-y.
A hunt-ing we will go.
A hunt-ing we will go.
A hunt-ing we will go.

SPEED AWAY*

Allegretto con spirito

I. B. Woodbury

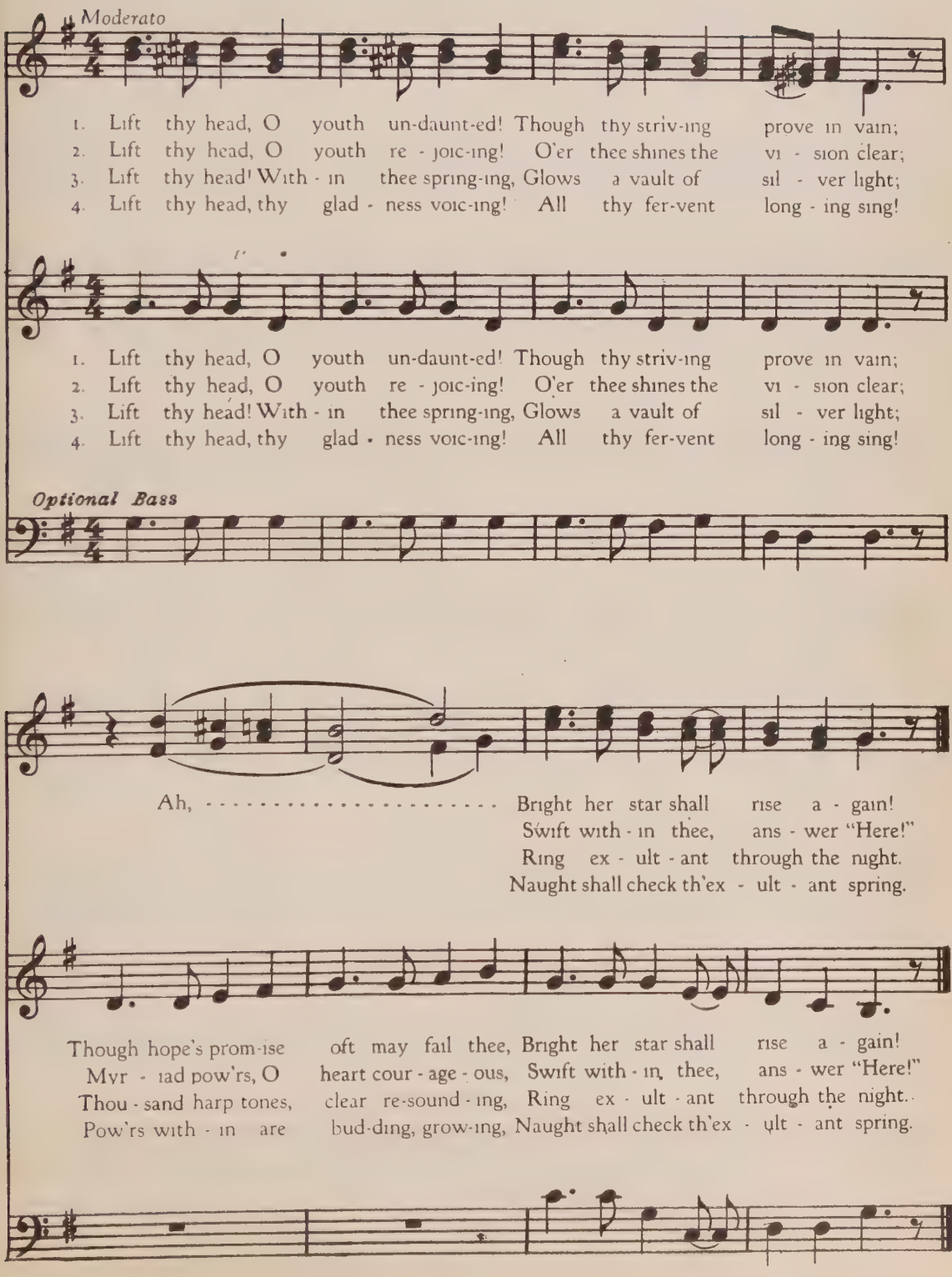

mf
1. Speed a - way! Speed a - way! on thine er - rand of light! There's a young heart a-
2. Wilt thou tell her, bright songster, the old chief is lone; That he sits all the
3. And, oh, wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing, That her moth - er hath
4. Go, bird of the sil - ver wing! fet - ter-less now, Stoop not thy bright
wait-ing thy com - ing to - night; She will fon - dle thee close, she will ask for the
day by his cheer-less hearth stone; That his tom - a - hawk lies all un - not - ed the
ev - er a sad song to sing; That she standeth a - lone in the still qui - et
pin-ions on yon moun-tain's brow; But hie thee a - way o'er rock, riv - er, and
loved, Who pine up - on earth since the "Day Star" has roved; She will ask if we
while, And his thin lips wreathe ever in one sun-less smile; That the old chief-tain
night, And her fond heart goes forth for the be - ing of light, Who had slept in her
glen, And find our young "Day Star" ere night close a - gain! Up! On-ward! let
rit. e dim.
miss her, so long is her stay. Speed a - way! Speed a-way! Speed a - way!
mourns her, and why will she stay? Speed a - way! Speed a-way! Speed a - way!
bo - som, but who would not stay? Speed a - way! Speed a-way! Speed a - way!
noth-ing thy mis - sion de - lay. Speed a - way! Speed a-way! Speed a - way!

*. According to an Indian myth, a white dove, let loose upon a girl's grave by the mother of the maiden, would fly to the spirit world and find the lost damsel

LIFT THY HEAD

Translated from
B. Björnson

Hungarian Folk Song


Moderato
1. Lift thy head, O youth un-daunt-ed! Though thy striv-ing prove in vain;
2. Lift thy head, O youth re - joic-ing! O'er thee shines the vi - sion clear;
3. Lift thy head! With - in thee spring-ing, Glows a vault of sil - ver light;
4. Lift thy head, thy glad - ness voic-ing! All thy fer-vent long - ing sing!
1. Lift thy head, O youth un-daunt-ed! Though thy striv-ing prove in vain;
2. Lift thy head, O youth re - joic-ing! O'er thee shines the vi - sion clear;
3. Lift thy head! With - in thee spring-ing, Glows a vault of sil - ver light;
4. Lift thy head, thy glad - ness voic-ing! All thy fer-vent long - ing sing!
Optional Bass
Ah, - Bright her star shall rise a - gain!
Swift with - in thee, ans - wer "Here!"
Ring ex - ult - ant through the night.
Naught shall check th'ex - ult - ant spring.
Though hope's prom-ise oft may fail thee, Bright her star shall rise a - gain!
Myr - iad pow'rs, O heart cour - age - ous, Swift with - in thee, ans - wer "Here!"
Thou - sand harp tones, clear re-sound - ing, Ring ex - ult - ant through the night.
Pow'rs with - in are bud-ding, grow-ing, Naught shall check th'ex - ult - ant spring.

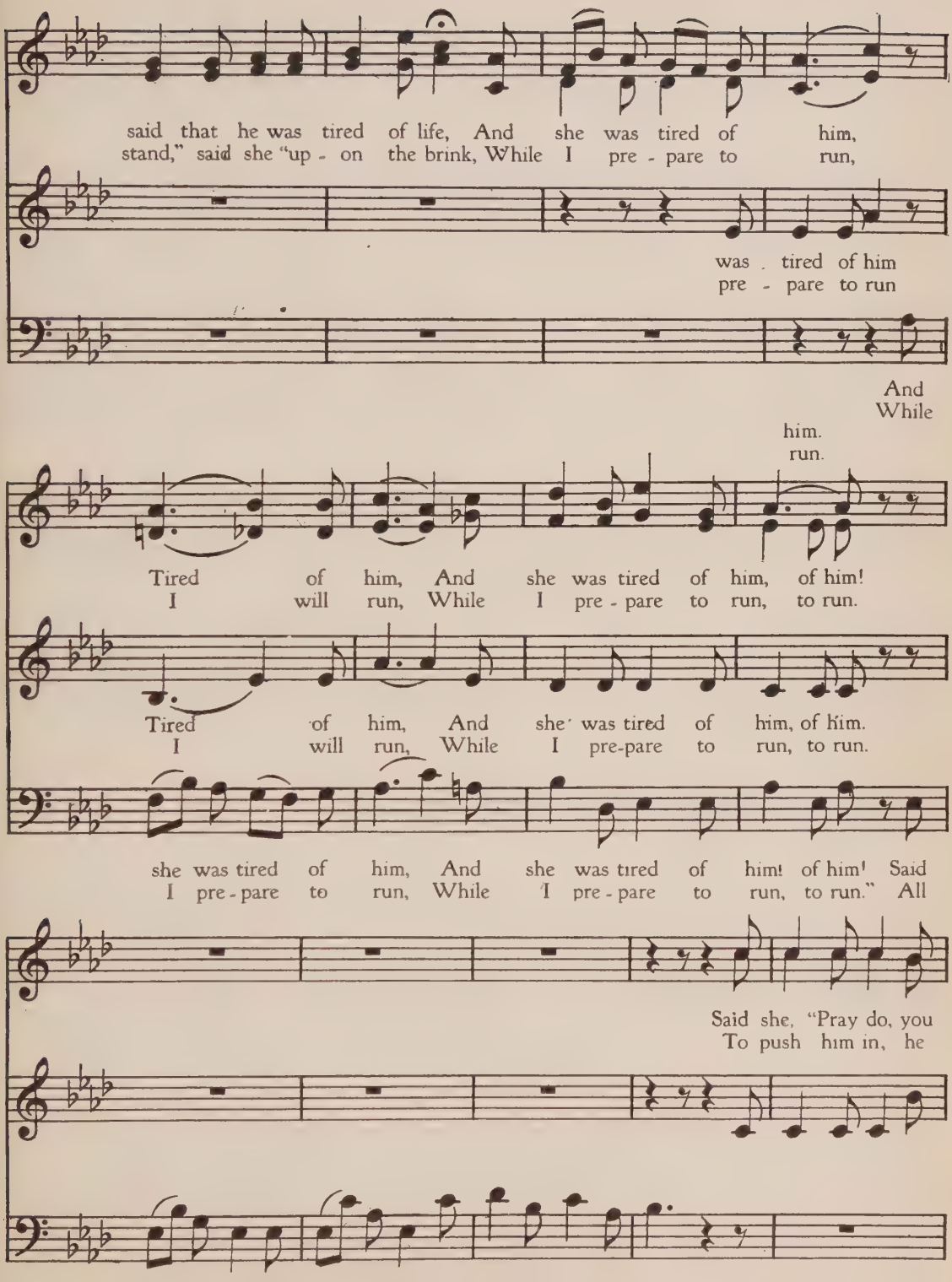
JOHNNY SANDS

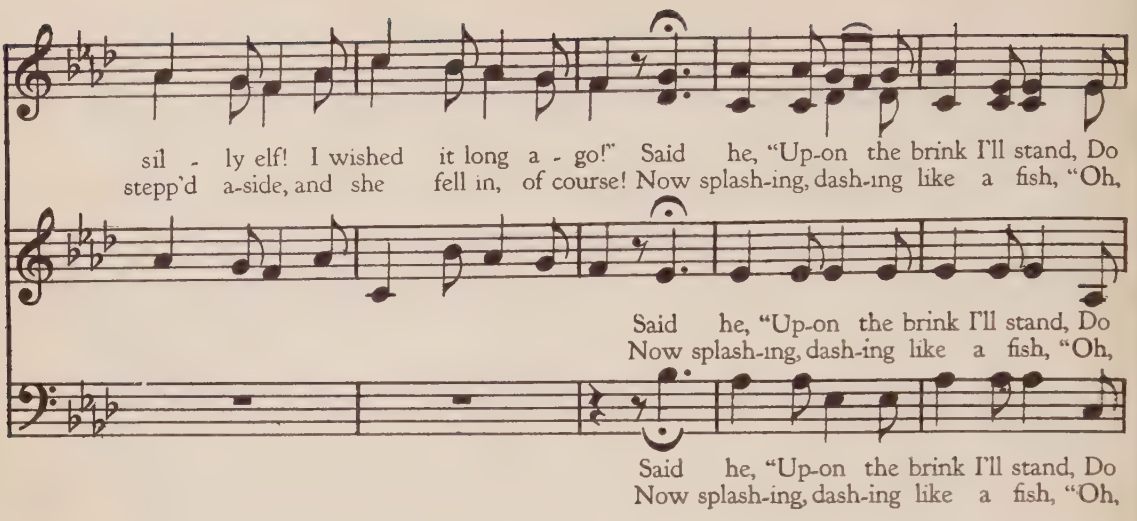
John Simmonds

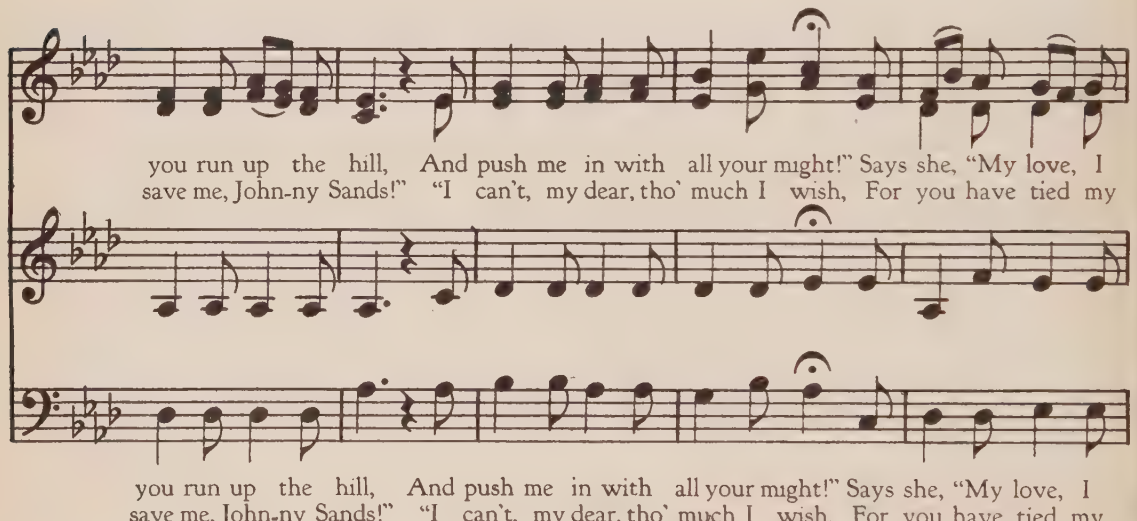
1. A man whose name was John - ny Sands, Had mar-ried Bet - ty Hague,
2. "For fear that I should cour - age lack, And try to save my life,

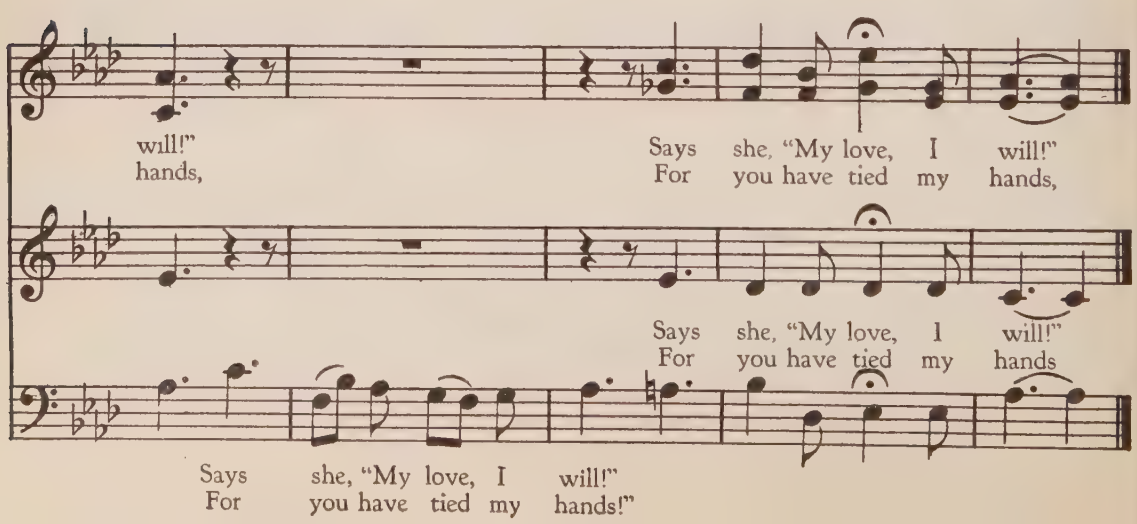
tho' she brought him gold and lands she prov'd a ter - ri - ble plague.
tie my hands be - hind my back!" "I will!" re - plied his wife.

oh, she was a scold - ing wife, Full of ca-price and whim,
tied them fast, as you may think, And when se-cure - ly done,


said that he was tired of life, And she was tired of him,
stand," said she "up - on the brink, While I pre - pare to run,
was tired of him
pre - pare to run
And
While
him.
run.
Tired of him, And she was tired of him, of him!
I will run, While I pre - pare to run, to run.
Tired of him, And she was tired of him, of him.
I will run, While I pre-pare to run, to run.
she was tired of him, And she was tired of him! of him! Said
I pre - pare to run, While I pre - pare to run, to run." All
Said she, "Pray do, you
To push him in, he
he, "Then I will drown my-self, The riv - er runs be - low!"
down the hill his lov - ing wife Now ran with all her force,


sil - ly elf! I wished it long a - go!" Said he, "Up-on the brink I'll stand, Do
stepp'd a-side, and she fell in, of course! Now splash-ing, dash-ing like a fish, "Oh,
Said he, "Up-on the brink I'll stand, Do
Now splash-ing, dash-ing like a fish, "Oh,
Said he, "Up-on the brink I'll stand, Do
Now splash-ing, dash-ing like a fish, "Oh,


you run up the hill, And push me in with all your might!" Says she, "My love, I
save me, John-ny Sands!" "I can't, my dear, tho' much I wish, For you have tied my
you run up the hill, And push me in with all your might!" Says she, "My love, I
save me, John-ny Sands!" "I can't, my dear, tho' much I wish, For you have tied my


will!"
hands,
Says she, "My love, I will!"
For you have tied my hands,
Says she, "My love, I will!"
For you have tied my hands
Says she, "My love, I will!"
For you have tied my hands!"

Edwin Star Belknap

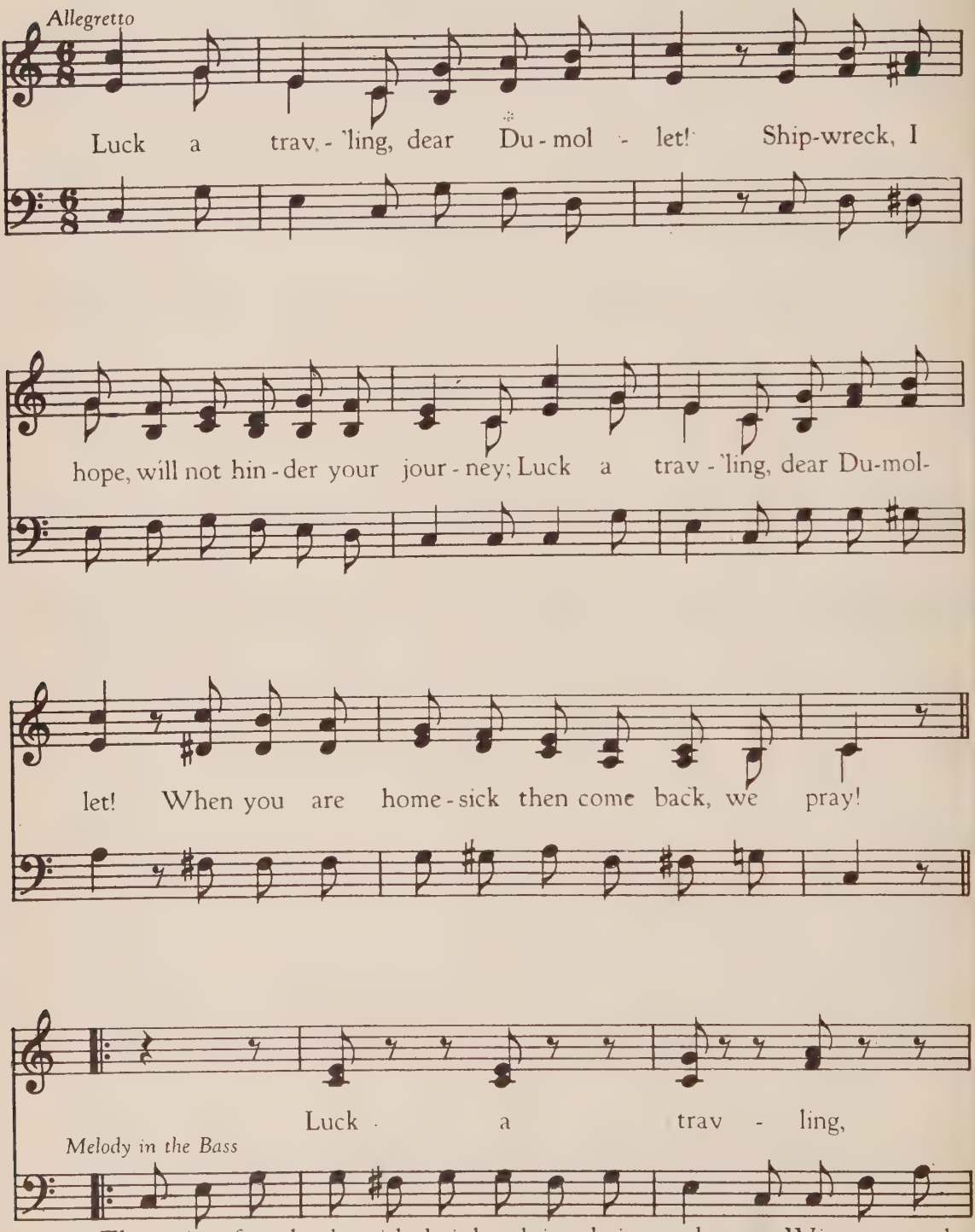
Melody by Louise Reichhardt

With gentle motion. Softly.
1. Up - on a smil - ing morn of May I wan-dered by a
2. I an-swered, "Love-ly flow-er-child With dream-y eyes so
p
Use the pedal
leaf - y way; A flow - er with a deep blue eye,
pure and mild, I crown the day that you a - wake,
mp
mp
pp
mp
Blos-som - ing in a gar - den plot, Looked up at me, and
Hal-low - ing all this low - ly spot, And weave a lyr - ic
pp
mp
retard
seemed to cry, "Tho' I am small, for - get me not!"
for your sake, That all the world for - get thee not!"
pp retard

LUCK A TRAVELING

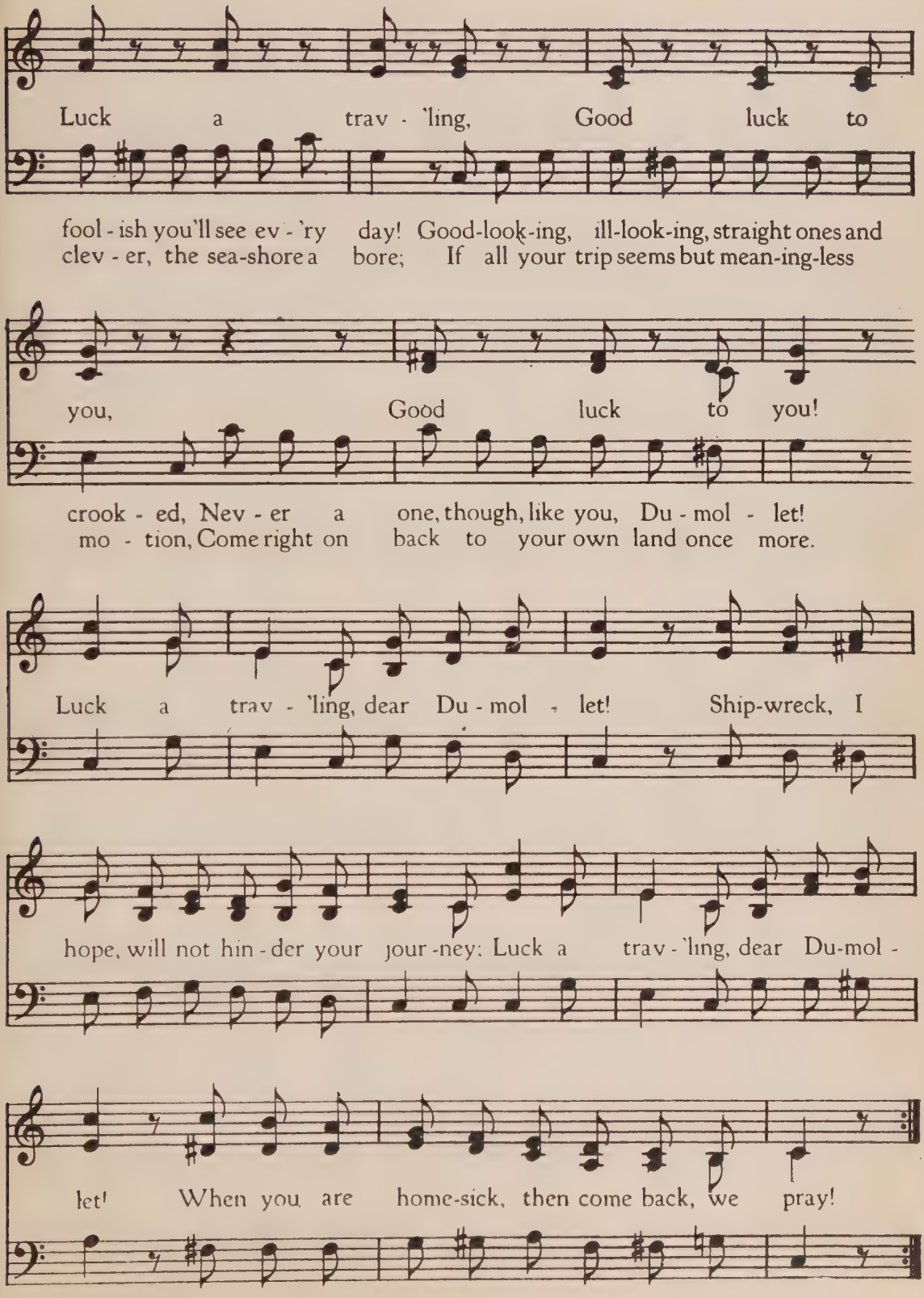
Translated by F. H. Martens

French Folk Song


Allegretto
Luck a trav - 'ling, dear Du - mol - let! Ship-wreck, I
hope, will not hin - der your jour - ney; Luck a trav - 'ling, dear Du-mol-
let! When you are home - sick then come back, we pray!
Luck a trav - ling,
Melody in the Bass

1. There in far lands, with their hands in their pock - ets, Wise men and
2. Should you, by chance, find you tire of the o - cean, Find, tho' so

* Pron. dū - mō - lā

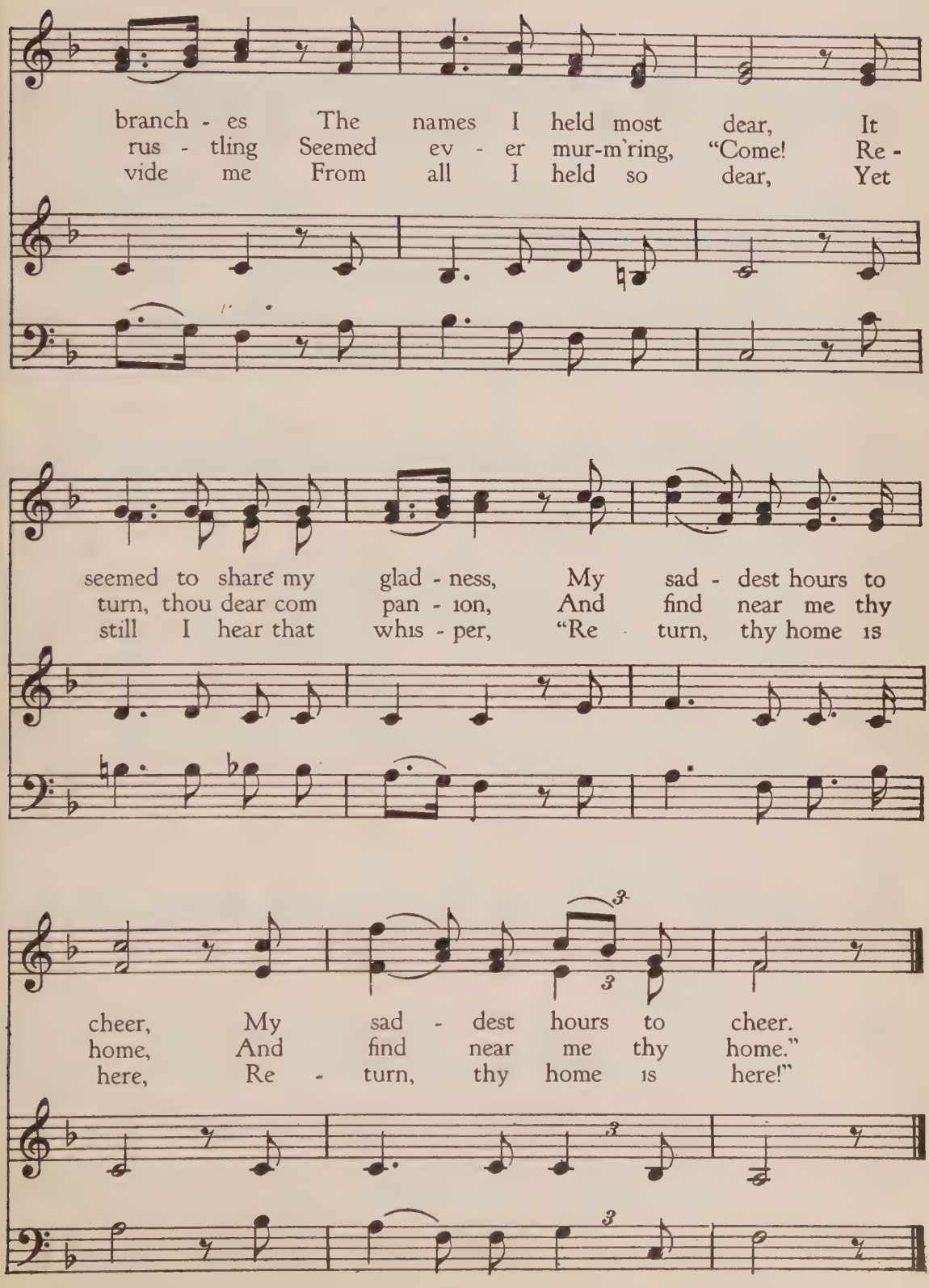

Luck a trav - 'ling, Good luck to
fool - ish you'll see ev - 'ry day! Good-look-ing, ill-look-ing, straight ones and
clev - er, the sea-shore a bore; If all your trip seems but mean-ing-less
you, Good luck to you!
crook - ed, Nev - er a one, though, like you, Du - mol - let!
mo - tion, Come right on back to your own land once more.
Luck a trav - 'ling, dear Du - mol - let! Ship-wreck, I
hope, will not hin - der your jour - ney; Luck a trav - 'ling, dear Du-mol -
let! When you are home-sick, then come back, we pray!

THE LINDEN TREE

Translated from the German of
Wilhelm Müller

Franz Schubert

Moderato
1. The lin - den, near the thresh-old, Bends low be - side the
2. One day I passed be - neath it, While gloom - y fell the
3. The cold night wind blew fierce - ly, In haste I turned a -
stream; How of - ten in its shad - ow I've
night, I closed my eyes in dark - ness, To
side; Be - neath these friend - ly branch - es I
laid me down to dream! I've carved up - on its
screen it from my sight. Those leaves so light - ly
might no long - er bide. Now wea - ry leagues di -


branch - es The names I held most dear, It
rus - tling Seemed ev - er mur-m'ring, "Come! Re -
vide me From all I held so dear, Yet
seemed to share my glad - ness, My sad - dest hours to
turn, thou dear com pan - ion, And find near me thy
still I hear that whis - per, "Re - turn, thy home is
cheer, My sad - dest hours to cheer.
home, And find near me thy home."
here, Re - turn, thy home is here!"

IN ARAGON
(Bolero)

From the Spanish

J. Arnoud

Allegretto
1. Where gay tam - bour - ines in ca - dence ring,
2 Sil - ver ring and flash - ing pen - dant shine,
Where gay tam - bour-ines in ca - dence ring, The
Sil - ver ring and flash - ing pen - dant shine, Where
Where gay tam - bour-ines in ca - dence ring, With a
Sil - ver ring and flash - ing pen - dant shine With a
The
Where
gyp - sy maids, The gyp - sy maids, The
float - ing scarves, Where float - ing scarves, Where
(With marked rhythm)
rink, tink - a - tink-tink-tink - tink, rink, tink - a - tink-tink-tink, The
rink, tink - a - tink-tink-tink - tink, rink, tink - a - tink-tink-tink, Where
gyp - sy maids, The gyp - sy maids, The
float - ing scarves, Where float - ing scarves, Where

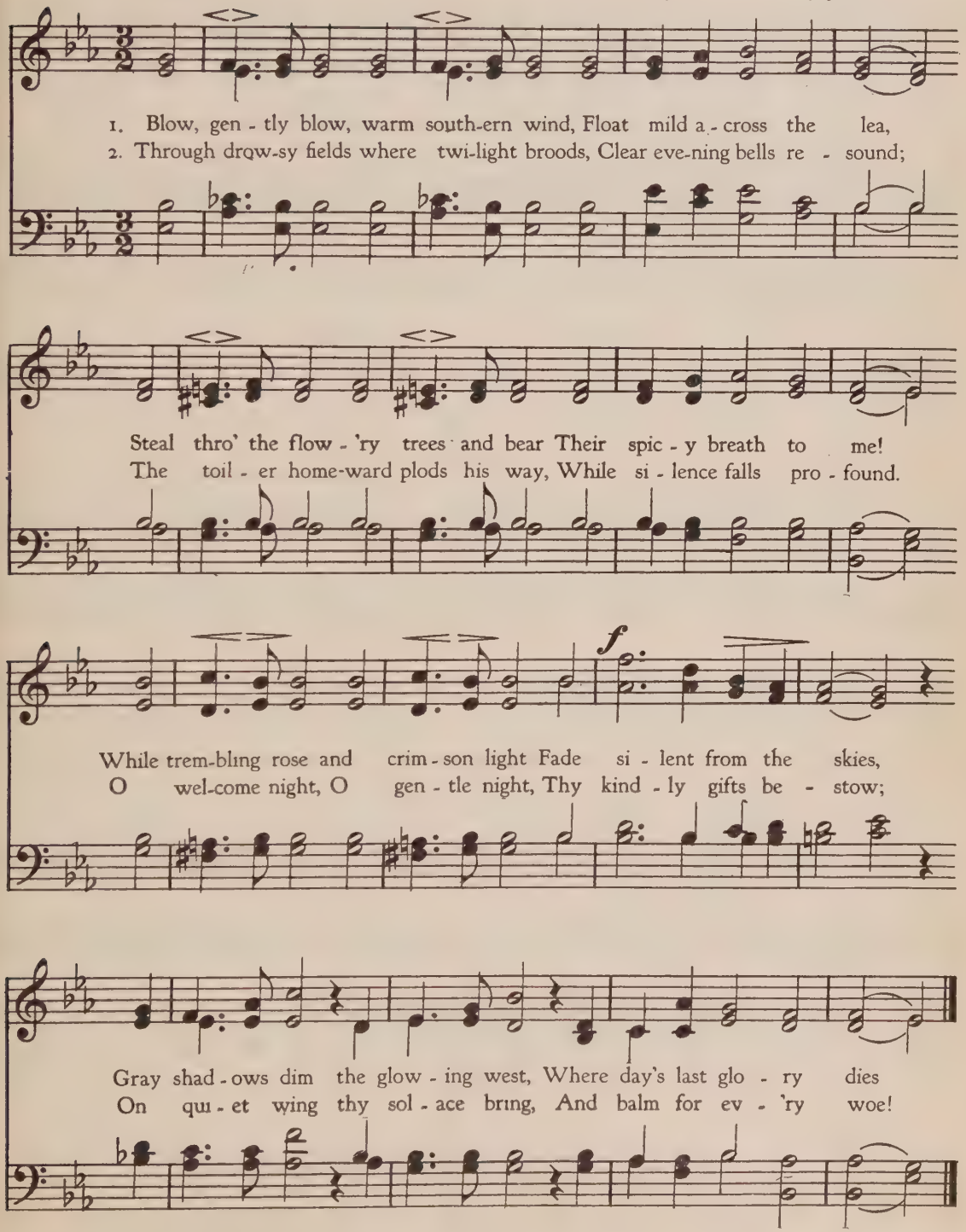
gyp - sy maids to their strange mu - sic swing!
float - ing scarves their red and or - ange twine.
gyp - sy maids to their strange mu - sic swing!
float - ing scarves their red and or - ange twine.
gyp - sy maids to their strange mu - sic swing!
float - ing scarves their red and or - ange twine.
Glad be - neath the sun - ny skies of Spain Ah,
See, how dark - ly gleams each dusk - y curl, Ah,
Rink, tink, tink, tink, tink, Ah,
Rink, tink, tink, tink, tink, Ah,
Rink, tink, tink, Glad be - neath the skies of
Rink, tink, tink, See how dark - ly gleams each
glad be - neath the sun - ny skies of Spain, The
see, how dark - ly gleams each dusk - y curl, With
rink, tink, tink, tink, tink, The
rink, tink, tink, tink, tink, With
Spain, tink, tink, Glad be - neath the skies. The
curl, tink, tink, See how dark each gleams. With

an - cient hills take up the strain, The
rib - bon band and broid-ered pearl, With
an - cient hills take up the strain, Rink - a - tink - tink - tink, The
rib - bon band and broid-ered pearl, Rink - a - tink - tink - tink, With
an - cient hills take up the strain, The
rib - bon band and broid-ered pearl, With
an - cient hills take up the strain, Shrill
rib - bon band and broid-ered pearl, As
an - cient hills take up the strain, Rink - a - tink - tink - tink, Shrill
rib - bon band and broid-ered pearl, Rink - a - tink - tink - tink, As
an - cient hills take up the strain, Shrill
rib - bon band and broid-ered pearl, As
voic - es join the wild re - frain, wild re - frain!
fast and fast - er still they whirl, as they whirl!
voic - es join the wild re - frain, wild re - frain!
fast and fast - er still they whirl, as they whirl!
voic - es join the wild re - frain, wild re - frain!
fast and fast - er still they whirl, as they whirl!

AT TWILIGHT

(May be sung in unison)

Cecil Cowdrey — Folk Song, harmonized by J. Brahms

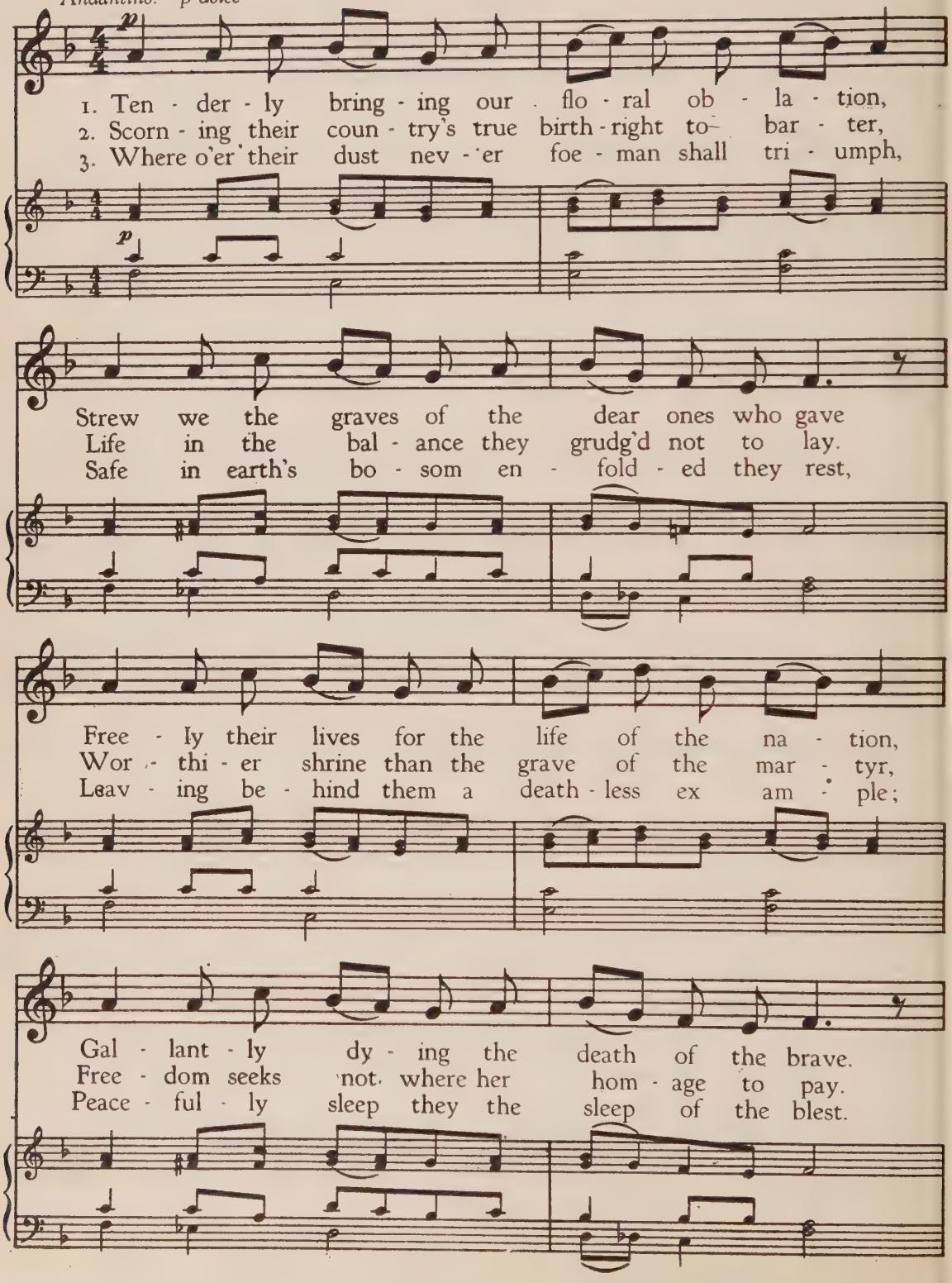

1. Blow, gen - tly blow, warm south-ern wind, Float mild a - cross the lea,
2. Through drow-sy fields where twi-light broods, Clear eve-ning bells re - sound;
Steal thro' the flow - 'ry trees and bear Their spic - y breath to me!
The toil - er home-ward plods his way, While si - lence falls pro - found.
f
While trem-bling rose and crim - son light Fade si - lent from the skies,
O wel-come night, O gen - tle night, Thy kind - ly gifts be - stow;
Gray shad - ows dim the glow - ing west, Where day's last glo - ry dies
On qui - et wing thy sol - ace bring, And balm for ev - 'ry woe!

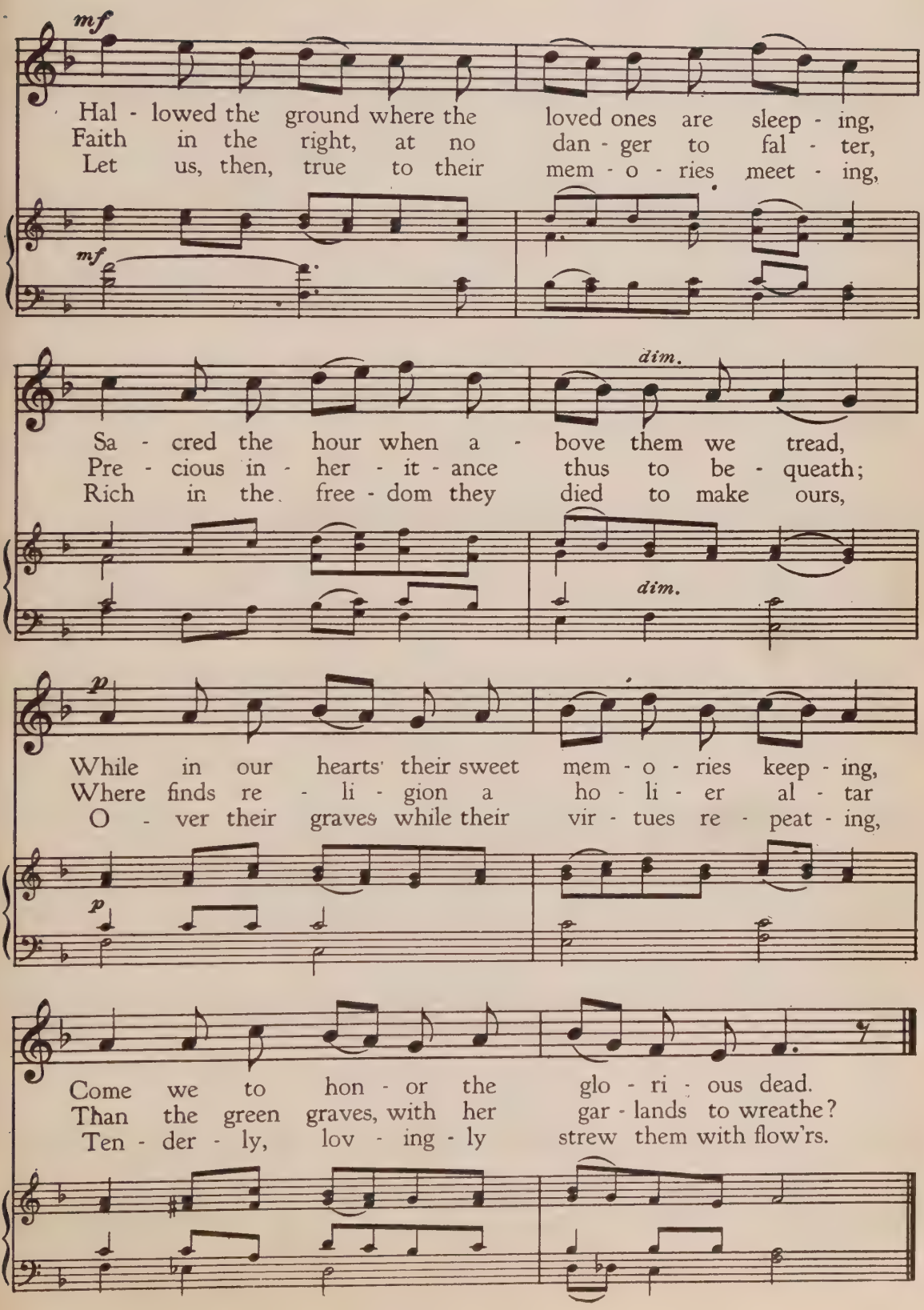
DECORATION DAY

George Howland

Flemish Folk Song

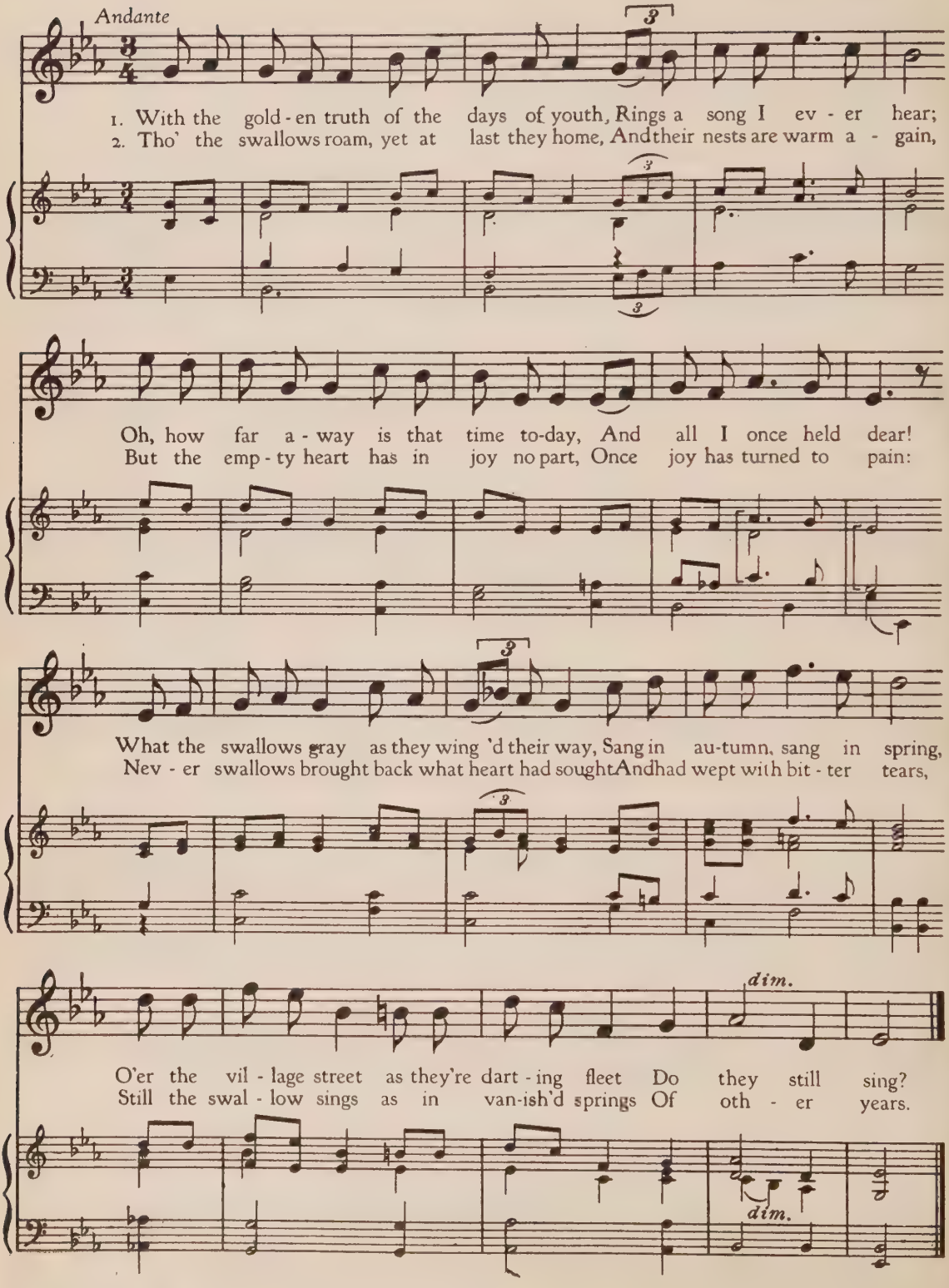
Andantino. *p dolce*


1. Ten - der - ly bring - ing our flo - ral ob - la - tion,
2. Scorn - ing their coun - try's true birth - right to bar - ter,
3. Where o'er their dust nev - er foe - man shall tri - umph,
Strew we the graves of the dear ones who gave
Life in the bal - ance they grudg'd not to lay.
Safe in earth's bo - som en - fold - ed they rest,
Free - ly their lives for the life of the na - tion,
Wor - thi - er shrine than the grave of the mar - tyr,
Leav - ing be - hind them a death - less ex am - ple;
Gal - lant - ly dy - ing the death of the brave.
Free - dom seeks not where her hom - age to pay.
Peace - ful - ly sleep they the sleep of the blest.


mf
Hal - lowed the ground where the loved ones are sleep - ing,
Faith in the right, at no dan - ger to fal - ter,
Let us, then, true to their mem - o - ries meet - ing,
mf
dim.
Sa - cred the hour when a - bove them we tread,
Pre - cious in - her - it - ance thus to be - queath;
Rich in the free - dom they died to make ours,
dim.
p
While in our hearts' their sweet mem - o - ries keep - ing,
Where finds re - li - gion a ho - li - er al - tar
O - ver their graves while their vir - tues re - peat - ing,
p
Come we to hon - or the glo - ri - ous dead.
Than the green graves, with her gar - lands to wreathe?
Ten - der - ly, lov - ing - ly strew them with flow'rs.

THE DAYS OF YOUTH

Robert Radecke


Andante
1. With the gold - en truth of the days of youth, Rings a song I ev - er hear;
2. Tho' the swallows roam, yet at last they home, And their nests are warm a - gain,
Oh, how far a - way is that time to-day, And all I once held dear!
But the emp - ty heart has in joy no part, Once joy has turned to pain:
What the swallows gray as they wing 'd their way, Sang in au-tumn, sang in spring,
Nev - er swallows brought back what heart had sought And had wept with bit - ter tears,
dim.
O'er the vil - lage street as they're dart - ing fleet Do they still sing?
Still the swal - low sings as in van-ish'd springs Of oth - er years.
dim.

Not too fast and with expression

a tempo

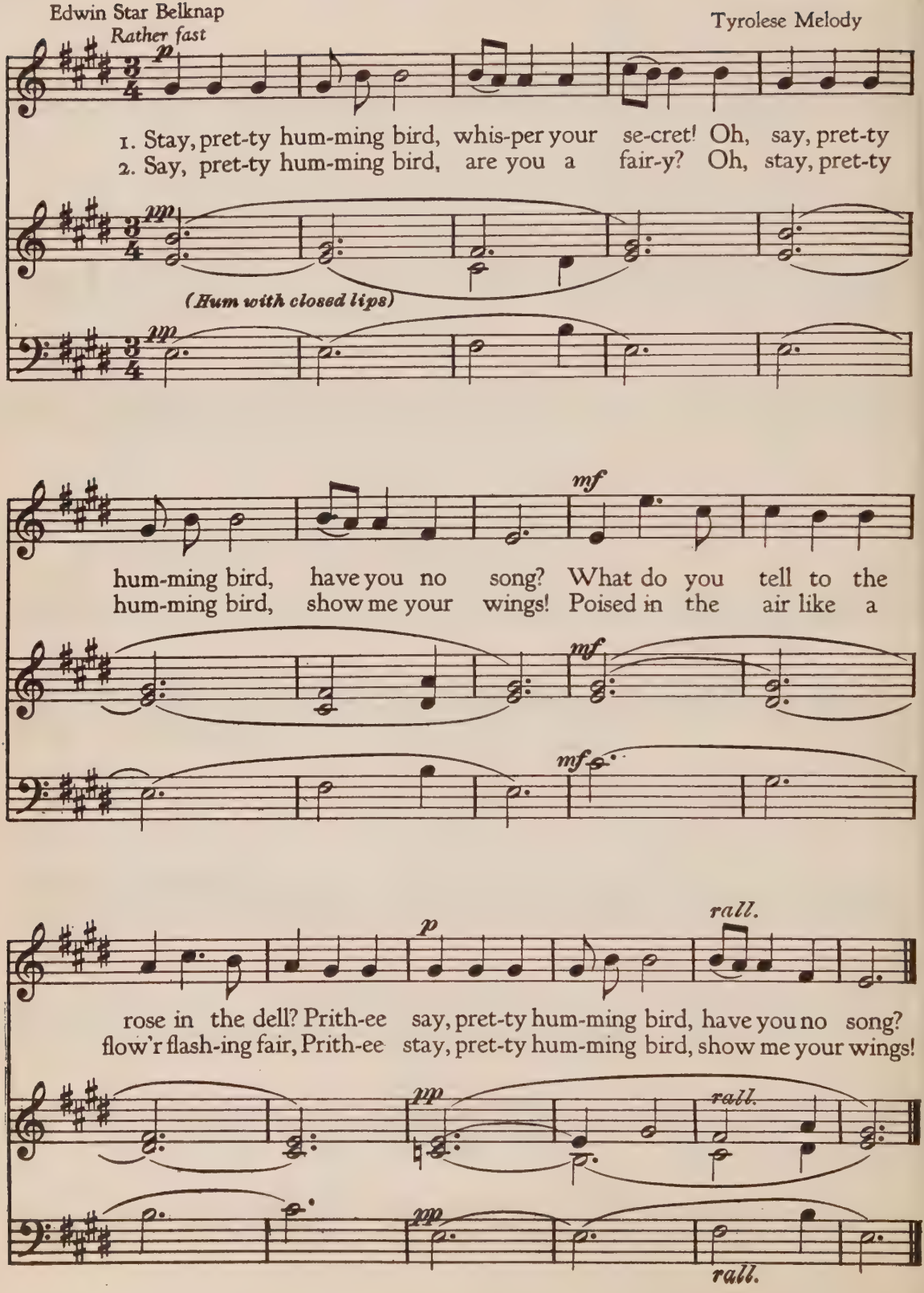
English Folksong

1. The wind blows out of the West Coun-tree, The thrush is pip - ing in ev - 'ry tree. The cheek so fresh in the morn is wet With tears be - fore that the sun is set. A - las! a - las! that the day doth run In rain, in rain that is nev - er done!
2. The wind blows out of the East Coun-tree, And blights the flow - ers on ev - 'ry tree. The bit - ter frost, it is like a knife That cut - teth, slay - eth the sweet - est life. A - las! a - las! that the day doth run In frost and cold that is nev - er done!
3. The wind blows out of the North Coun-tree, And, rude, up - root - eth the ten - der tree. No fee - ble flow - er can face the gale, No wing of bird can at all pre - vail. A - las! a - las! that the day doth run Thro' howl - ing storm that is nev - er done!
4. The wind blows out of the South Coun-tree, And buds are burst - ing on ev - 'ry tree. The black - birds car - ol, the leaves un - fold, The cow - slips rip - ple, a sea of gold. A - las! a - las! that the day doth run So swift from rise to the set of sun!

THE HUMMING BIRD

Edwin Star Belknap

Tyrolese Melody


Rather fast
p
1. Stay, pret-ty hum-ming bird, whis-per your se-cret! Oh, say, pret-ty
2. Say, pret-ty hum-ming bird, are you a fair-y? Oh, stay, pret-ty
mp
(Hum with closed lips)
mp
mf
hum-ming bird, have you no song? What do you tell to the
hum-ming bird, show me your wings! Poised in the air like a
mf
mf
rall.
p
rose in the dell? Prith-ee say, pret-ty hum-ming bird, have you no song?
flow'r flash-ing fair, Prith-ee stay, pret-ty hum-ming bird, show me your wings!
mp
rall.
mp
rall.

Allegretto
American Song
1. The ship is sail - ing down the bay, Good - by, my lov-er, good - by;
My heart will ev - er - more be true, Good - by, my lov-er, good - by;
2. Then cheer up till we meet a-gain, Good - by, my lov-er, good - by;
Tho' far I roam a - cross the sea, Good - by, my lov-er, good - by;
We may not meet for man - y a day, Good - by, my lov-er, good - by!
Tho' now we sad - ly say a - dieu, Good - by, my lov-er, good - by!
I'll try to bear my wea - ry pain, Good - by, my lov-er, good - by!
My ev - 'ry thought of you shall be, Good - by, my lov-er, good - by!
By - low, my ba - by, By - low, my ba - by,
rit.
molto
By - low, my ba - by, Good - by, my lov - er, good - by!
rit.
molto

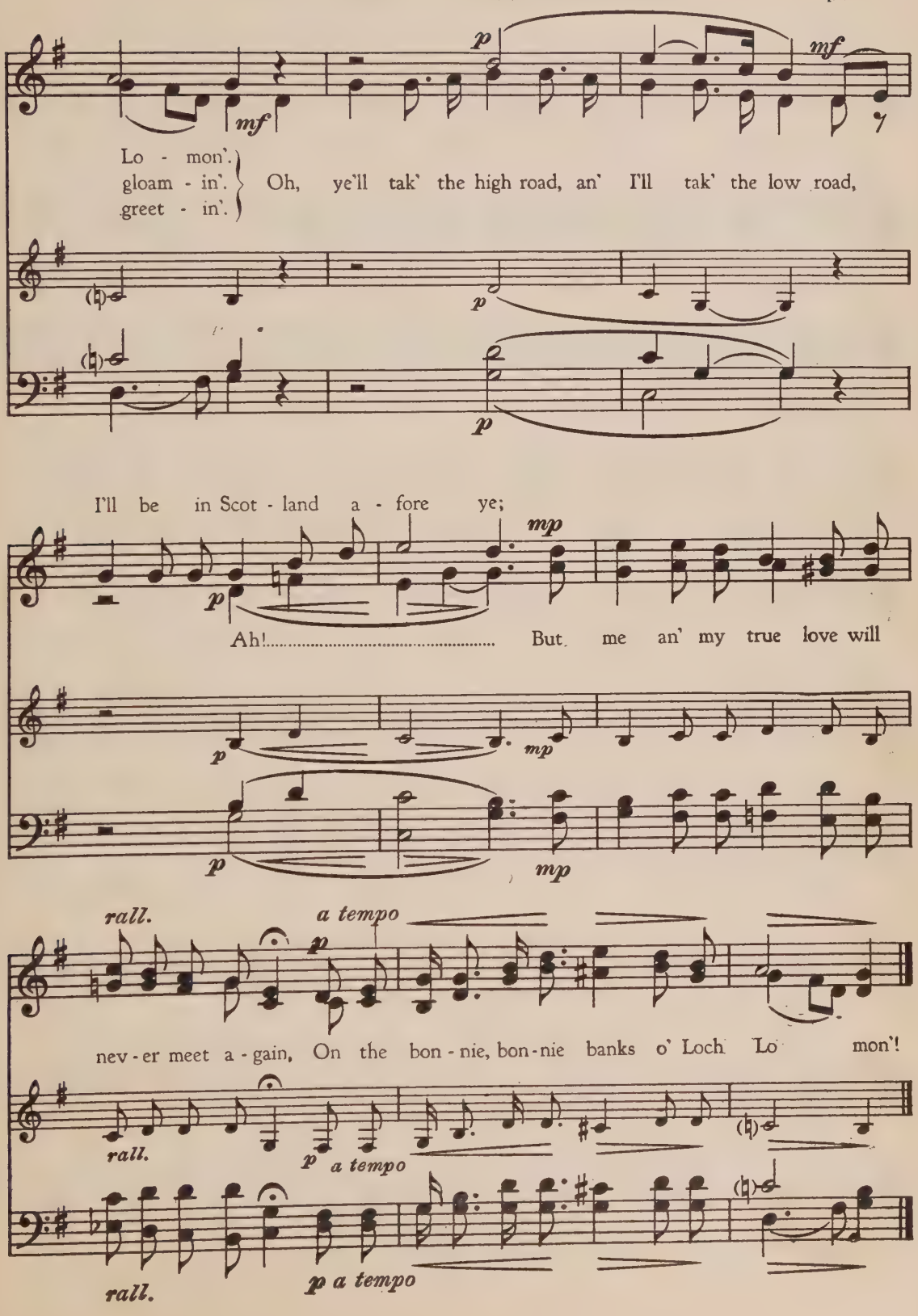
LOCH LOMON'

Traditional

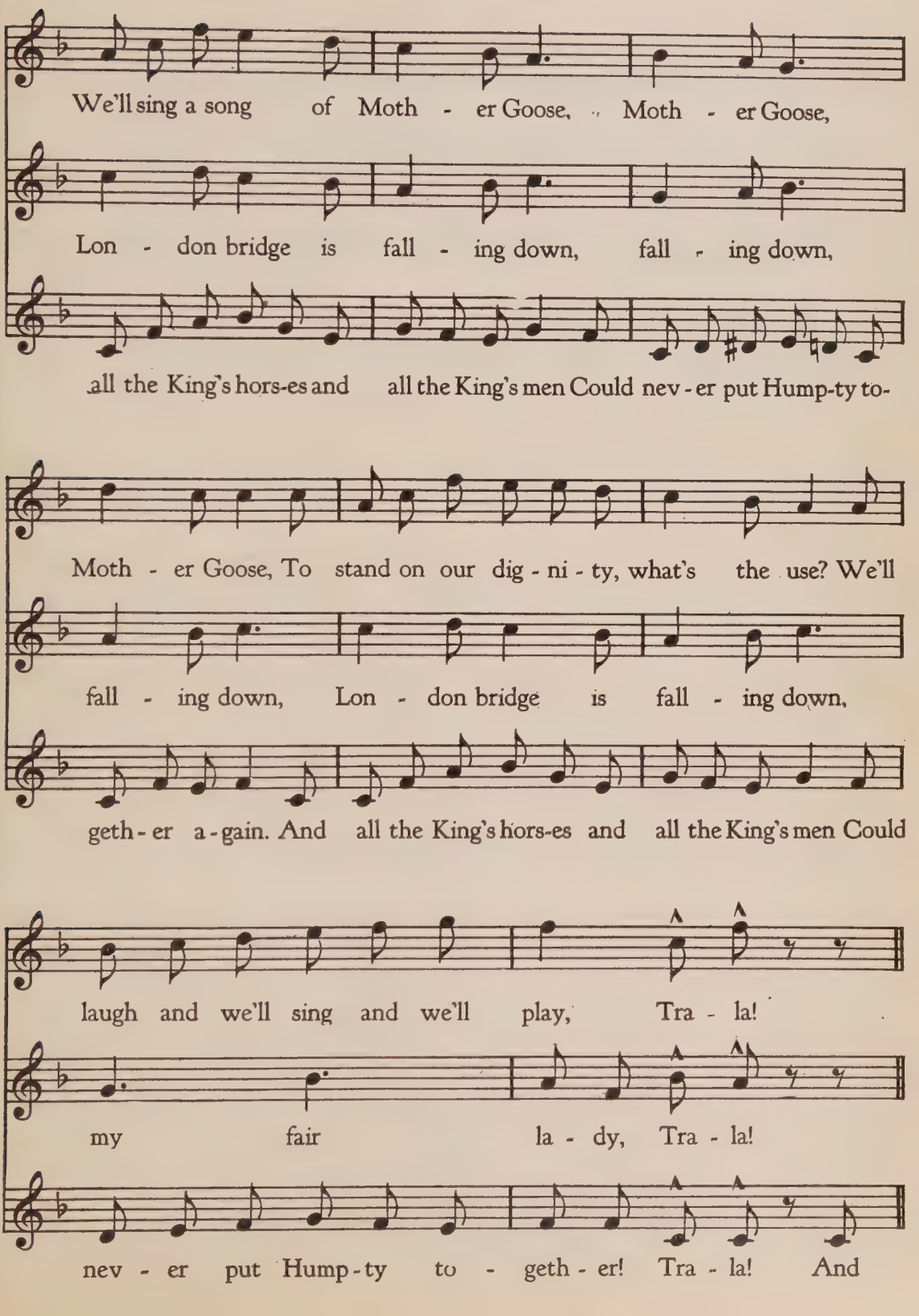
Scotch Folk Tune

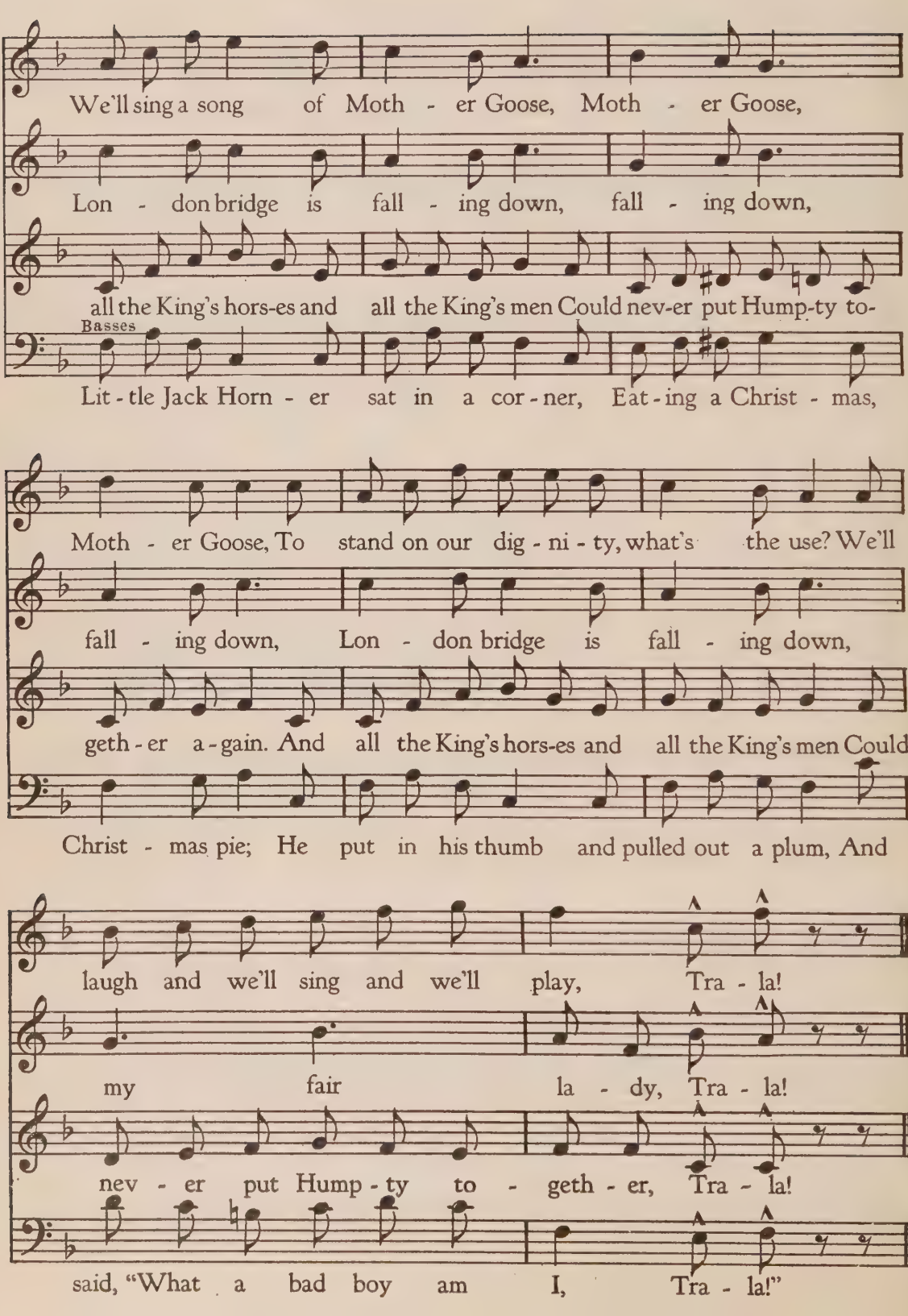
Softly and rather slowly

p
1. By yon bon - nie banks an' by yon bon-nie braes, Where the
2. 'Twas there that we part - ed in yon shad-y glen, On the
3. The wee bird - ies sing an' the wild flow'rs spring, An' the
p
p
sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mon', Where me an' my true love were
steep, steep side o' Ben Lo - mon', Where in pur - ple hue the
sun - lit wa - ters are sleep - in'; But the bro - ken heart kens nae
mf
ev - er wont to gae, On the bon - nie, bon - nie banks o' Loch
Hie - land hills we view, An' the moon com - in' out in the
sec - ond spring a - gain, Tho' the wae - fu' may cease frae their
mf
mf


Lo - mon'.
gloam - in'.
greet - in'.
Oh, ye'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the low road,
I'll be in Scot - land a - fore ye;
Ah!..... But me an' my true love will
rall.
a tempo
nev - er meet a - gain, On the bon - nie, bon - nie banks o' Loch Lo mon'!
rall.
a tempo
rall.
a tempo

Lively
Mayhew L. Lake
Sopranos
We'll sing a song of Moth - er Goose, Moth - er Goose,
Moth-er Goose, To stand on our dig - ni - ty, what's the use? We'll
laugh and we'll sing and we'll play, Tra - la!
We'll sing a song of Moth - er Goose, Moth - er Goose,
Altos
Lon - don bridge is fall - ing down, fall - ing down,
Moth - er Goose, To stand on our dig - ni - ty, what's the use? We'll
fall - ing down, Lon - don bridge is fall - ing down,
laugh and we'll sing and we'll play, Tra - la!
My fair la - dy, Tra - la!
Contraltos
And

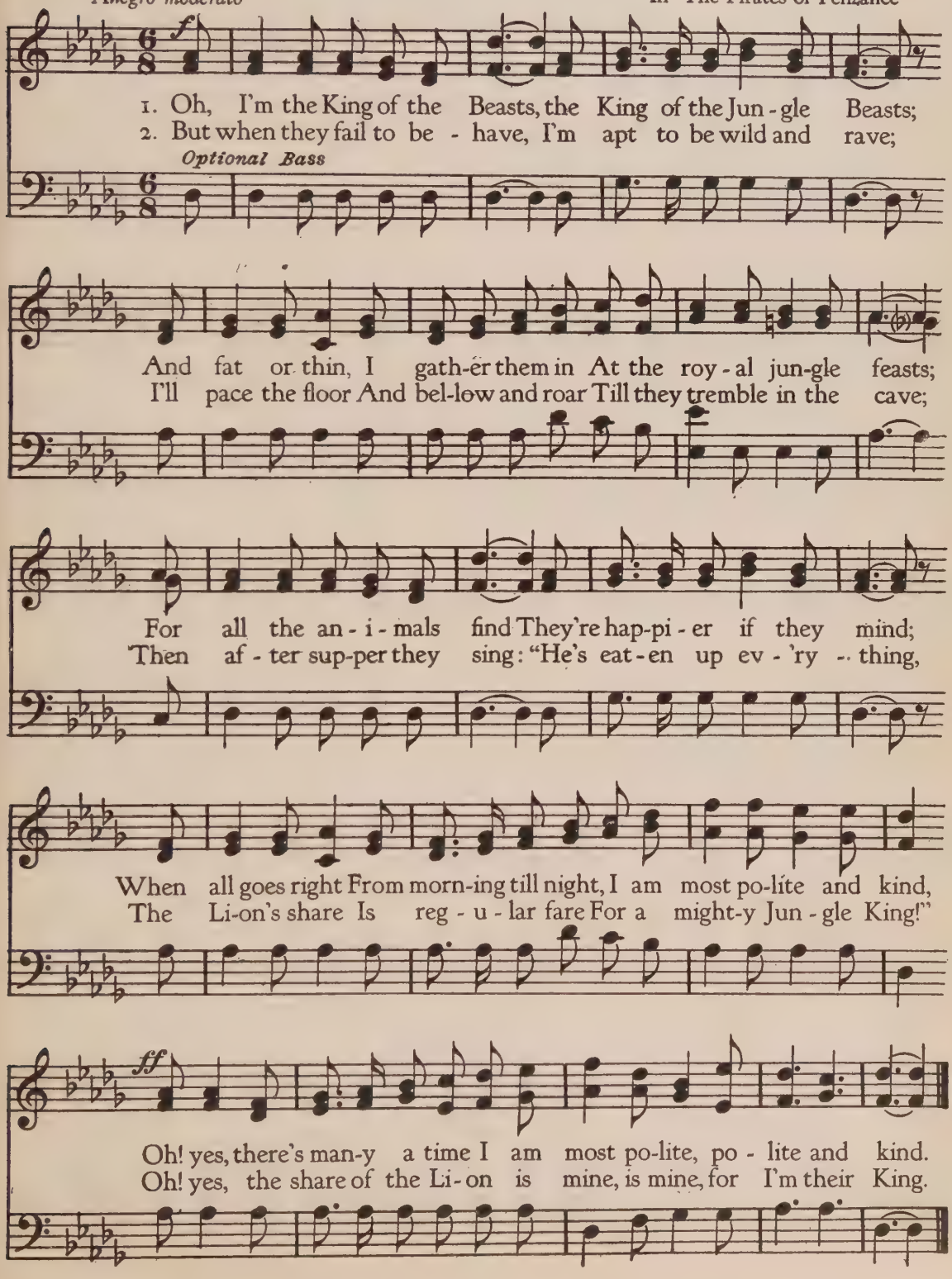

We'll sing a song of Moth - er Goose, Moth - er Goose,
Lon - don bridge is fall - ing down, fall - ing down,
all the King's hors-es and all the King's men Could nev - er put Hump-ty to-
Moth - er Goose, To stand on our dig - ni - ty, what's the use? We'll
fall - ing down, Lon - don bridge is fall - ing down,
geth - er a - gain. And all the King's hors-es and all the King's men Could
laugh and we'll sing and we'll play, Tra - la!
my fair la - dy, Tra - la!
nev - er put Hump - ty to - geth - er! Tra - la! And


We'll sing a song of Moth - er Goose, Moth - er Goose,
Lon - don bridge is fall - ing down, fall - ing down,
all the King's hors-es and all the King's men Could nev-er put Hump-ty to-
Basses
Lit - tle Jack Horn - er sat in a cor - ner, Eat - ing a Christ - mas,
Moth - er Goose, To stand on our dig - ni - ty, what's the use? We'll
fall - ing down, Lon - don bridge is fall - ing down,
geth - er a - gain. And all the King's hors-es and all the King's men Could
Christ - mas pie; He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum, And
laugh and we'll sing and we'll play, Tra - la!
my fair la - dy, Tra - la!
nev - er put Hump - ty to - geth - er, Tra - la!
said, "What a bad boy am I, Tra - la!"

THE KING OF THE JUNGLE

Victor N. Pierpont
Allegro moderato

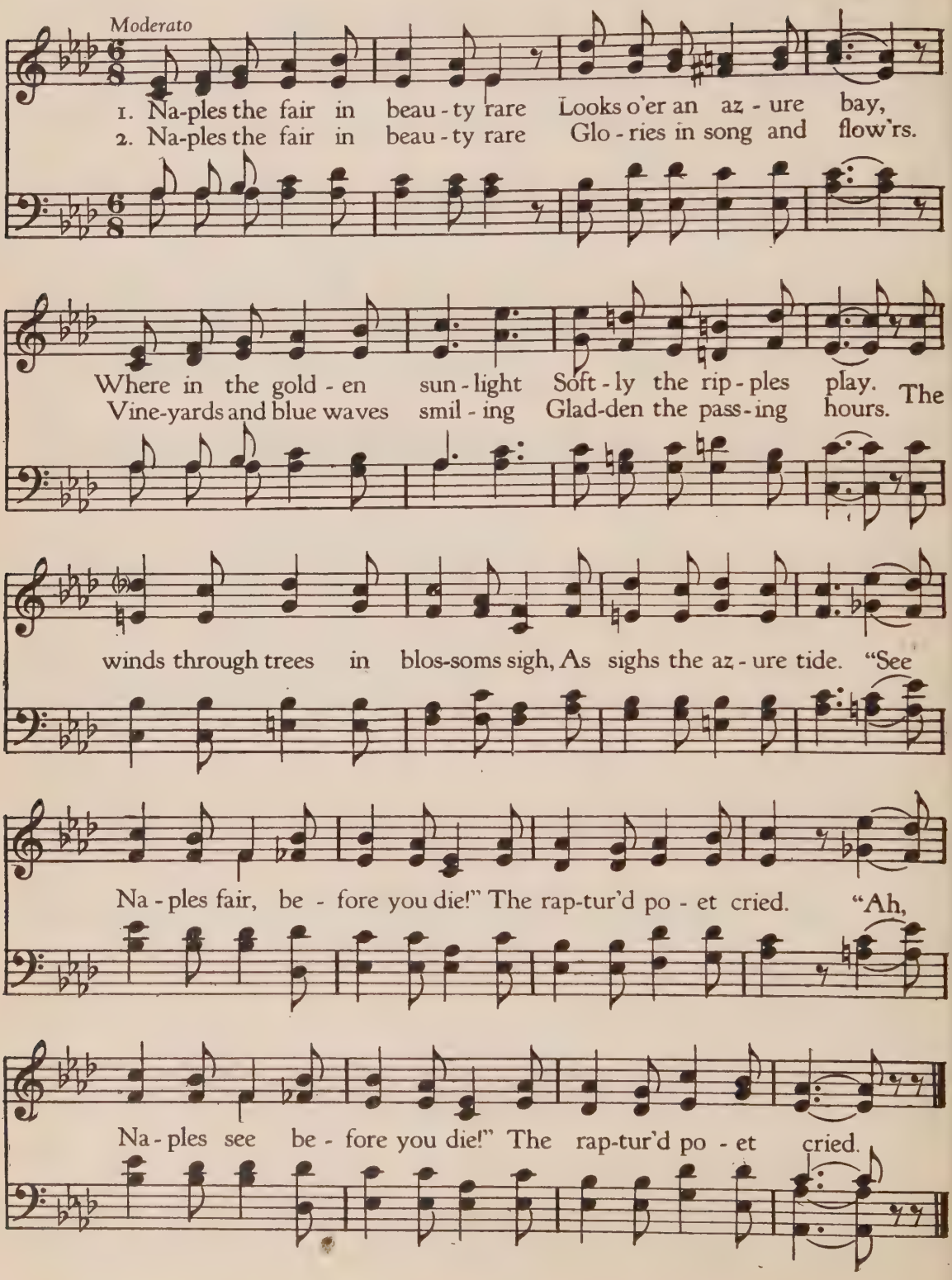
Sir Arthur S. Sullivan
In "The Pirates of Penzance"


f
1. Oh, I'm the King of the Beasts, the King of the Jun-gle Beasts;
2. But when they fail to be - have, I'm apt to be wild and rave;
Optional Bass
And fat or thin, I gath-er them in At the roy-al jun-gle feasts;
I'll pace the floor And bel-low and roar Till they tremble in the cave;
For all the an-i-mals find They're hap-pi-er if they mind;
Then af-ter sup-per they sing: "He's eat-en up ev-'ry -- thing,
When all goes right From morn-ing till night, I am most po-lite and kind,
The Li-on's share Is reg-u-lar fare For a might-y Jun-gle King!"
ff
Oh! yes, there's man-y a time I am most po-lite, po-lite and kind.
Oh! yes, the share of the Li-on is mine, is mine, for I'm their King.

BELLA NAPOLI

(May be sung as Unison Song)

Frederick H. Martens — Italian Folk Song

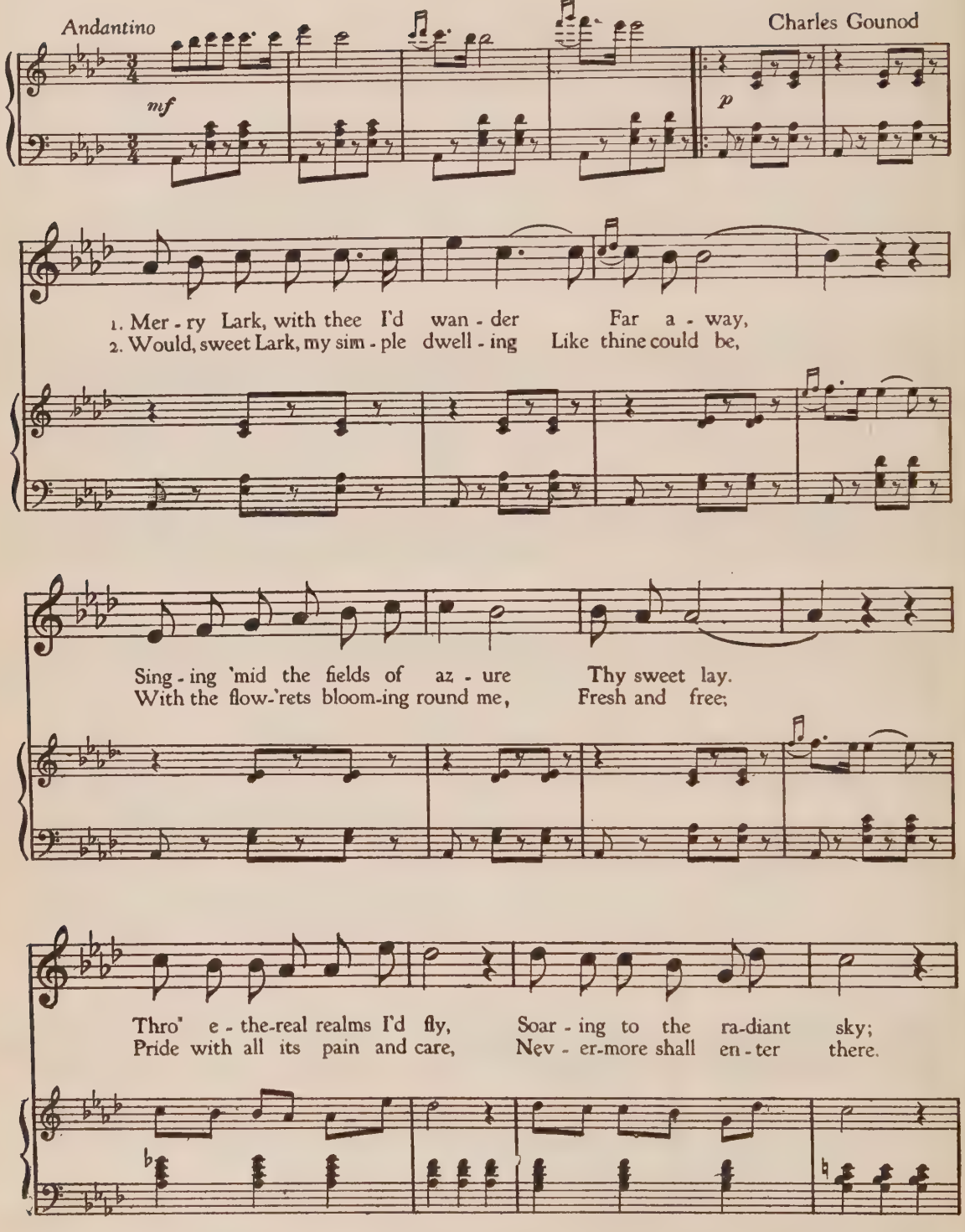

Moderato
1. Na-ples the fair in beau-ty rare Looks o'er an az-ure bay,
2. Na-ples the fair in beau-ty rare Glo-ries in song and flow'rs.
Where in the gold-en sun-light Soft-ly the rip-ples play. The
Vine-yards and blue waves smil-ing Glad-den the pass-ing hours.
winds through trees in blos-soms sigh, As sighs the az-ure tide. "See
Na-ples fair, be-fore you die!" The rap-tur'd po-et cried. "Ah,
Na-ples see be-fore you die!" The rap-tur'd po-et cried.

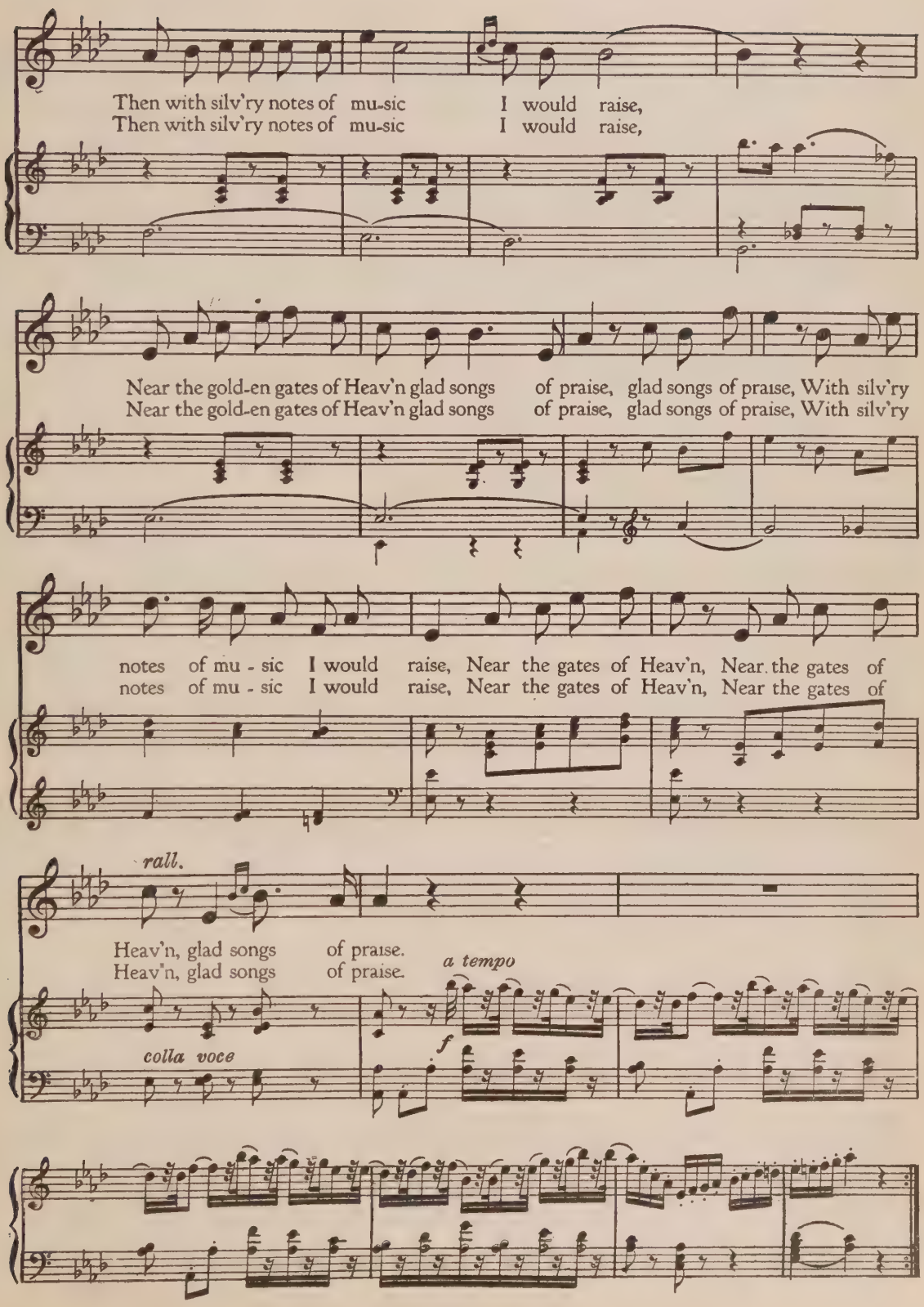
From the German

German Folk Tune

f With spirit
p
1. Tal - ly - ho! I hear the sig - nal; gath - er your traps and climb on the coach!
2. Tal - ly - ho! We'll not be wait - ing; those that are la - zy, stay in their beds!
3. Tal - ly - ho! The wheels are mov - ing out of the court-yard in - to the road.
p
Tal - ly - ho! 'Tis ech-oed o - ver; all that are go - ing now must ap-proach.
Tal - ly - ho! What fool-ish peo-ple! see what they miss, the sleep - y old heads!
Tal - ly - ho! The hors-es gal-lop; noth-ing to them how heav - y the load!
mp
f
p
mf
p
Crack the whip, and blow the horn! The horn! The horn!
Ea - ger hors - es paw the ground, Ho - la! Ho - la!
Ducks and chick - ens, now be - ware! Be - ware! Be - ware!
mp
O'er the hills the sound is borne.
While they make a neigh-ing sound.
Save your necks, no time to spare!
p
mp
p
mf
Tan - ta-ran-ta, oh, tan - ta - ran-ta! We trav - el by coach on Sat - ur-day morn.
Tan - ta-ran-ta, oh, tan - ta - ran-ta! We'll trav - el by coach the coun-try-side round.
Tan - ta-ran-ta, oh, tan - ta - ran-ta! We make a com - mo-tion ev - 'er - y-where.
mp
mp
Tan-ta-ran - ta!
Tan-ta-ran - ta!

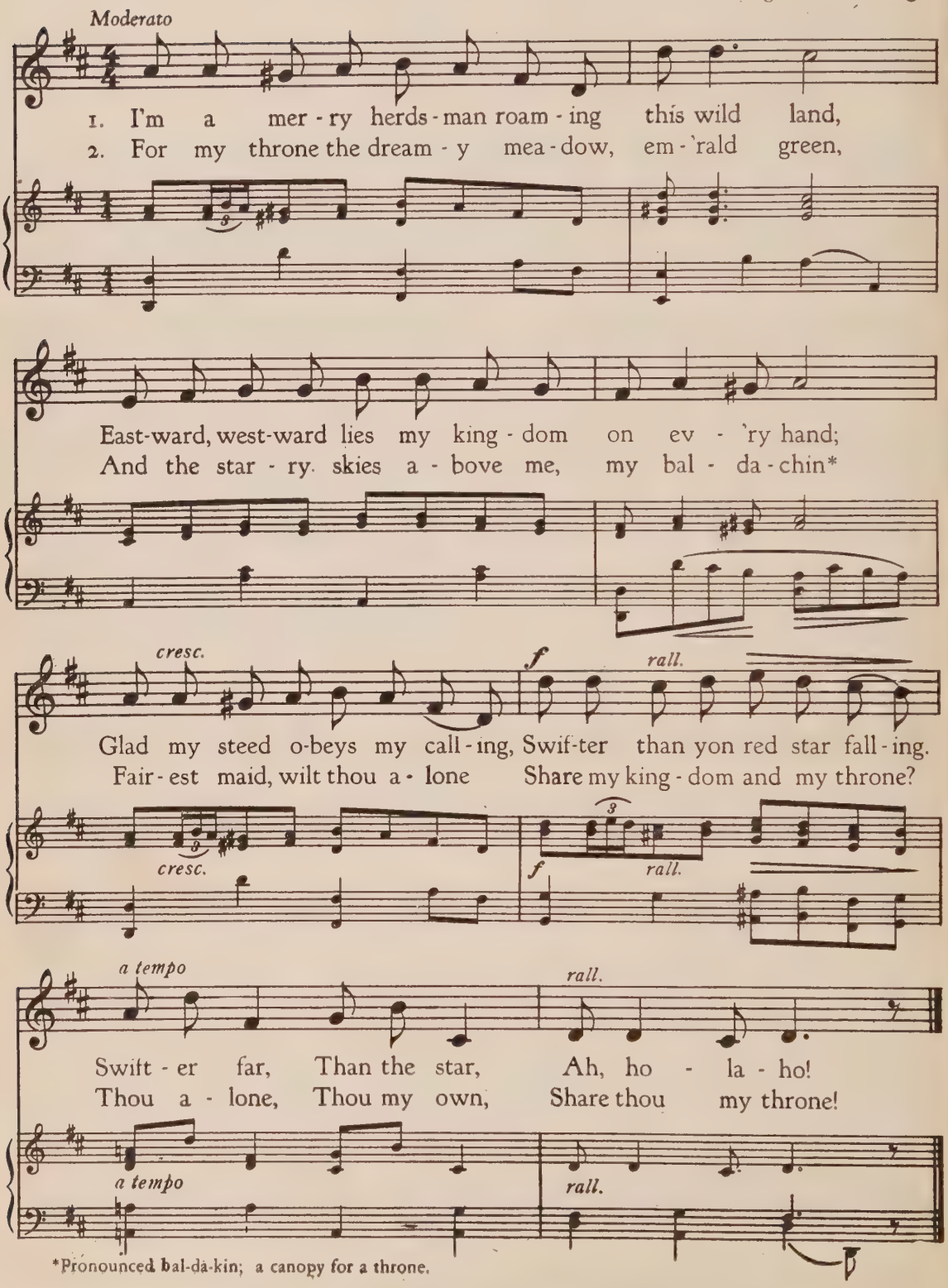
MERRY LARK


Andantino
Charles Gounod
mf
p
1. Mer - ry Lark, with thee I'd wan - der Far a - way,
2. Would, sweet Lark, my sim - ple dwell - ing Like thine could be,
Sing - ing 'mid the fields of az - ure Thy sweet lay.
With the flow-'rets bloom-ing round me, Fresh and free;
Thro' e - the-real realms I'd fly, Soar - ing to the ra-diant sky;
Pride with all its pain and care, Nev - er-more shall en - ter there.


Then with silv'ry notes of mu-sic I would raise,
Then with silv'ry notes of mu-sic I would raise,
Near the gold-en gates of Heav'n glad songs of praise, glad songs of praise, With silv'ry
Near the gold-en gates of Heav'n glad songs of praise, glad songs of praise, With silv'ry
notes of mu - sic I would raise, Near the gates of Heav'n, Near the gates of
notes of mu - sic I would raise, Near the gates of Heav'n, Near the gates of
rall.
Heav'n, glad songs of praise.
Heav'n, glad songs of praise.
a tempo
colla voce
f

SONG OF THE PLAIN

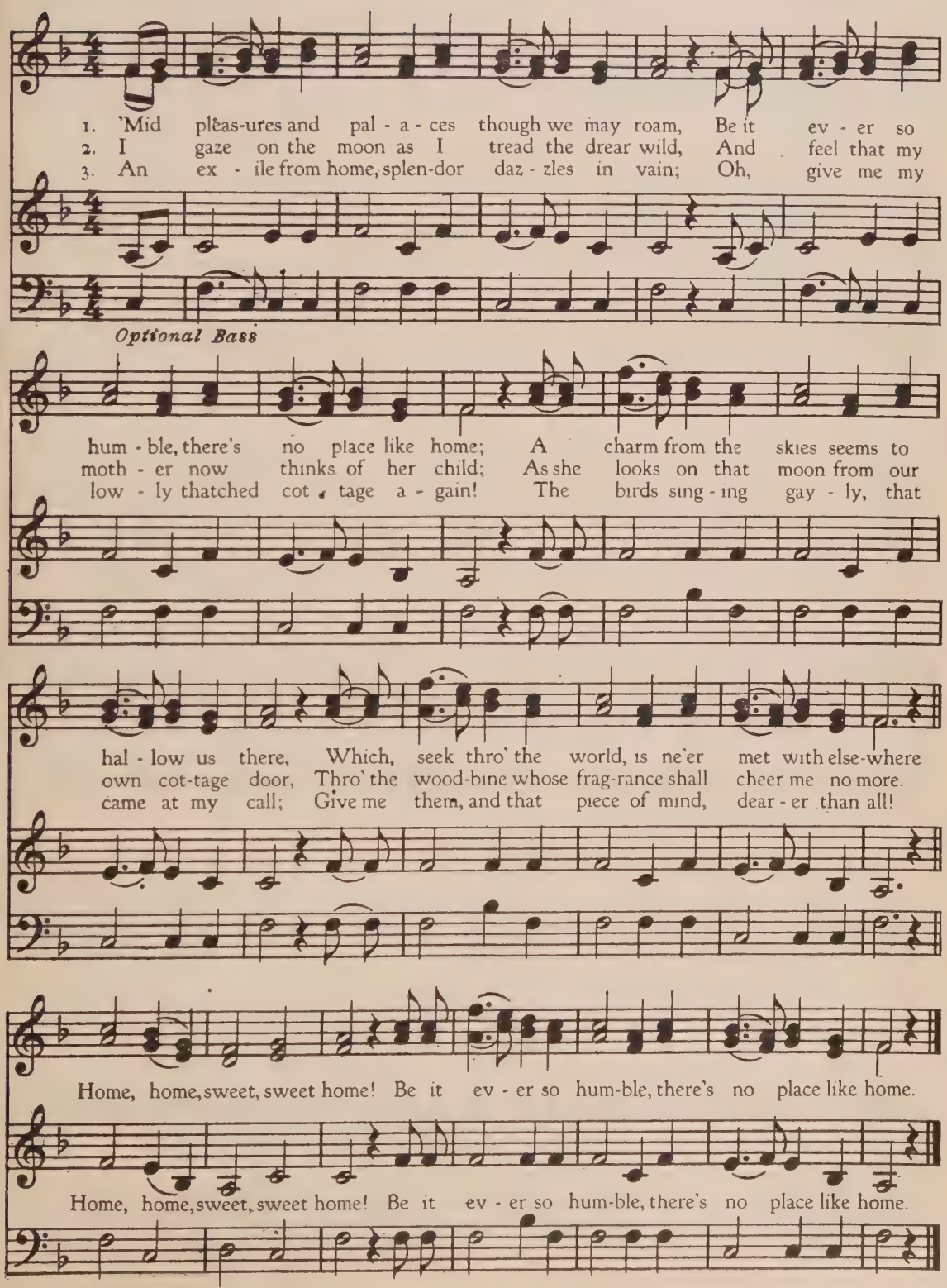
Hungarian Folk Song


Moderato
1. I'm a mer - ry herds - man roam - ing this wild land,
2. For my throne the dream - y mea - dow, em - 'rald green,
East-ward, west-ward lies my king - dom on ev - 'ry hand;
And the star - ry skies a - bove me, my bal - da - chin*
cresc.
f
rall.
Glad my steed o-beys my call - ing, Swif-ter than yon red star fall - ing.
Fair - est maid, wilt thou a - lone Share my king - dom and my throne?
cresc.
f
rall.
a tempo
rall.
Swift - er far, Than the star, Ah, ho - la - ho!
Thou a - lone, Thou my own, Share thou my throne!
a tempo
rall.

*Pronounced bal-da-kin; a canopy for a throne.

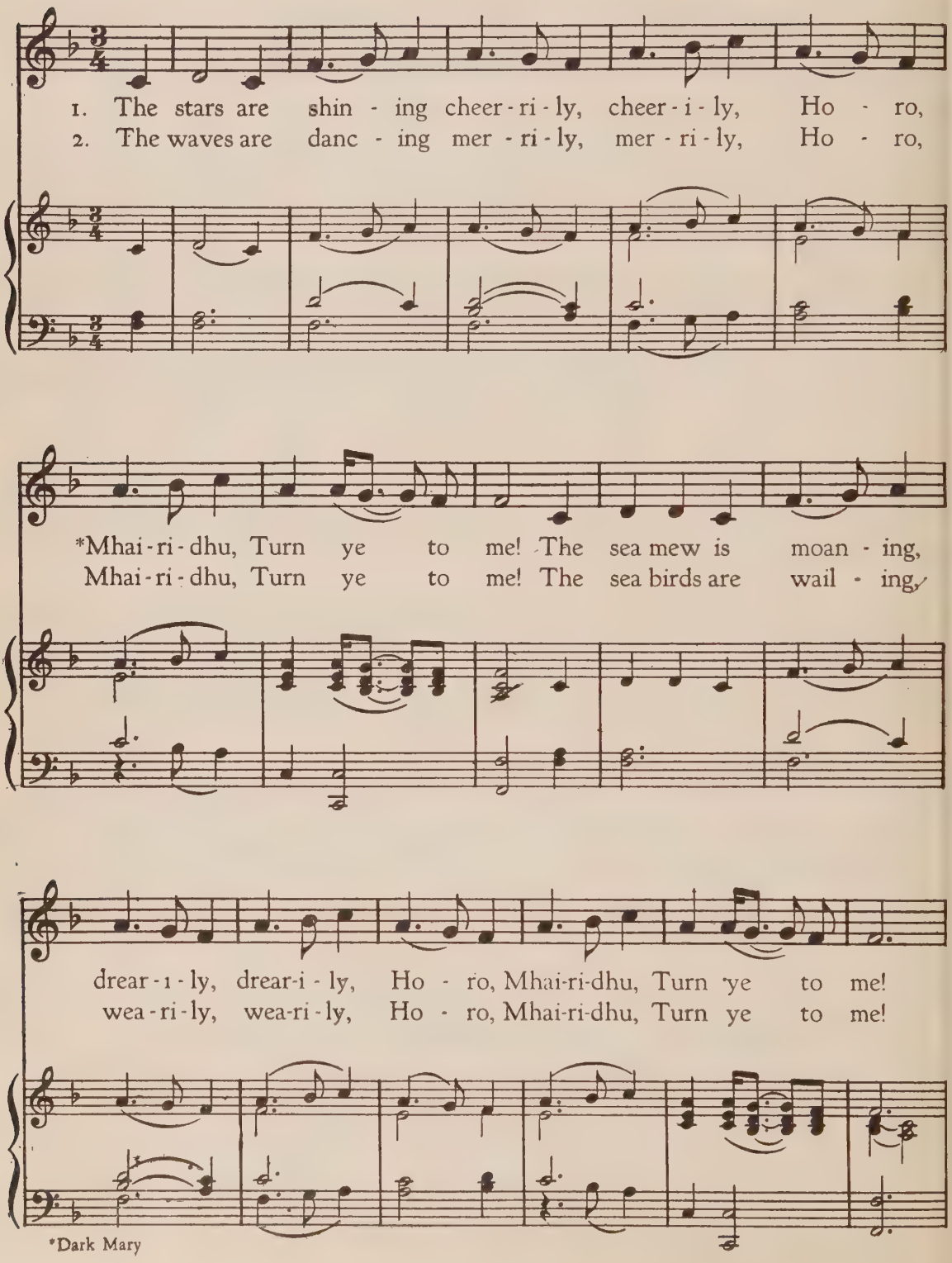
HOME, SWEET HOME

John Howard Payne — Sir Henry Bishop

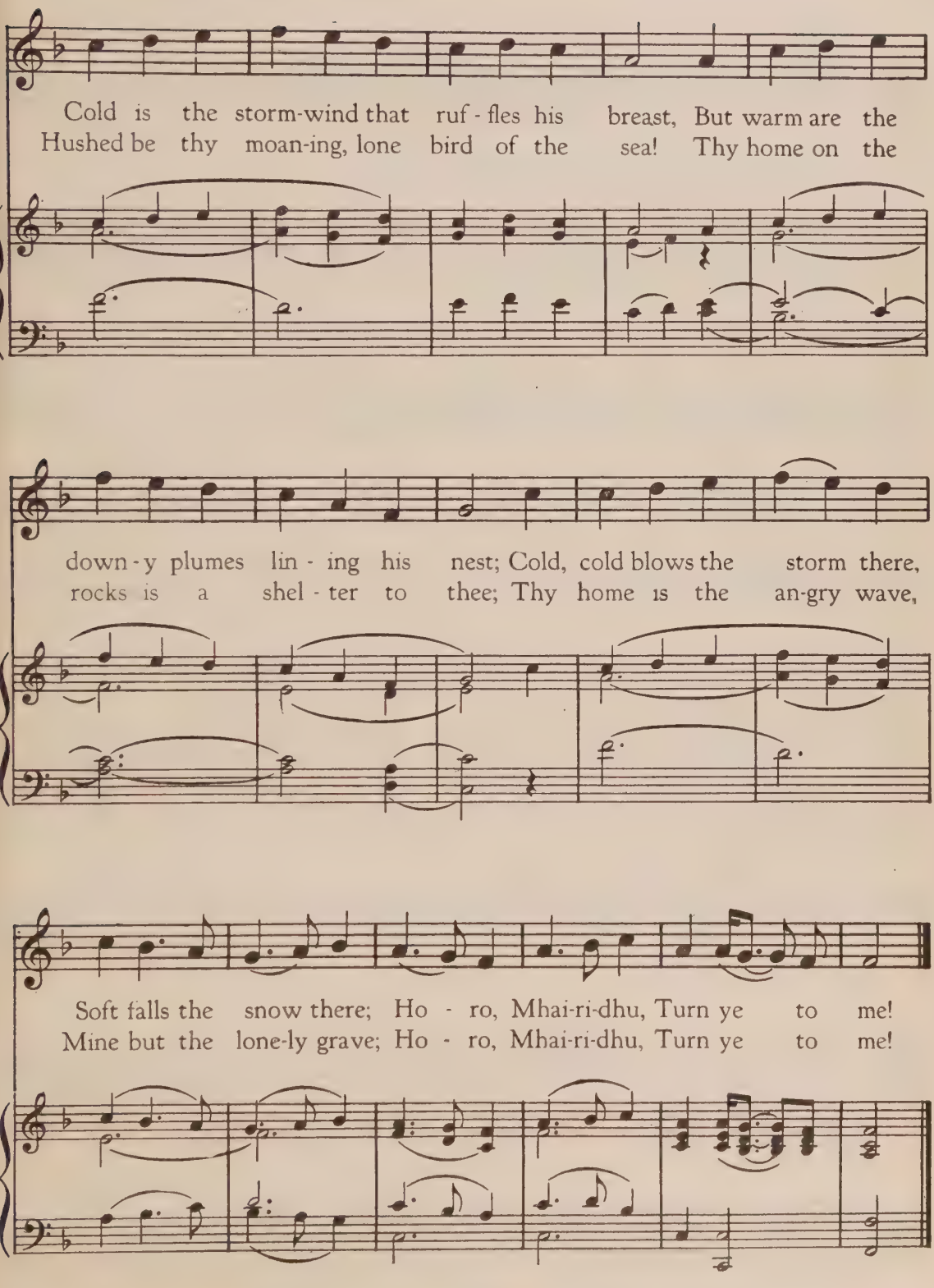

1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
3. An ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my
Optional Bass
hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to
moth - er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our
low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain! The birds sing - ing gay - ly, that
hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where
own cot-tage door, Thro' the wood-bine whose frag-rance shall cheer me no more.
came at my call; Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home! Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home! Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like home.

TURN YE TO ME

John Wilson (Christopher North) — Highland Melody


1. The stars are shin - ing cheer - ri - ly, cheer - i - ly, Ho - ro,
2. The waves are danc - ing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Ho - ro,
*Mhai - ri - dhu, Turn ye to me! The sea mew is moan - ing,
Mhai - ri - dhu, Turn ye to me! The sea birds are wail - ing,
drear - i - ly, drear - i - ly, Ho - ro, Mhai-ri-dhu, Turn ye to me!
wea - ri - ly, wea-ri - ly, Ho - ro, Mhai-ri-dhu, Turn ye to me!

*Dark Mary

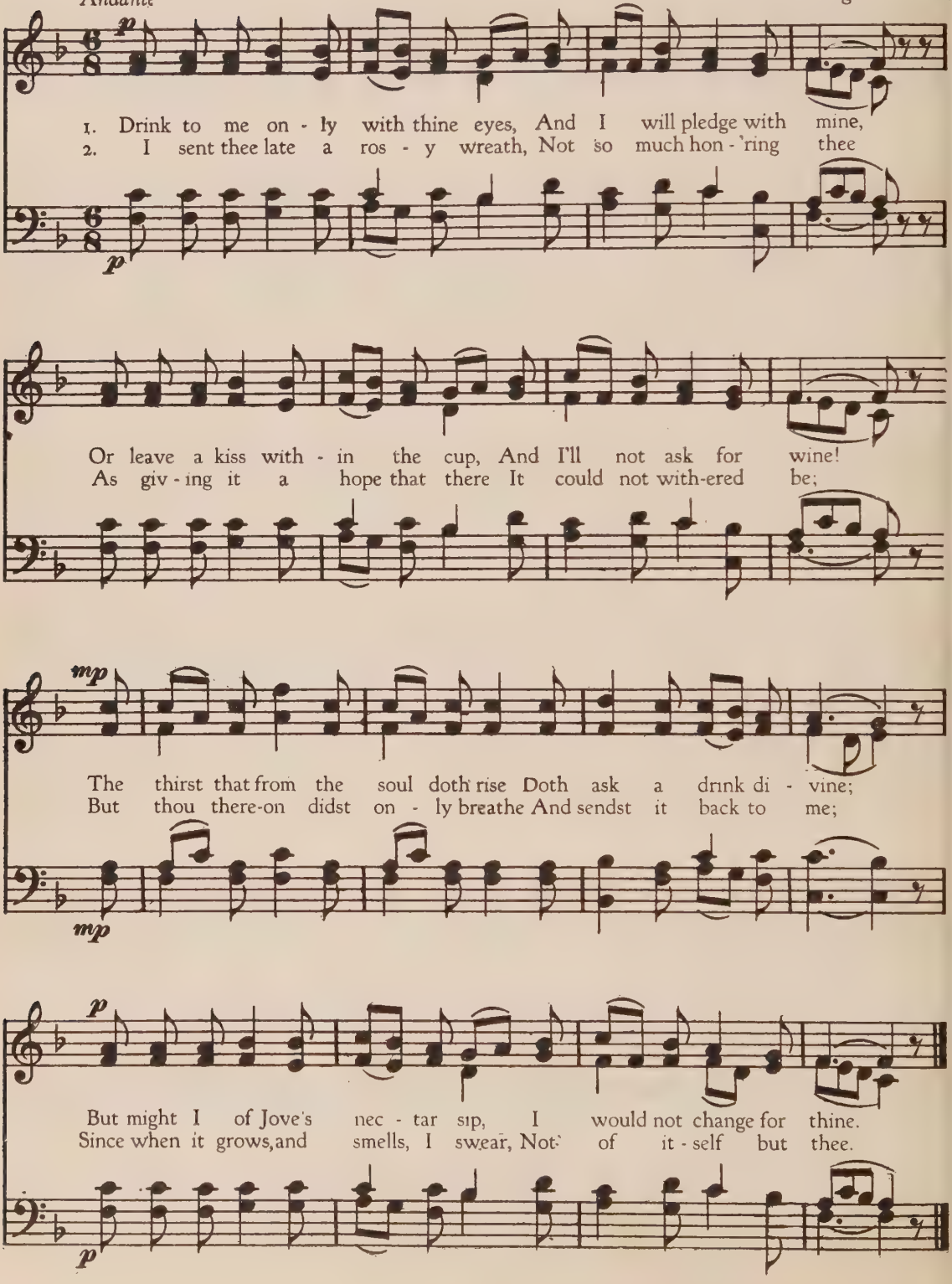

Cold is the storm-wind that ruf - fles his breast, But warm are the
Hushed be thy moan-ing, lone bird of the sea! Thy home on the
down - y plumes lin - ing his nest; Cold, cold blows the storm there,
rocks is a shel - ter to thee; Thy home is the an-gry wave,
Soft falls the snow there; Ho - ro, Mhai-ri-dhu, Turn ye to me!
Mine but the lone-ly grave; Ho - ro, Mhai-ri-dhu, Turn ye to me!

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Ben Jonson

Andante

English Air


p
1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine,
2. I sent thee late a ros - y wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring thee
p
Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine!
As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not with-ered be;
mp
The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di - vine;
But thou there-on didst on - ly breathe And sendst it back to me;
mp
p
But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee.
p

A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS

From the German

Johann Sebastian Bach
From the "Christmas Oratorio"

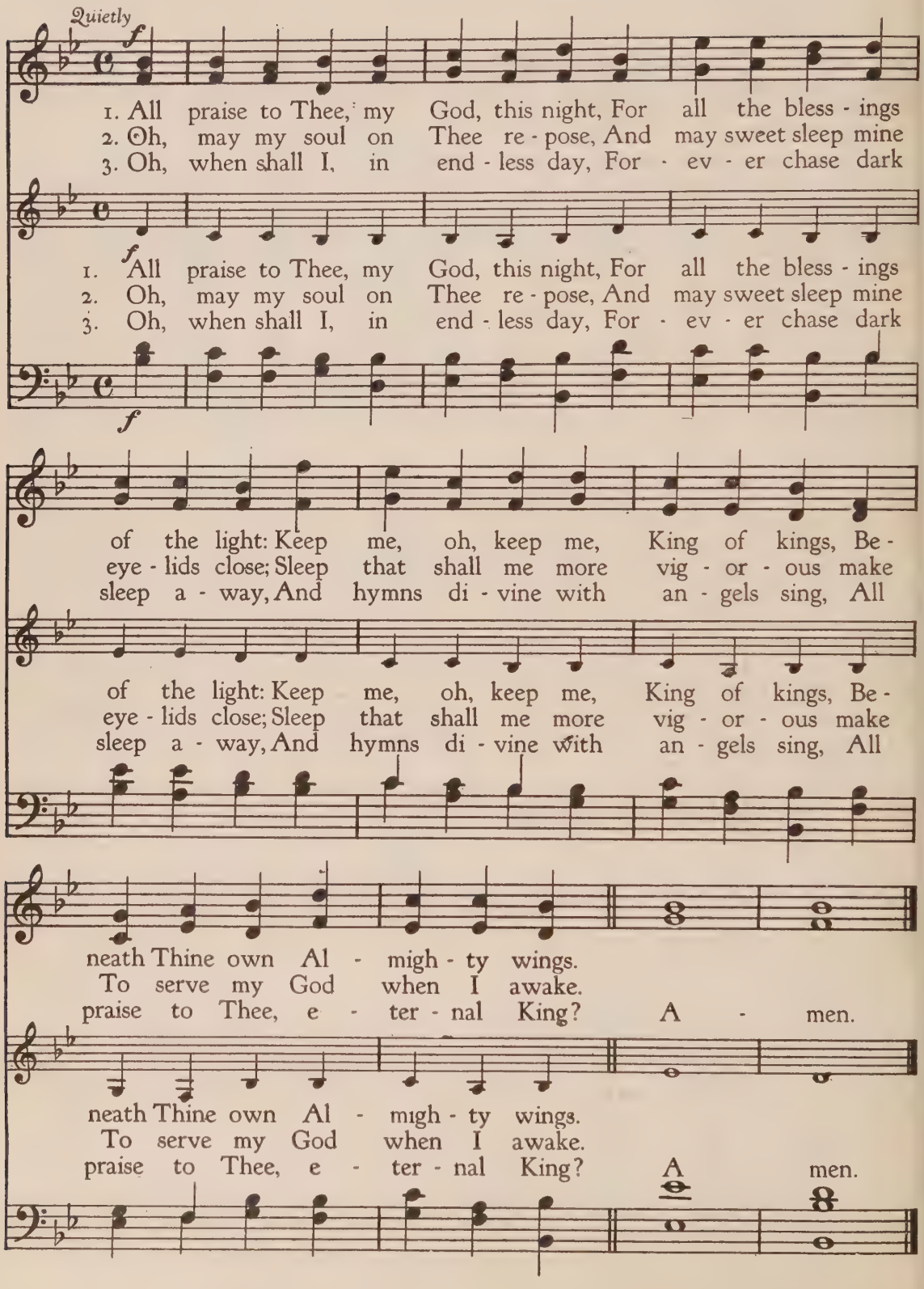
Moderato

1. The joy - ous Christ-mas Day is here, Bright car - ols ring from
2. Now lis - ten while the gay bells chime! The stars are danc - ing
3. Then sing with joy up - on your way, For peace on earth is
1. The joy - ous Christ-mas Day is here, Bright car - ols ring from
2. Now lis - ten while the gay bells chime! The stars are danc - ing
3. Then sing with joy up on your way, For peace on earth is
voic - es clear; Thro' frost - y air the earth has smiled
to their rime! With ber - ries red and fra - grant pine,
ours to - day! Send out the mes - sage once a - gain,
voic - es clear; Thro' frost - y air the earth has smiled
to their rime! With ber - ries red and fra - grant pine,
ours to - day! Send out the mes - sage once a - gain,
Her wel - come to each Christ - mas child.
We'll sing where Christ - mas can - dles shine.
For Christ - mas means good will to men!
Her wel - come to each Christ - mas child.
We'll sing where Christ - mas can - dles shine.
For Christ - mas means good will to men!

EVENING HYMN

Thomas Ken

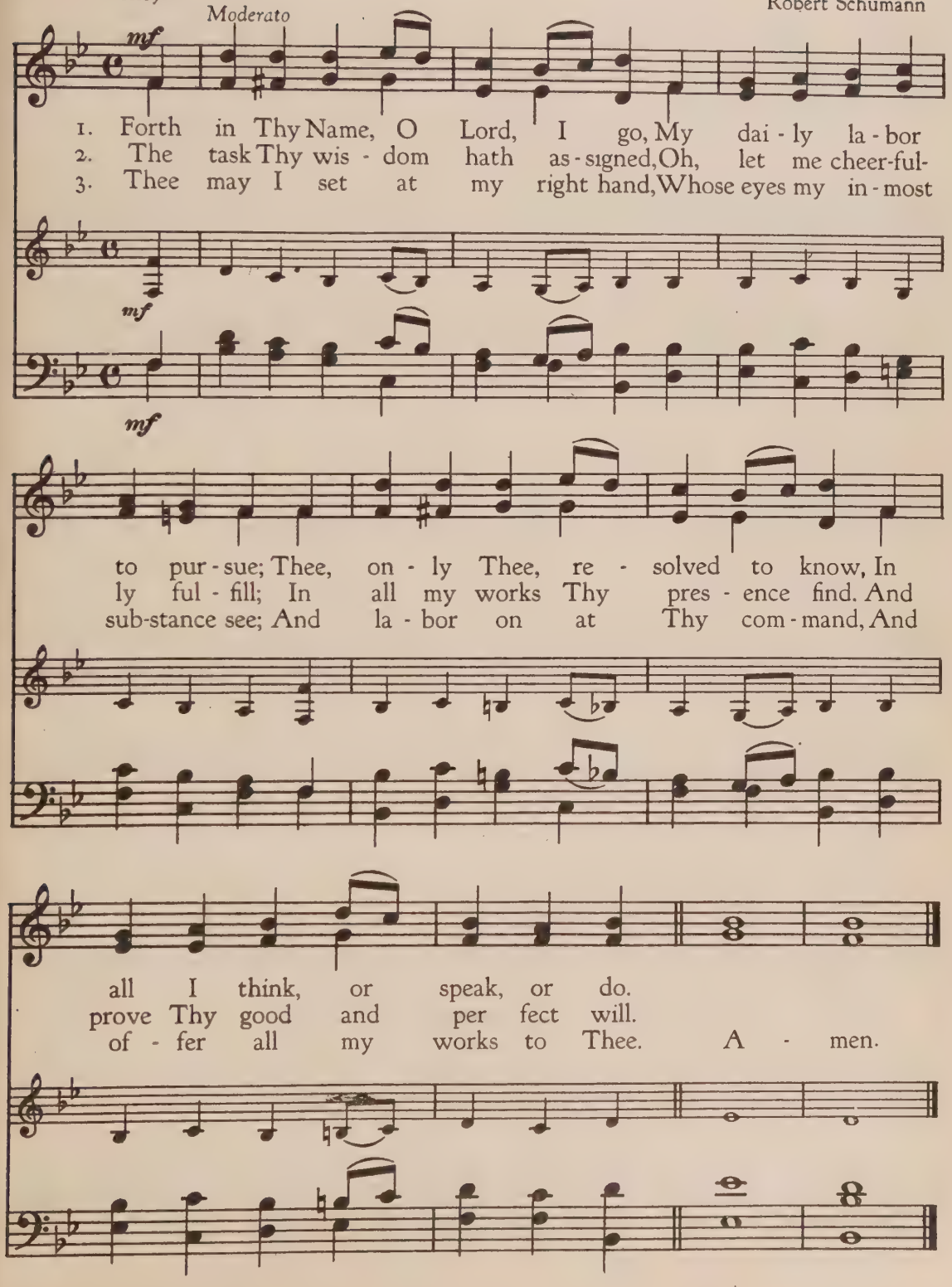
T. Tallis


Quietly
f
1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless - ings
2. Oh, may my soul on Thee re - pose, And may sweet sleep mine
3. Oh, when shall I, in end - less day, For - ev - er chase dark
1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless - ings
2. Oh, may my soul on Thee re - pose, And may sweet sleep mine
3. Oh, when shall I, in end - less day, For - ev - er chase dark
of the light: Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings, Be -
eye - lids close; Sleep that shall me more vig - or - ous make
sleep a - way, And hymns di - vine with an - gels sing, All
of the light: Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings, Be -
eye - lids close; Sleep that shall me more vig - or - ous make
sleep a - way, And hymns di - vine with an - gels sing, All
neath Thine own Al - migh - ty wings.
To serve my God when I awake.
praise to Thee, e - ter - nal King? A - men.
neath Thine own Al - migh - ty wings.
To serve my God when I awake.
praise to Thee, e - ter - nal King? A men.

FORTH IN THY NAME

Charles Wesley

Robert Schumann

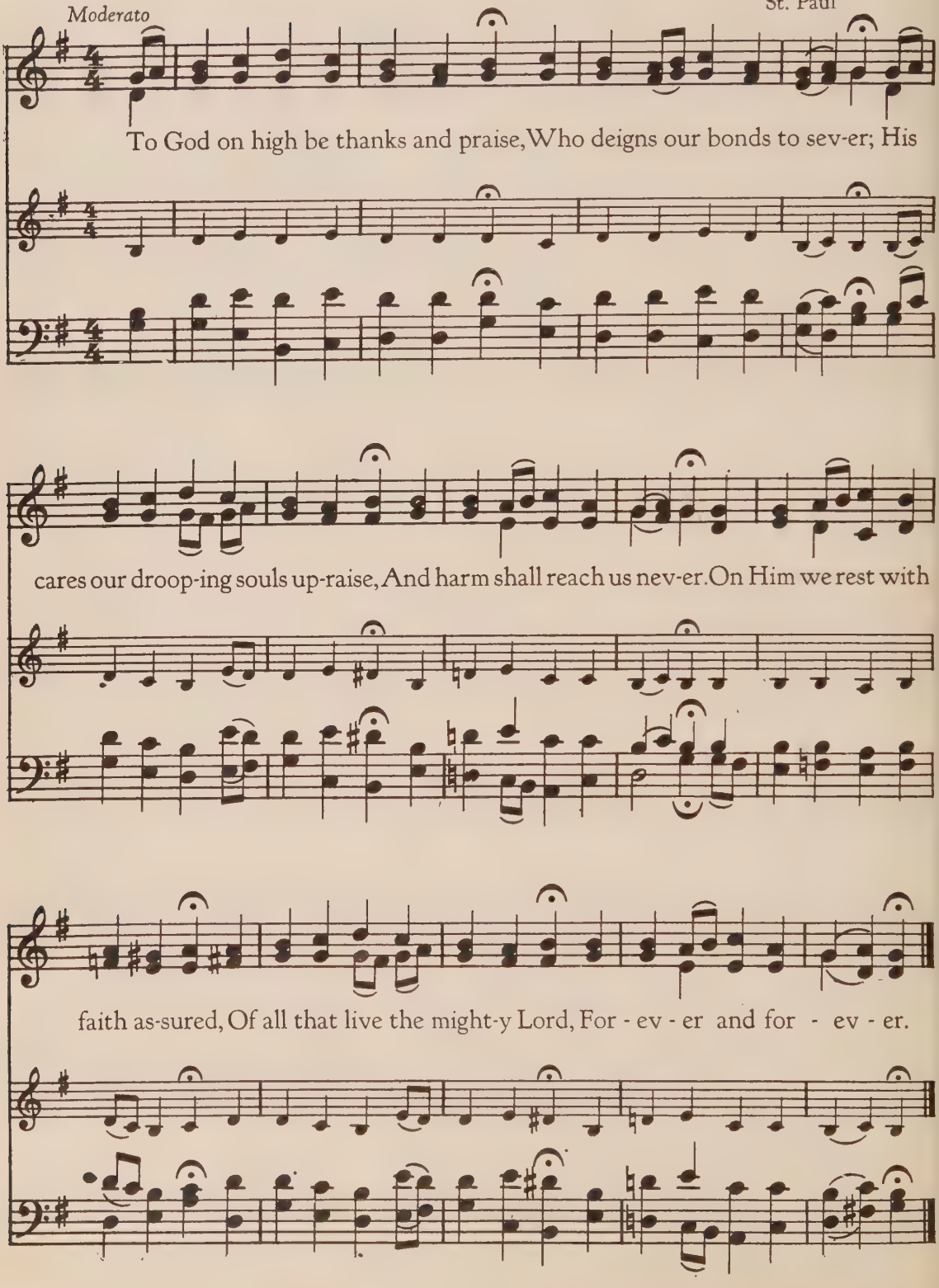

Moderato
mf
1. Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go, My dai - ly la - bor
2. The task Thy wis - dom hath as - signed, Oh, let me cheer-ful-
3. Thee may I set at my right hand, Whose eyes my in - most
mf
mf
to pur - sue; Thee, on - ly Thee, re - solved to know, In
ly ful - fill; In all my works Thy pres - ence find. And
sub-stance see; And la - bor on at Thy com - mand, And
all I think, or speak, or do.
prove Thy good and per fect will.
of - fer all my works to Thee. A - men.

TO GOD ON HIGH

Choral

German Folk Song
Used by Mendelssohn in
"St. Paul"

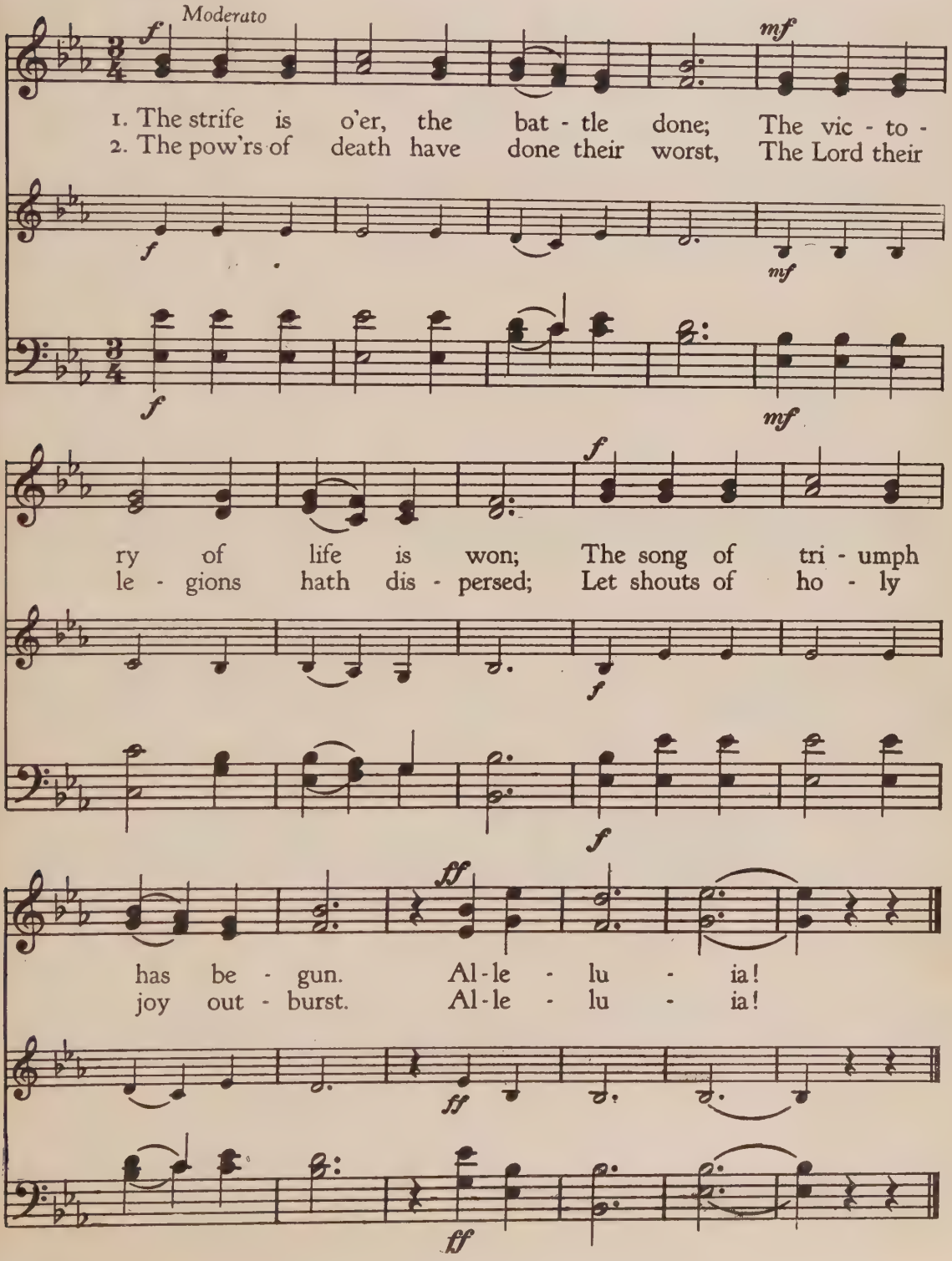
Moderato


To God on high be thanks and praise, Who deigns our bonds to sev-er; His
cares our droop-ing souls up-raise, And harm shall reach us nev-er. On Him we rest with
faith as-sured, Of all that live the might-y Lord, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.

THE STRIFE IS O'ER, THE BATTLE DONE

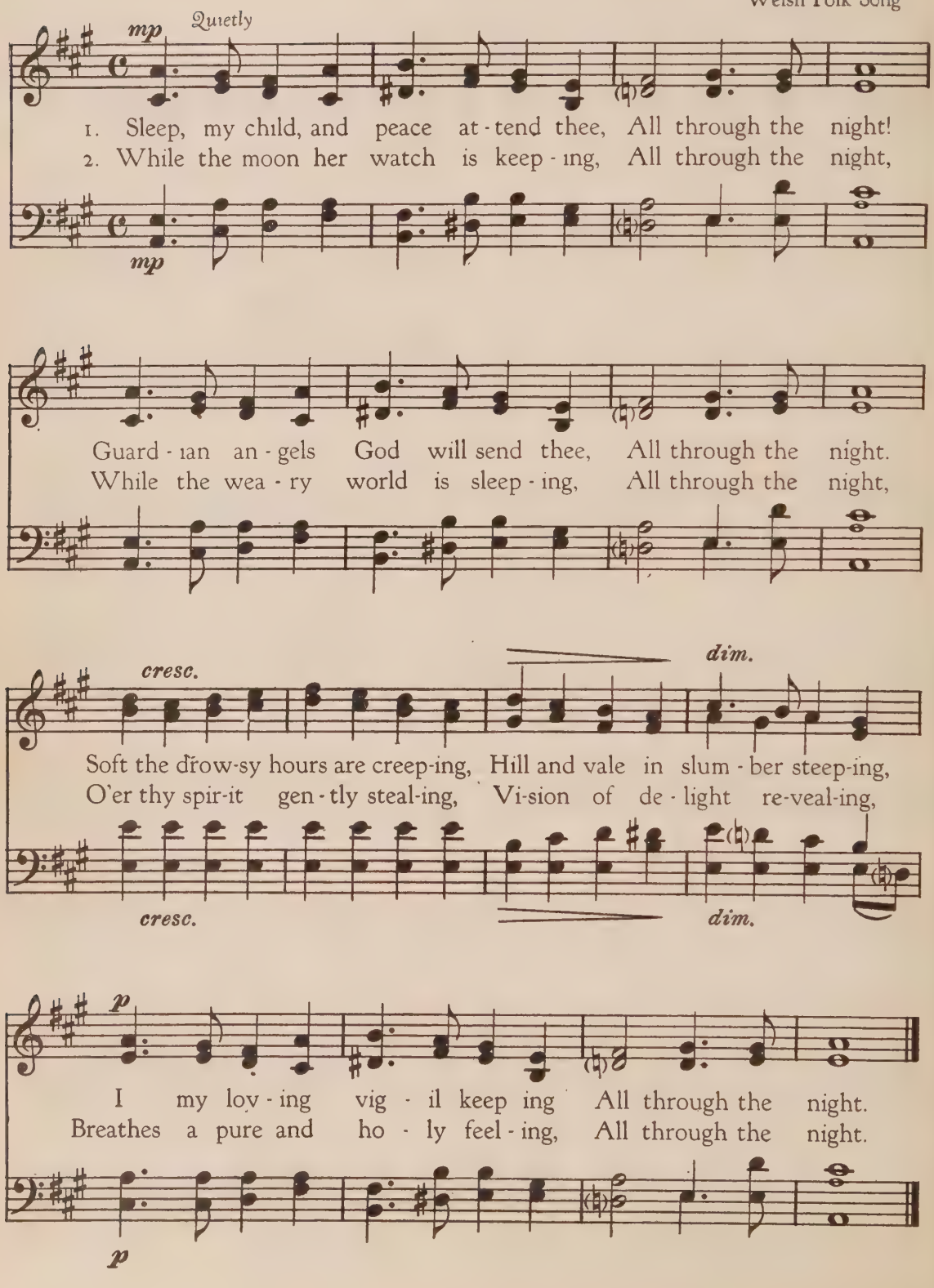
Twelfth Century Latin Hymn
Tr. Francis Pott

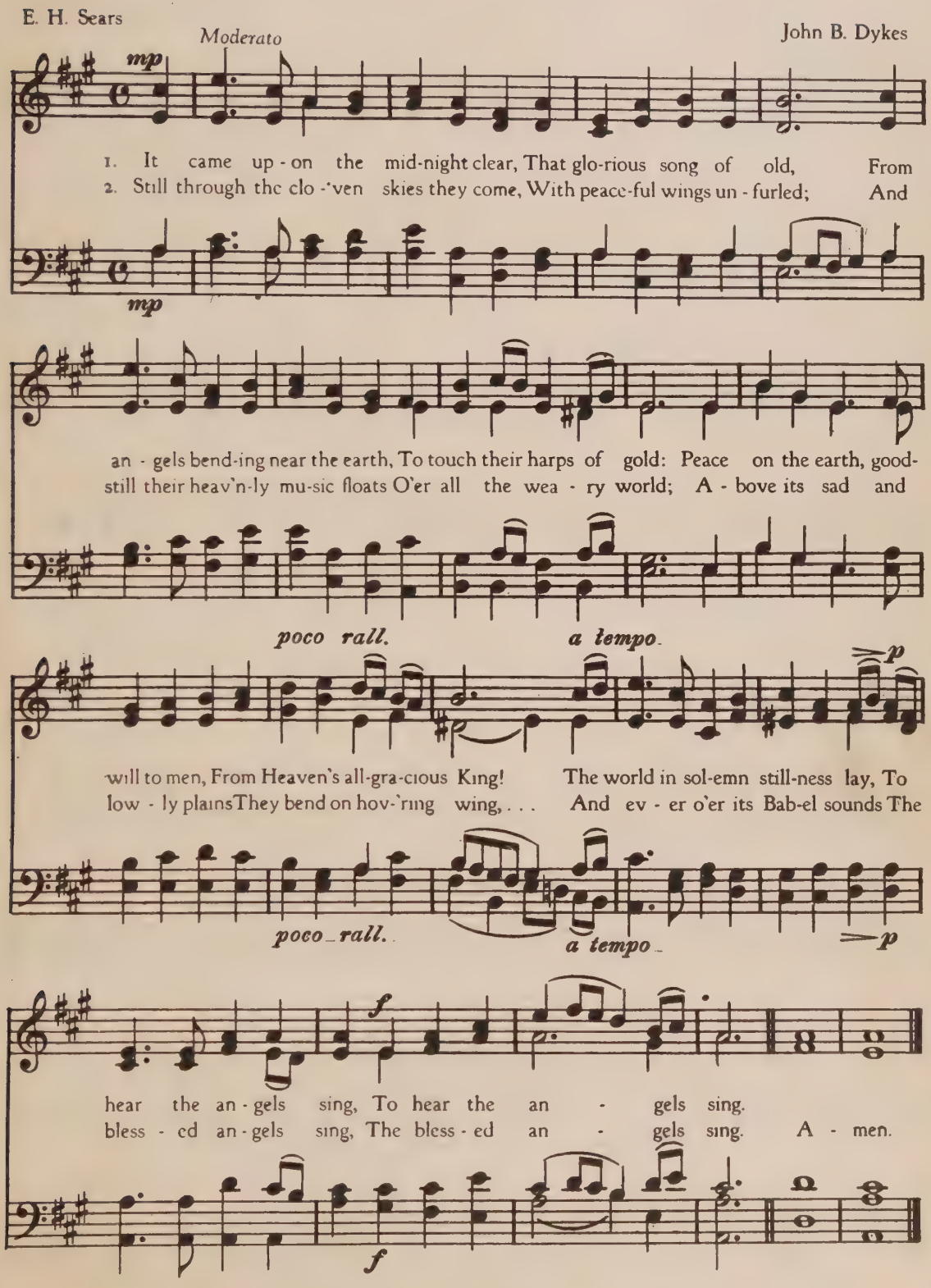
Giovanni da Palestrina


Moderato
1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic - to -
2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst, The Lord their
ry of life is won; The song of tri - umph
le - gions hath dis - persed; Let shouts of ho - ly
has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia!
joy out - burst. Al - le - lu - ia!

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

Welsh Folk Song


mp
Quietly
1. Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee, All through the night!
2. While the moon her watch is keep-ing, All through the night,
mp
Guard-ian an-gels God will send thee, All through the night.
While the wea-ry world is sleep-ing, All through the night,
cresc.
dim.
Soft the drow-sy hours are creep-ing, Hill and vale in slum-ber steep-ing,
O'er thy spir-it gen-tly steal-ing, Vi-sion of de-light re-veal-ing,
cresc.
dim.
p
I my lov-ing vig-il keep ing All through the night.
Breathes a pure and ho-ly feel-ing, All through the night.
p

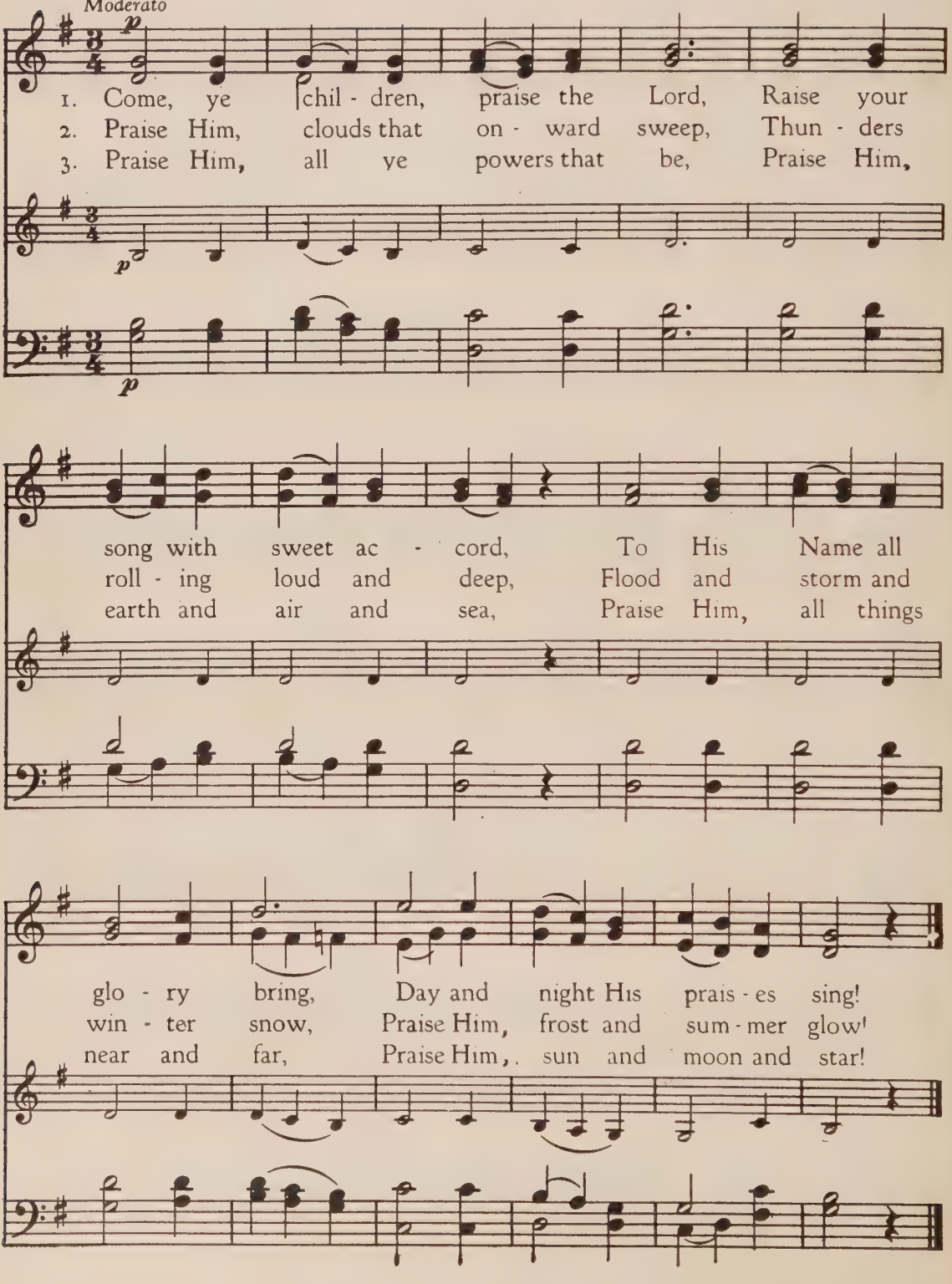

E. H. Sears
Moderato
John B. Dykes
mp
1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old, From
2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled; And
mp
an - gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold: Peace on the earth, good-
still their heav'n-ly mu-sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world; A - bove its sad and
poco rall.
a tempo
p
will to men, From Heaven's all-gra-cious King! The world in sol-emn still-ness lay, To
low - ly plains They bend on hov-'ring wing, . . . And ev - er o'er its Bab-el sounds The
poco rall.
a tempo
p
f
hear the an - gels sing, To hear the an - gels sing.
bless - ed an - gels sing, The bless - ed an - gels sing. A - men.
f

A SONG OF PRAISE

Words adapted
from an Ancient Canticle

Peter Ritter

Moderato

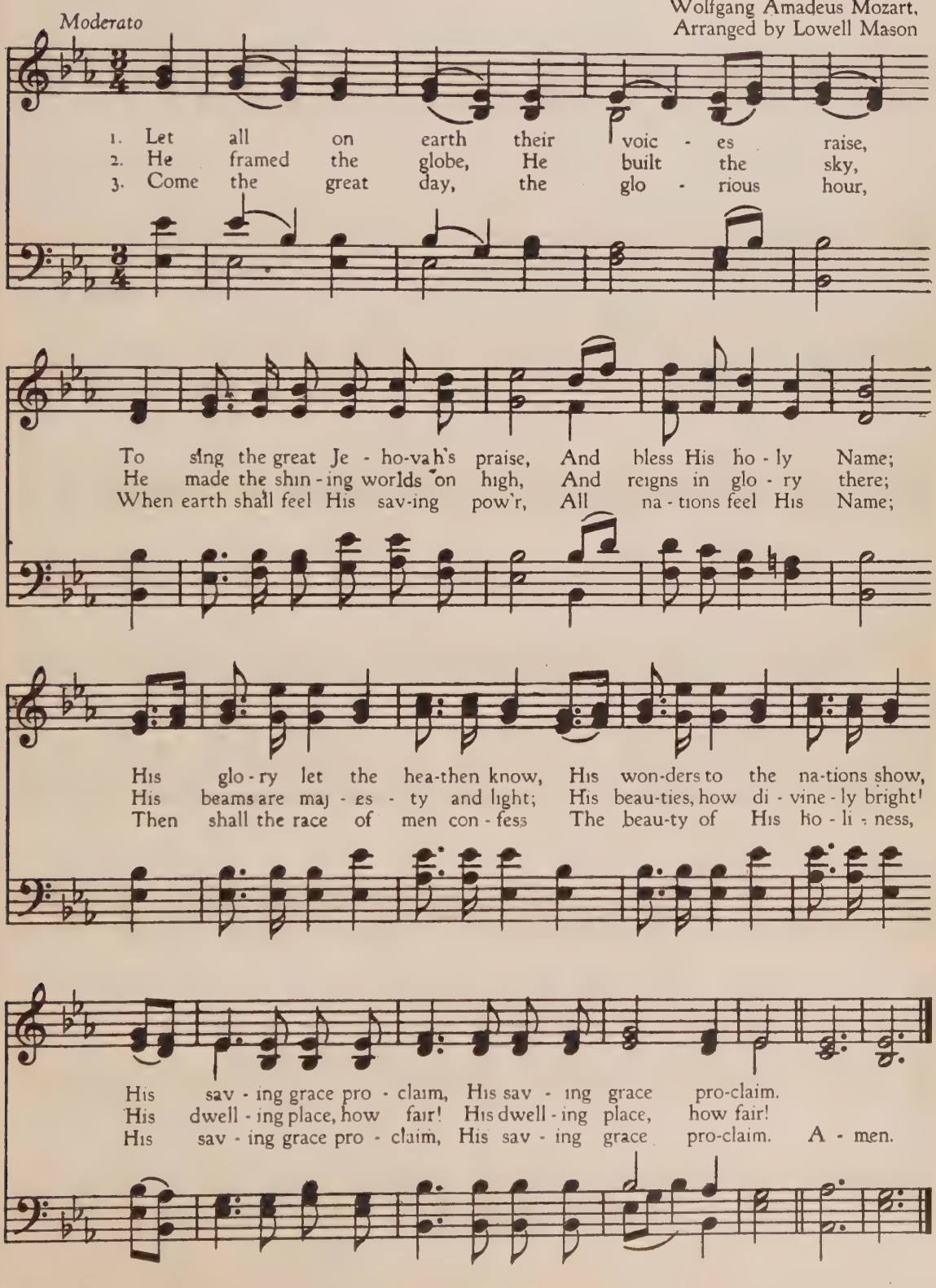

p
1. Come, ye chil - dren, praise the Lord, Raise your
2. Praise Him, clouds that on - ward sweep, Thun - ders
3. Praise Him, all ye powers that be, Praise Him,
p
p
song with sweet ac - cord, To His Name all
roll - ing loud and deep, Flood and storm and
earth and air and sea, Praise Him, all things
glo - ry bring, Day and night His prais - es sing!
win - ter snow, Praise Him, frost and sum - mer glow!
near and far, Praise Him, sun and moon and star!

LET ALL ON EARTH THEIR VOICES RAISE

Isaac Watts

(May be sung as Unison Song)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart,
Arranged by Lowell Mason

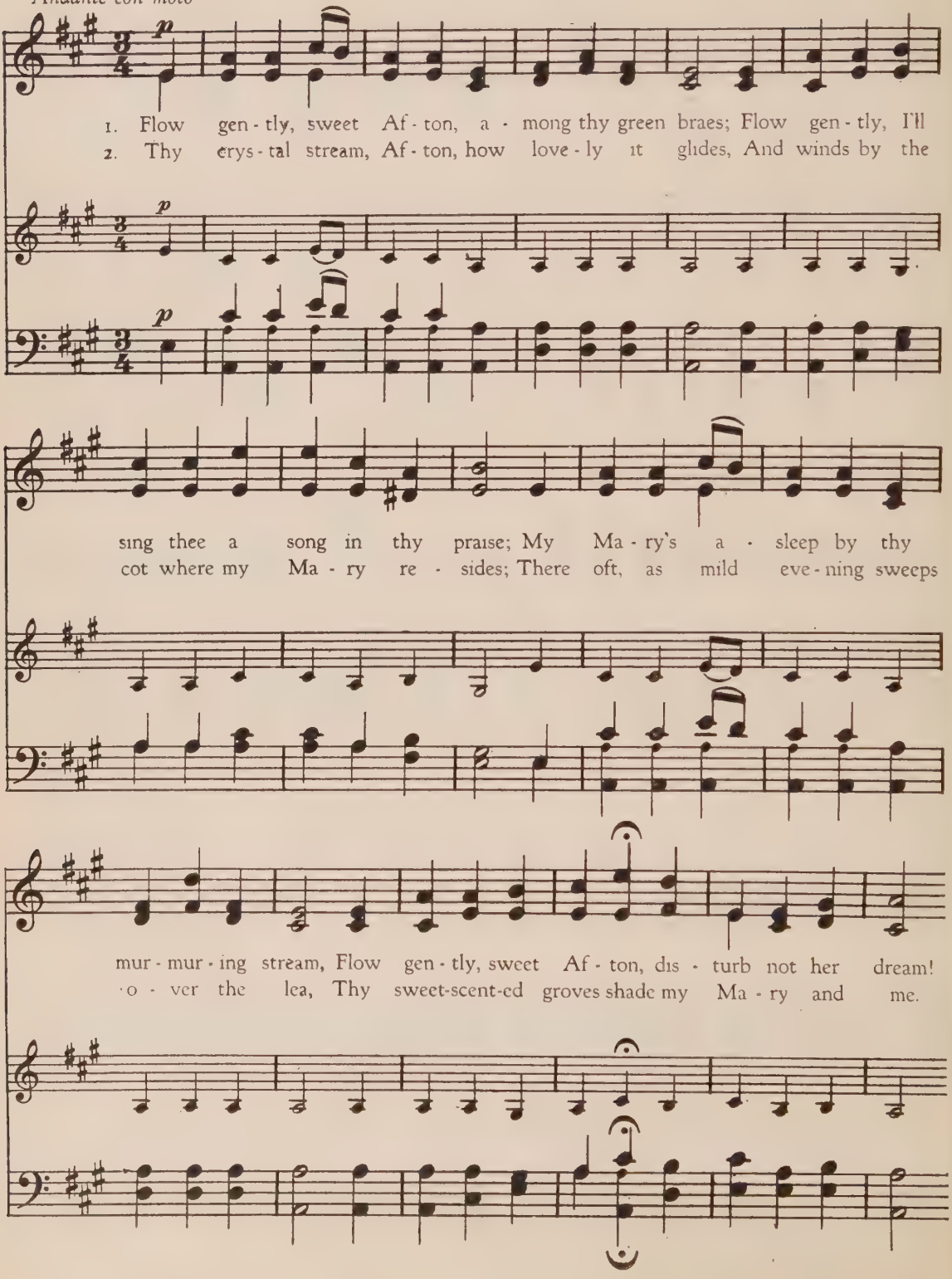

Moderato
1. Let all on earth their voic - es raise,
2. He framed the globe, He built the sky,
3. Come the great day, the glo - rious hour,
To sing the great Je - ho-vah's praise, And bless His ho - ly Name;
He made the shin - ing worlds on high, And reigns in glo - ry there;
When earth shall feel His sav-ing pow'r, All na - tions feel His Name;
His glo - ry let the hea-then know, His won-ders to the na-tions show,
His beams are maj - es - ty and light; His beau-ties, how di - vine - ly bright!
Then shall the race of men con - fess The beau-ty of His ho - li - ness,
His sav - ing grace pro - claim, His sav - ing grace pro-claim.
His dwell - ing place, how fair! His dwell - ing place, how fair!
His sav - ing grace pro - claim, His sav - ing grace pro-claim. A - men.

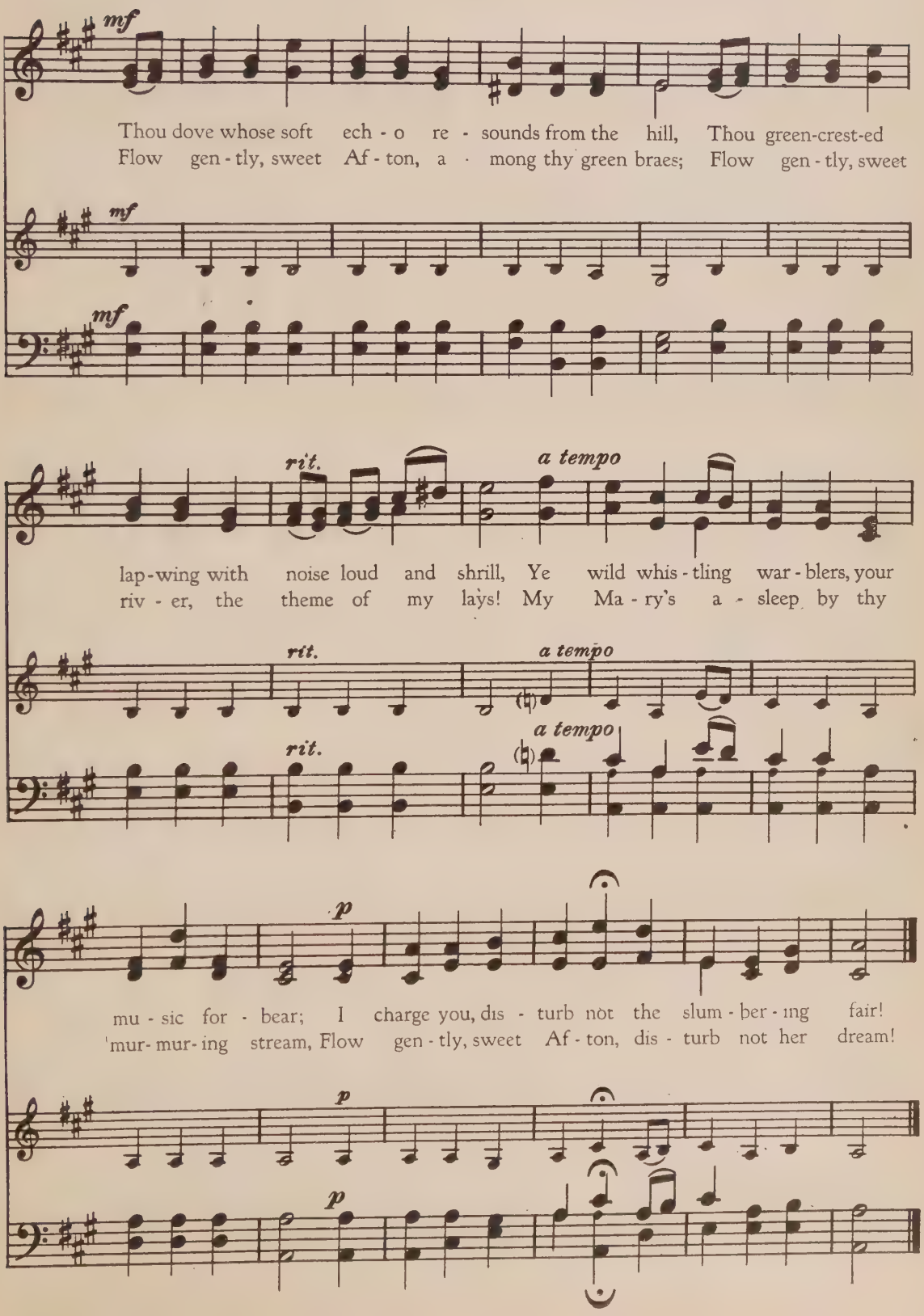
FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

Robert Burns

James E. Spilman

Andante con moto

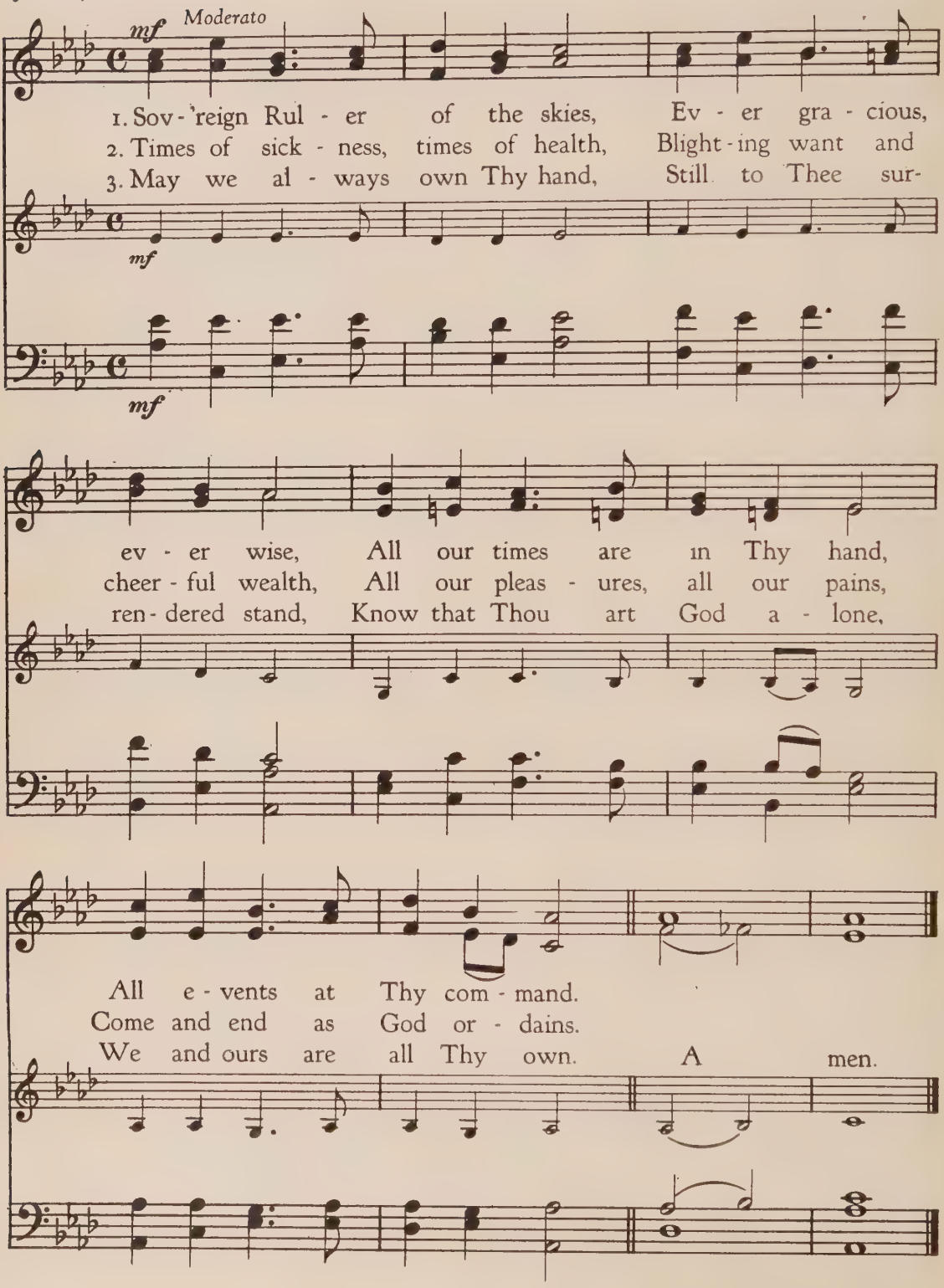

p
1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes; Flow gen - tly, I'll
2. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the
sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy
cot where my Ma - ry re - sides; There oft, as mild eve - ning sweeps
mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream!
o - ver the lea, Thy sweet-scent-ed groves shade my Ma - ry and me.


mf
Thou dove whose soft ech - o re - sounds from the hill, Thou green-crest-ed
Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes; Flow gen - tly, sweet
mf
mf
rit.
a tempo
lap-wing with noise loud and shrill, Ye wild whis - tling war - blers, your
riv - er, the theme of my lays! My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy
rit.
a tempo
rit.
a tempo
p
mu - sic for - bear; I charge you, dis - turb not the slum - ber - ing fair!
mur- mur- ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream!
p
p

SOVEREIGN RULER OF THE SKIES

John Ryland

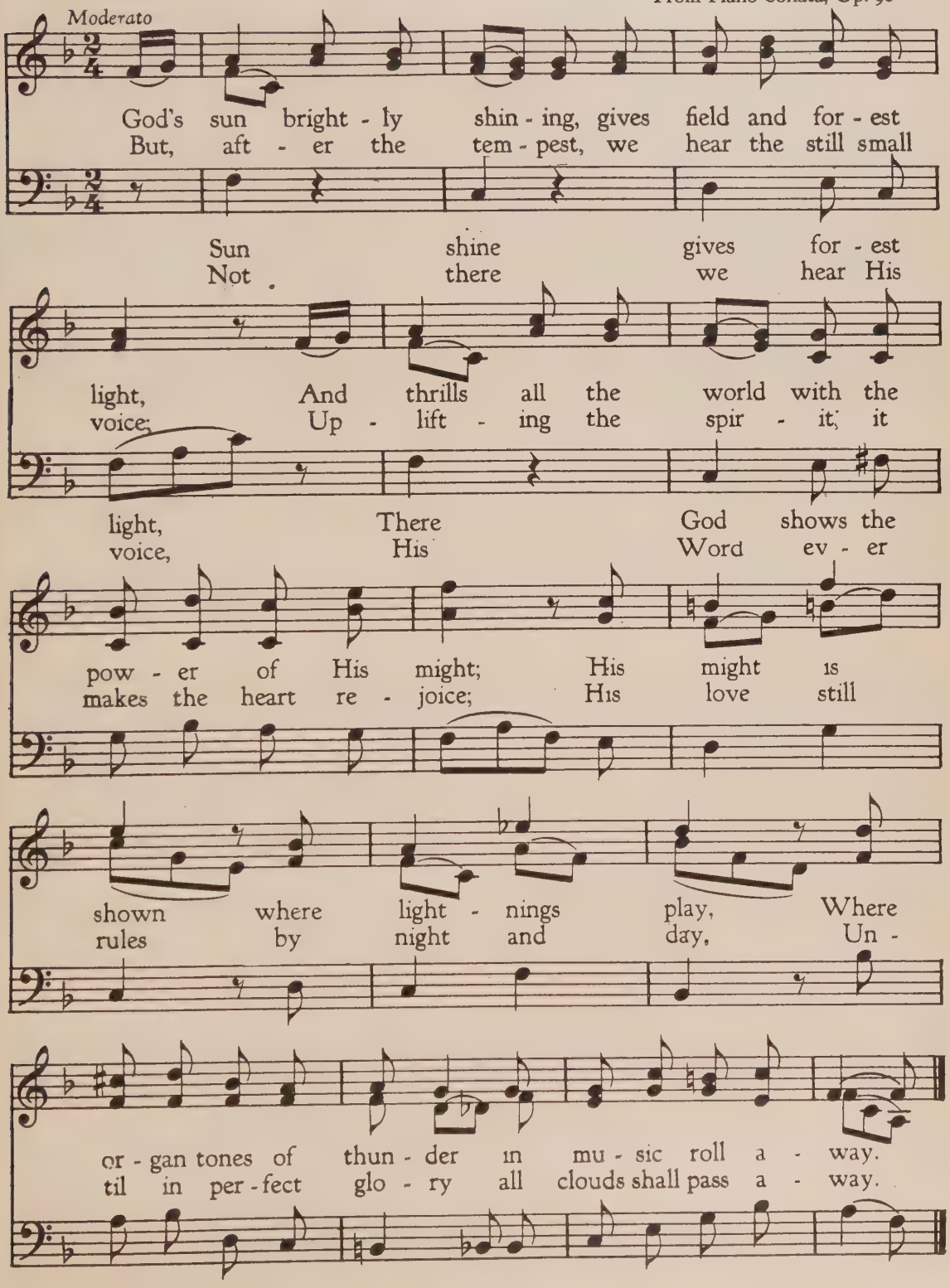
Ignaz Pleyel


mf
Moderato
1. Sov - 'reign Rul - er of the skies, Ev - er gra - cious,
2. Times of sick - ness, times of health, Blight - ing want and
3. May we al - ways own Thy hand, Still to Thee sur-
mf
mf
ev - er wise, All our times are in Thy hand,
cheer - ful wealth, All our pleas - ures, all our pains,
ren - dered stand, Know that Thou art God a - lone,
All e - vents at Thy com - mand.
Come and end as God or - dains.
We and ours are all Thy own. A men.

GOD'S POWER

Kate Forman

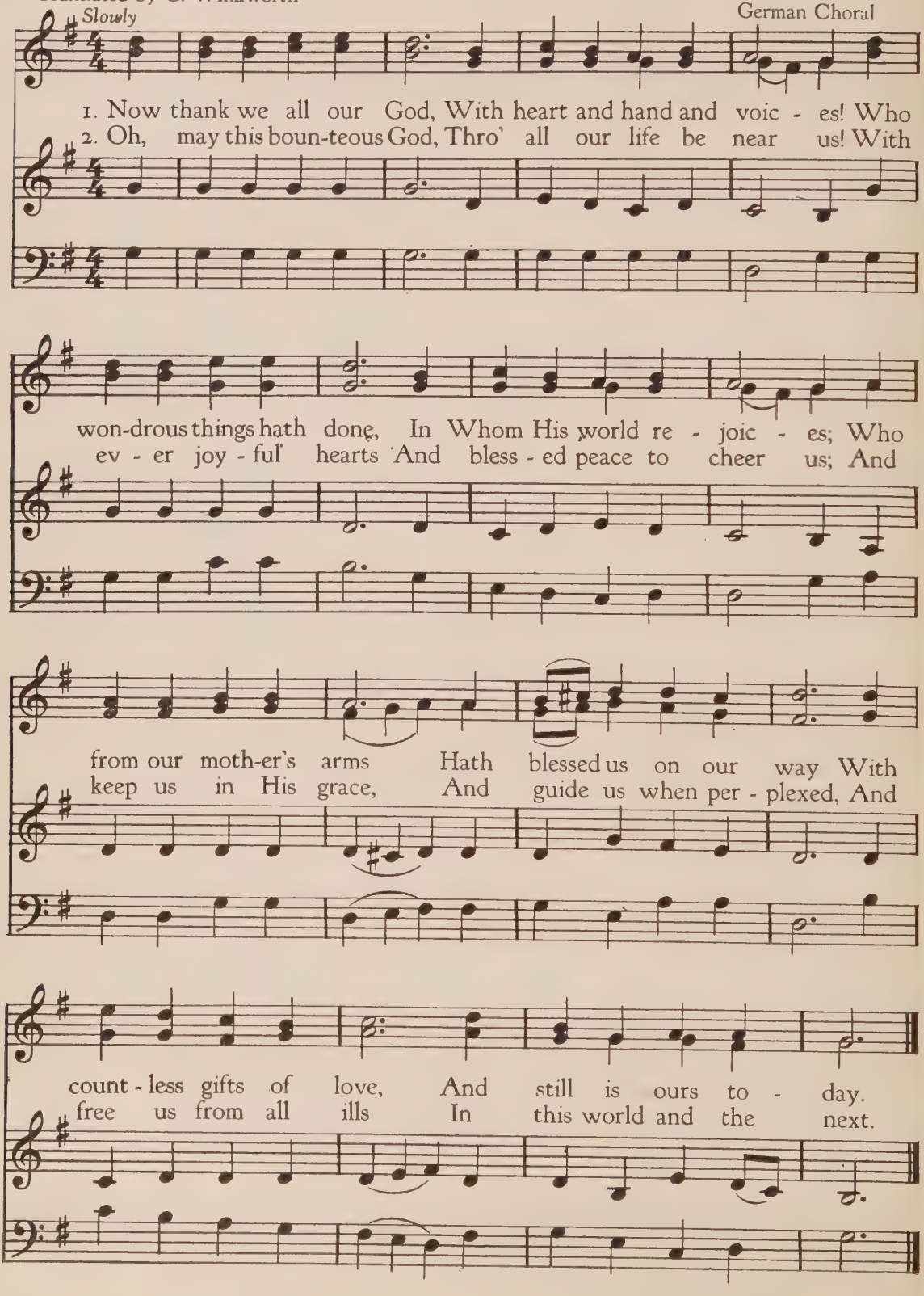
Ludwig van Beethoven
From Piano Sonata, Op. 90


Moderato
God's sun bright - ly shin - ing, gives field and for - est
But, aft - er the tem - pest, we hear the still small
Sun shine gives for - est
Not there we hear His
light, And thrills all the world with the
voice; Up - lift - ing the spir - it, it
light, There God shows the
voice, His Word ev - er
pow - er of His might; His might is
makes the heart re - joice; His love still
shown where light - nings play, Where
rules by night and day, Un -
or - gan tones of thun - der in mu - sic roll a - way.
til in per - fect glo - ry all clouds shall pass a - way.

NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD

Translated by C. Winkworth

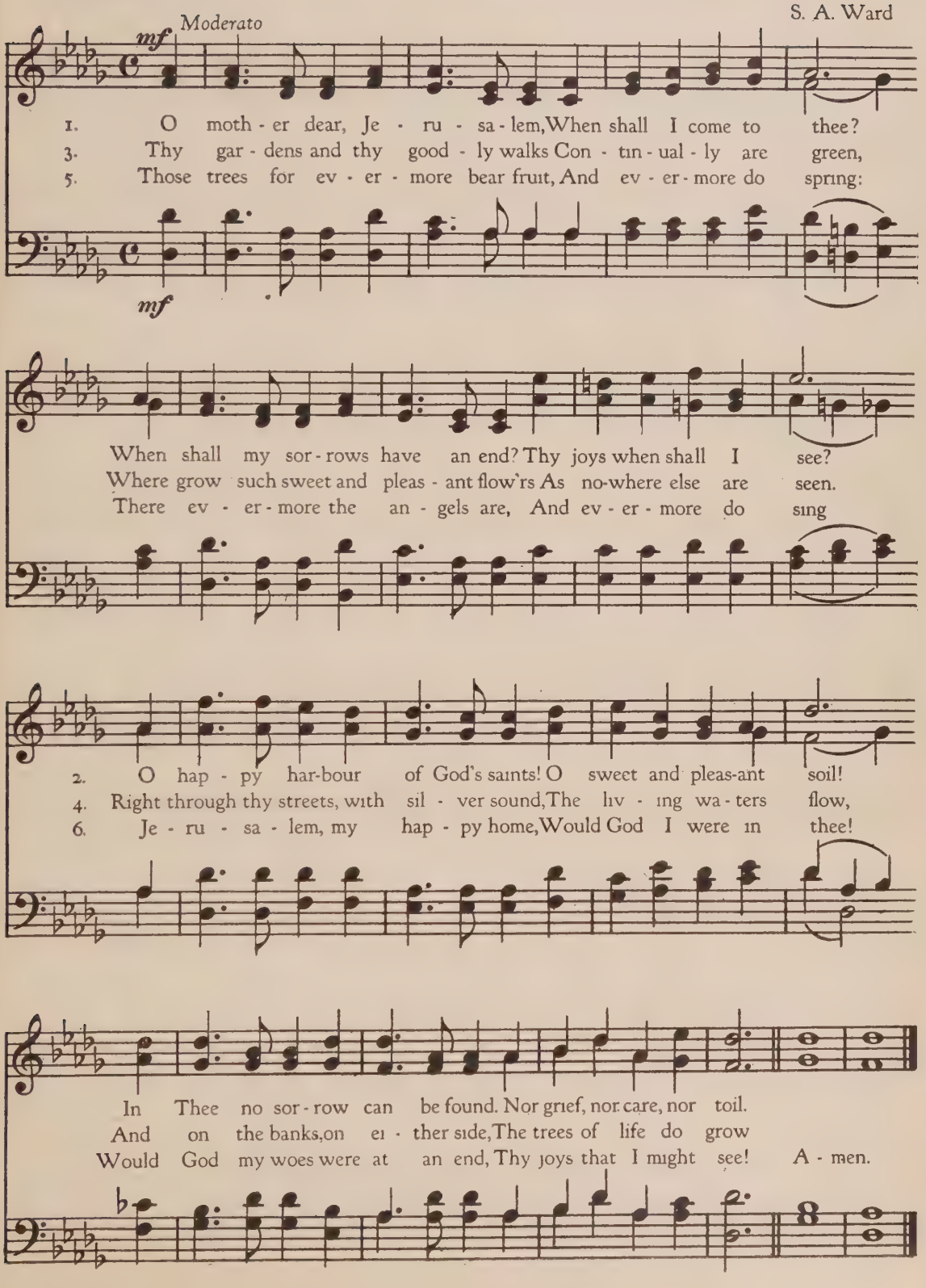
German Choral


Slowly
1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hand and voic - es! Who
2. Oh, may this boun-teous God, Thro' all our life be near us! With
won-drous things hath done, In Whom His world re - joic - es; Who
ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us; And
from our moth-er's arms Hath blessed us on our way With
keep us in His grace, And guide us when per - plexed, And
count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
free us from all ills In this world and the next.

O MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM

D. Dickson

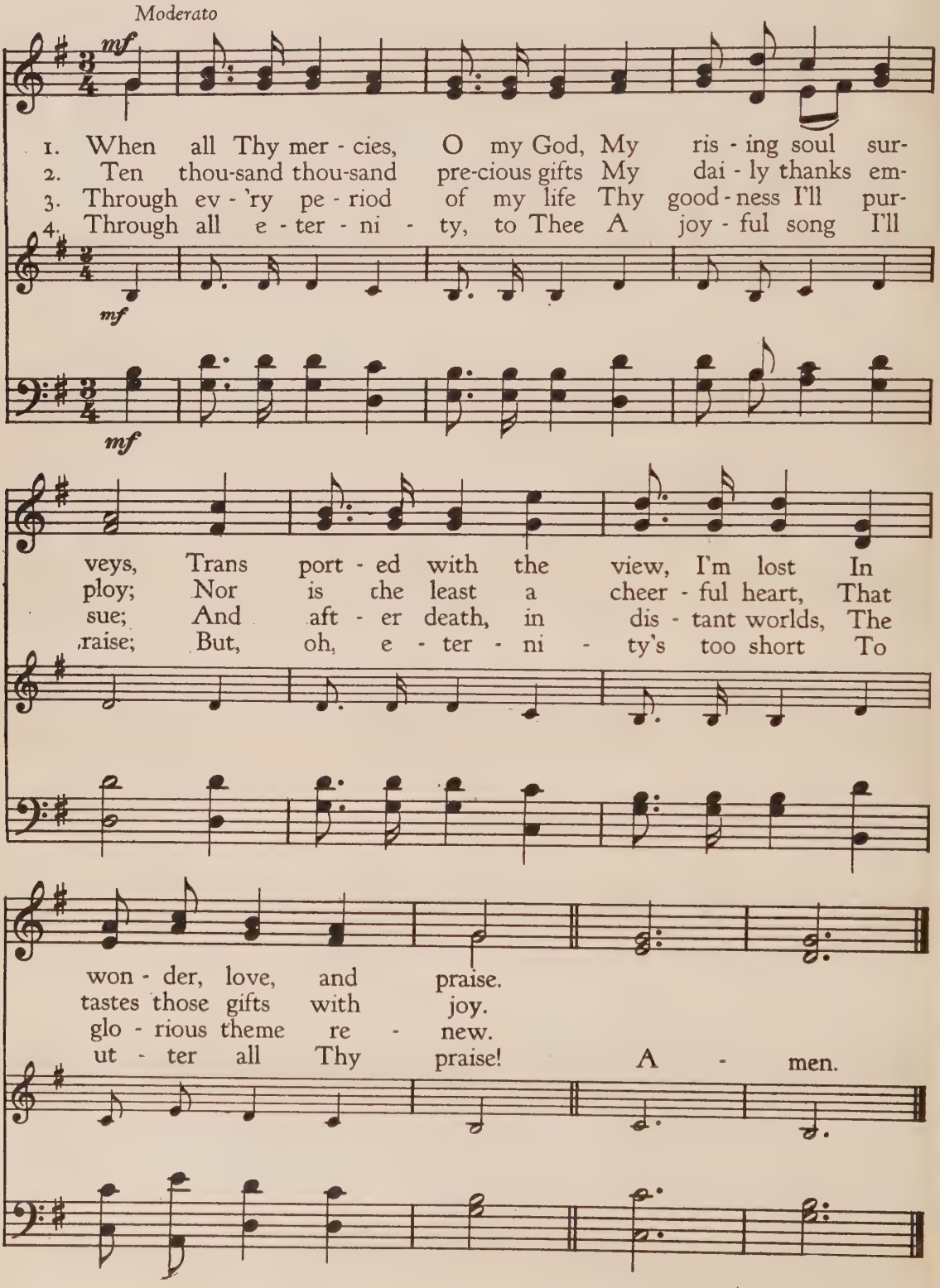
S. A. Ward


Moderato
mf
1. O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee?
3. Thy gar - dens and thy good - ly walks Con - tin - ual - ly are green,
5. Those trees for ev - er - more bear fruit, And ev - er - more do spring:
mf
When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
Where grow such sweet and pleas - ant flow'rs As no-where else are seen.
There ev - er - more the an - gels are, And ev - er - more do sing
2. O hap - py har-bour of God's saints! O sweet and pleas-ant soil!
4. Right through thy streets, with sil - ver sound, The liv - ing wa - ters flow,
6. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Would God I were in thee!
In Thee no sor - row can be found. Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
And on the banks, on ei - ther side, The trees of life do grow
Would God my woes were at an end, Thy joys that I might see! A - men.

WHEN ALL THY MERCIES

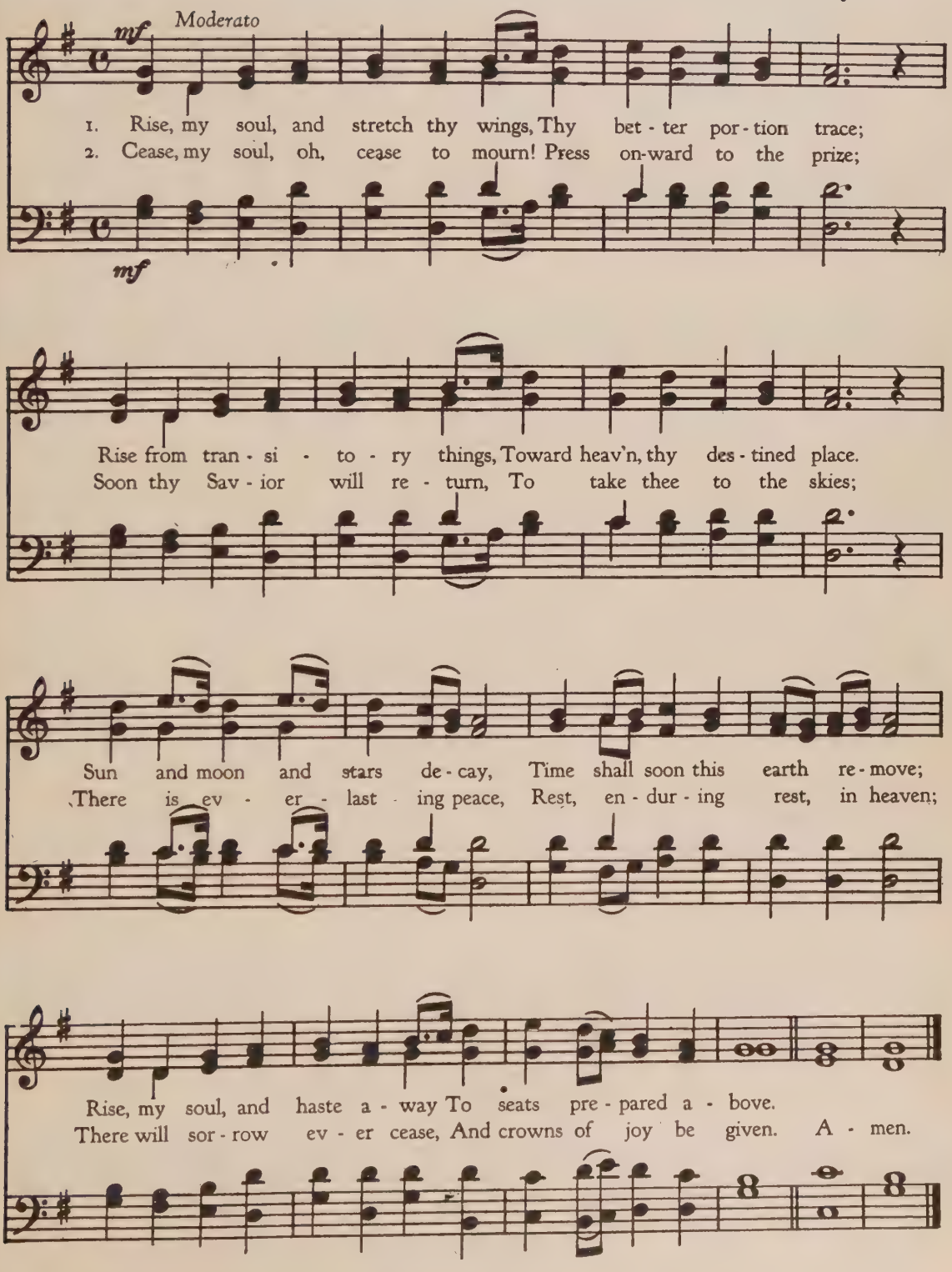
Joseph Addison

Thomas A. Arne


Moderato
mf
1. When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur-
2. Ten thou-sand thou-sand pre-cious gifts My dai - ly thanks em-
3. Through ev - 'ry pe - riod of my life Thy good - ness I'll pur-
4. Through all e - ter - ni - ty, to Thee A joy - ful song I'll
mf
mf
veys, Trans port - ed with the view, I'm lost In
ploy; Nor is the least a cheer - ful heart, That
sue; And aft - er death, in dis - tant worlds, The
raise; But, oh, e - ter - ni - ty's too short To
won - der, love, and praise.
tastes those gifts with joy.
glo - rious theme re - new.
ut - ter all Thy praise! A - men.

R. Seagrave

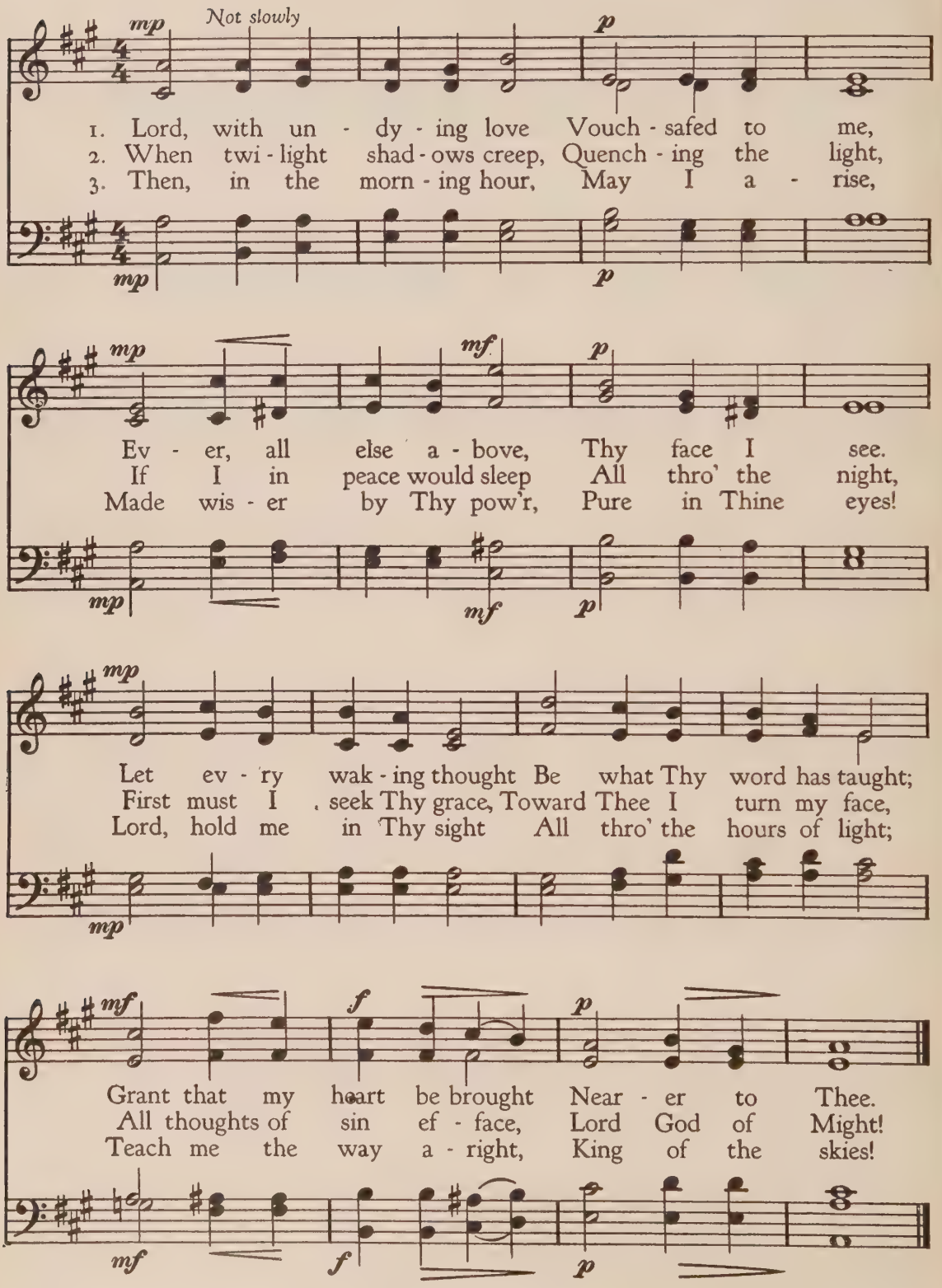
J. Nares


mf
Moderato
1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
2. Cease, my soul, oh, cease to mourn! Press on-ward to the prize;
mf
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Toward heav'n, thy des - tined place.
Soon thy Sav - ior will re - turn, To take thee to the skies;
Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;
There is ev - er - last - ing peace, Rest, en - dur - ing rest, in heaven;
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.
There will sor - row ev - er cease, And crowns of joy be given. A - men.

A PRAYER

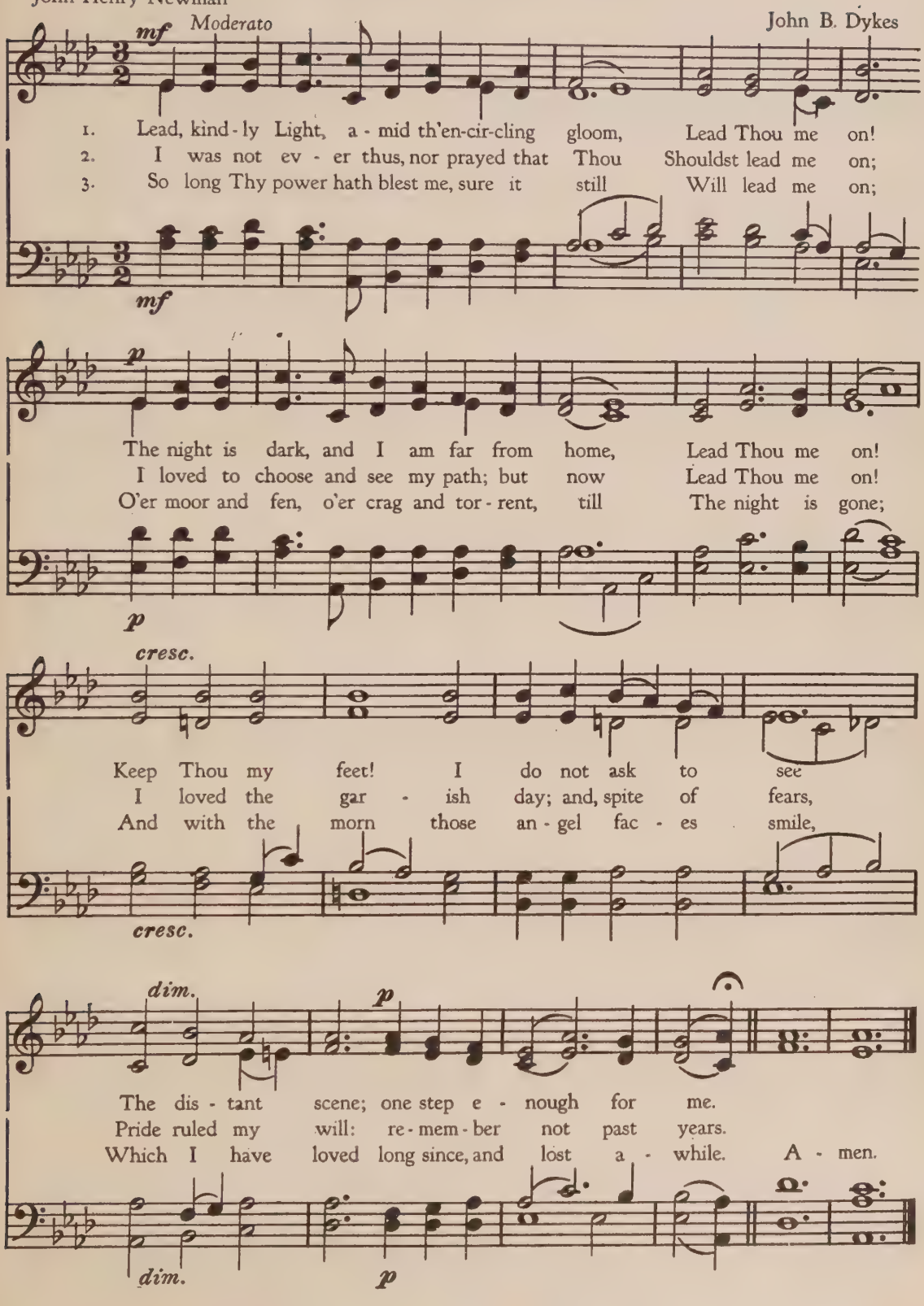
Charles Ellerton

Sir Arthur S. Sullivan


Not slowly
mp
p
1. Lord, with un - dy - ing love Vouch - safed to me,
2. When twi - light shad - ows creep, Quench - ing the light,
3. Then, in the morn - ing hour, May I a - rise,
mf
Ev - er, all else a - bove, Thy face I see.
If I in peace would sleep All thro' the night,
Made wis - er by Thy pow'r, Pure in Thine eyes!
Let ev - ry wak - ing thought Be what Thy word has taught;
First must I seek Thy grace, Toward Thee I turn my face,
Lord, hold me in Thy sight All thro' the hours of light;
f
Grant that my heart be brought Near - er to Thee.
All thoughts of sin ef - face, Lord God of Might!
Teach me the way a - right, King of the skies!

John Henry Newman

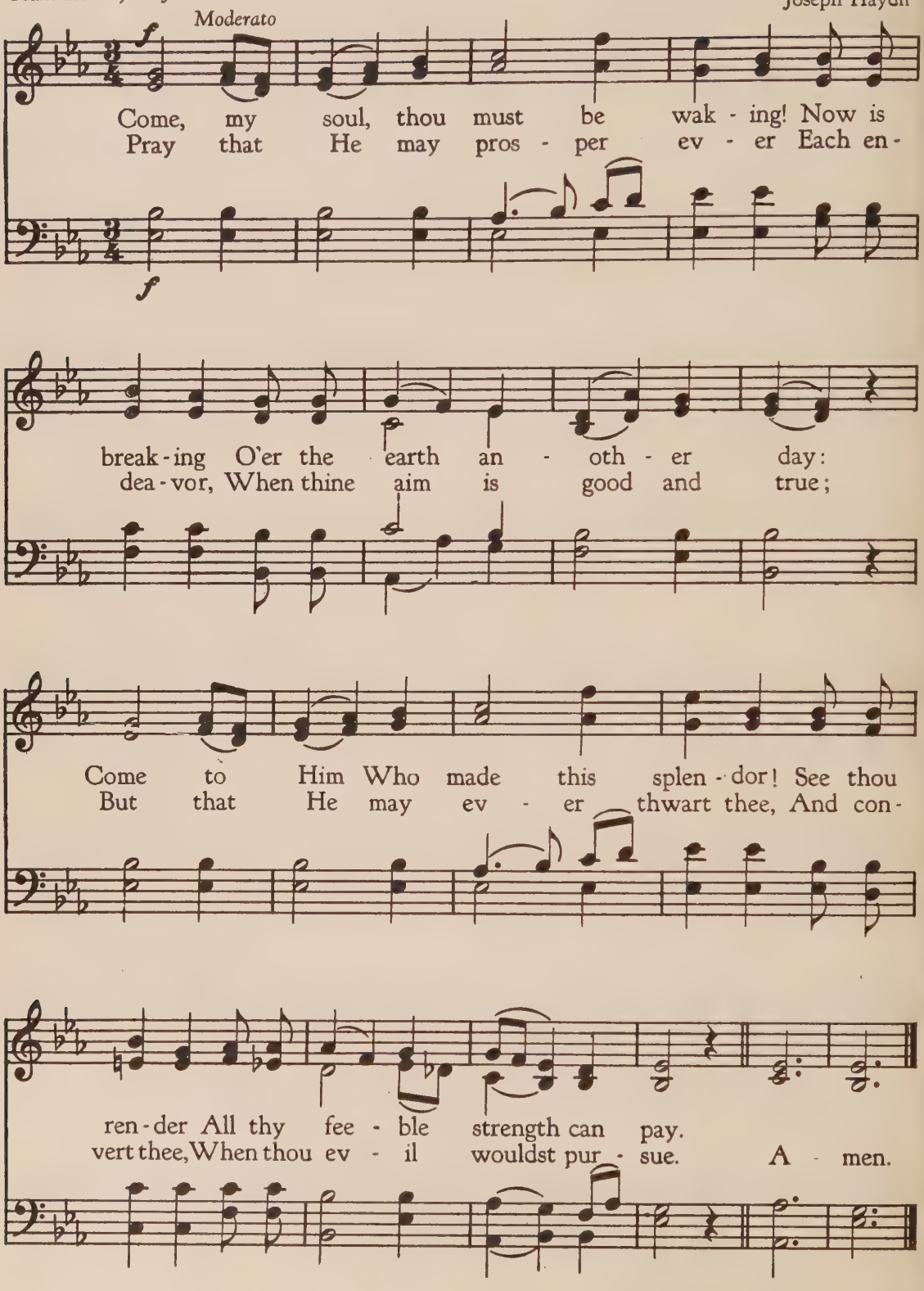
John B. Dykes


mf
Moderato
1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on!
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on;
mf
p
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on!
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone;
p
cresc.
Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
I loved the gar-ish day; and, spite of fears,
And with the morn those an-gel fac-es smile,
cresc.
dim.
p
The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
Pride ruled my will: re-mem-ber not past years.
Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while. A-men.
dim.
p

COME, MY SOUL

F. R. L. Canitz
Translated by H. J. Buckoll

Joseph Haydn

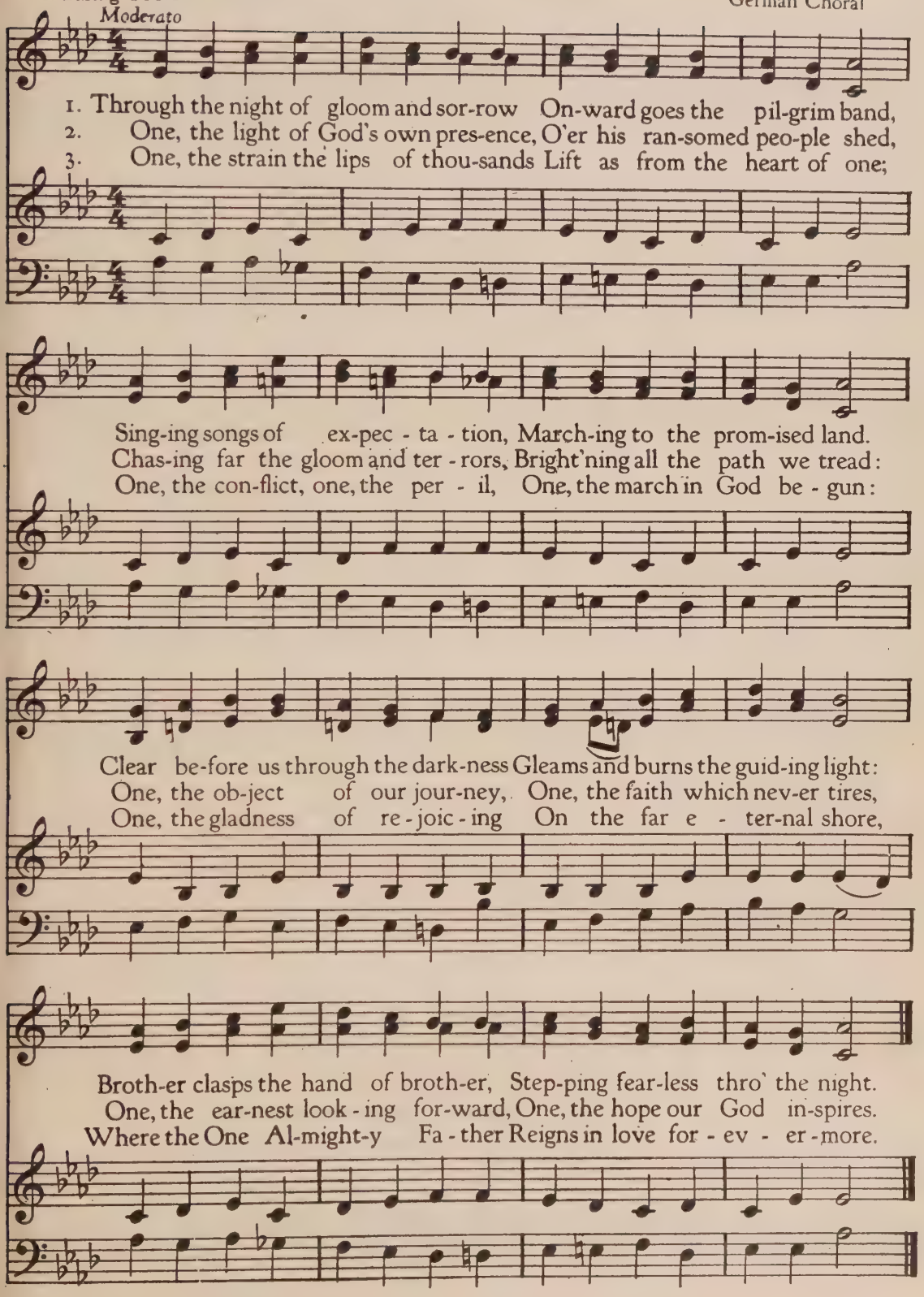

Moderato
f
Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing! Now is
Pray that He may pros - per ev - er Each en-
f
break - ing O'er the earth an - oth - er day:
dea - vor, When thine aim is good and true;
Come to Him Who made this splen - dor! See thou
But that He may ev - er thwart thee, And con-
ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay.
vert thee, When thou ev - il wouldst pur - sue. A - men.

PILGRIMS

S. Baring-Gould

German Choral

Moderato

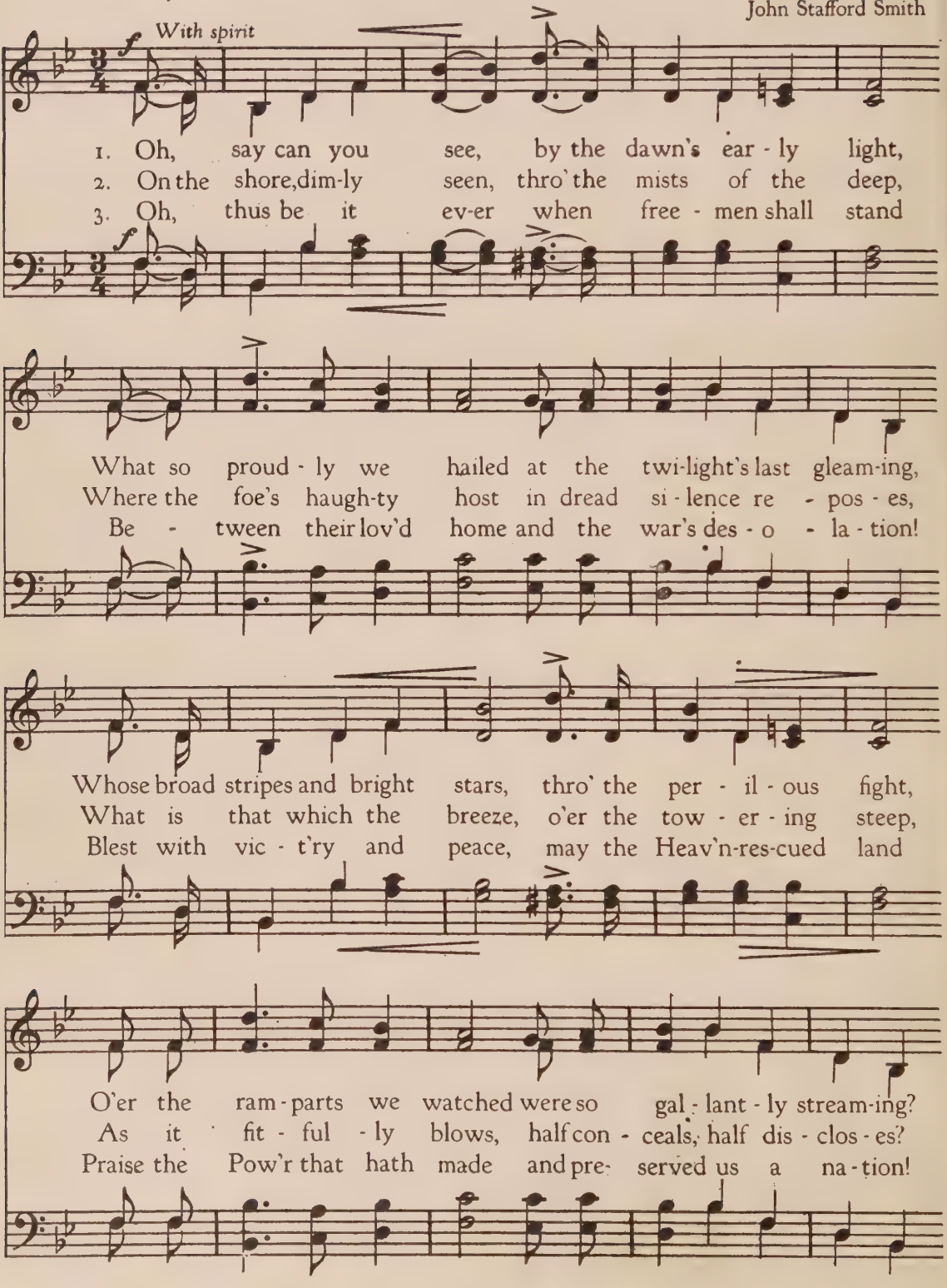

1. Through the night of gloom and sor-row On-ward goes the pil-grim band,
2. One, the light of God's own pres-ence, O'er his ran-somed peo-ple shed,
3. One, the strain the lips of thou-sands Lift as from the heart of one;
Sing-ing songs of ex-pec - ta - tion, March-ing to the prom-ised land.
Chas-ing far the gloom and ter - rors, Bright'ning all the path we tread:
One, the con-flict, one, the per - il, One, the march in God be - gun:
Clear be-fore us through the dark-ness Gleams and burns the guid-ing light:
One, the ob-ject of our jour-ney, One, the faith which nev-er tires,
One, the gladness of re - joic - ing On the far e - ter-nal shore,
Broth-er clasps the hand of broth-er, Step-ping fear-less thro' the night.
One, the ear-nest look - ing for-ward, One, the hope our God in-spires.
Where the One Al-might-y Fa - ther Reigns in love for - ev - er - more.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

(Service Version)

Francis Scott Key

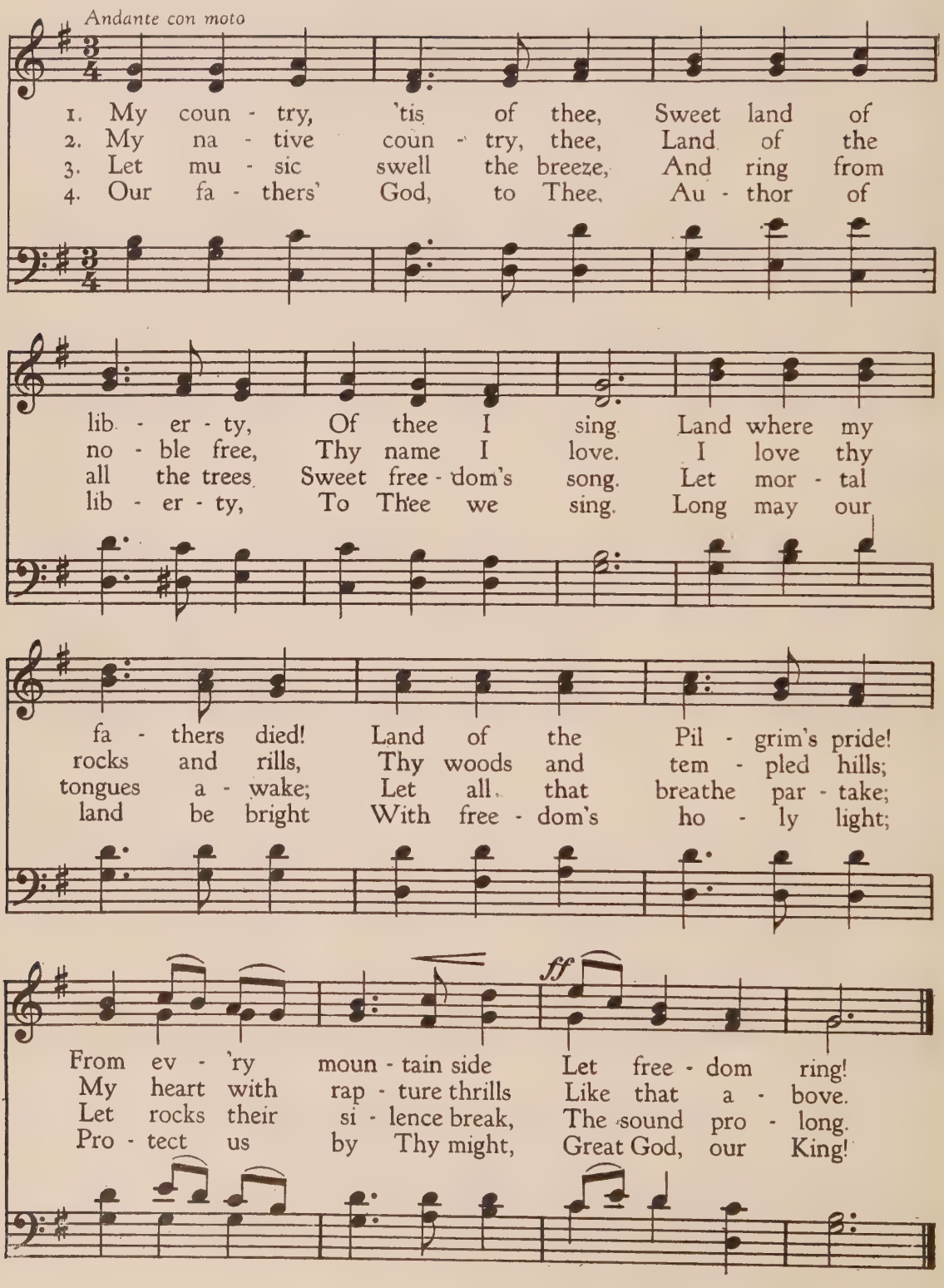
John Stafford Smith


With spirit
1. Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light,
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen, thro' the mists of the deep,
3. Oh, thus be it ev-er when free - men shall stand
What so proud - ly we hailed at the twi-light's last gleam-ing,
Where the foe's haugh-ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es,
Be - tween their lov'd home and the war's des - o - la - tion!
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep,
Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the Heav'n-res-cued land
O'er the ram - parts we watched were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing?
As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es?
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre- served us a na - tion!

mf
And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air,
Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam,
Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just,
mf
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
In full glo - ry re - flect - ed now shines on the stream.
And this be our mot - to: "In God is our Trust."
f
Oh, say does that Star-Span - gled Ban - ner yet wave
'Tis the Star - Span - gled Ban - ner, Oh, long may it wave
And the Star - Span - gled Ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave
f
broaden
ff
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
ff

AMERICA

Samuel Francis Smith — Henry Carey


Andante con moto
1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of
lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing. Land where my
no - ble free, Thy name I love. I love thy
all the trees Sweet free - dom's song. Let mor - tal
lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing. Long may our
fa - thers died! Land of the Pil - grim's pride!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills;
tongues a - wake; Let all that breathe par - take;
land be bright With free - dom's ho - ly light;
ff
From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

GLOSSARY OF COMMON MUSICAL TERMS

a (ä) in; at; to; according to; for
accelerando (ät-chā-lā-rän′ dō) gradually quicker
adagio (*a*-dä′jō) slow
ad libitum (ăd lĭb′ĭ-tŭm) as one wishes
agitato (ä-jē-tä′tō) in a restless or hurried manner
al (äl) to the
alla (äl′lä) in the style of
allegretto (äl-lā-grĕt′tō) not so quick as *allegro*
allegro (äl-lā′grō) brisk; lively
andante (än-dän′tā) moderately slow
adantino (än-dän-tē′nō) rather quicker than *andante*
anima (än′ē-mä) spirit
animato (än-ē-mä′to) with spirit
assai (äs-sī) very
ben (bĕn) well
brio (brē′ō) vivacity
calando (kä-län′dō) gradually diminishing in rapidity and loudness
cantabile (kän-tä′bē-lā) melodious and flowing
coda (kō′dä) a few closing measures
con (kŏn) with
crescendo (krē-shĕn′dō) < with constantly increasing volume
da capo (dä kä′pō) from the beginning (indicated by the letters D.C.)
dal segno (däl sä′nyō) a direction to go back to the sign 𝄋 and repeat from it to the close, or the point marked *fine*
decrescendo (dā-krē-shĕn′dō) > with constantly diminishing tone-volume
di (dē) of
diminuendo (dē-mē-nwen′dō) with constantly diminishing tone-volume
dolce (dōl′chā) sweet; with soft, smooth execution
energico (ĕn-ĕr′jē-kō) with energy
espressivo (ĕs-prĕs-sē′vō) with expression
fine (fē′nā) end
forte (*f*) (fôr′tā) loud
fortissimo (*ff*) (fôr-tĭs′ĭ-mō) very loud
forza (fôr′tsä) power
fuoco (fōō-ō′kō) fire; energy
grazioso (grä-tsē-ō′sō) gracefully
grave (grāv) serious; very slow
larghetto (lär-gĕt′tō) somewhat slow
largo (lär′gō) slow
legato (lā-gä′tō) smoothly connected
lento (lĕn′tō) slow
ma (mä) but
marcato (mär-kä′tō) accented
marcia (mär′chä) a march
marziale (mär-tsē-ä′lĕ) in a martial manner
meno mosso (mā′nō môs′sō) slower
mezzo (mĕd′zō) half; medium
moderato (mŏd-ĕ-rä′tō) in moderate time
molto (mōl′tō) much; very
morendo (mô-rĕn′dō) dying
moto (mô′tō) spirited or rapid movement
non (nōn) not
pesante (pā-sän′tā) heavily accented
pianissimo (*pp*) (pē-ä-n s′′-mō) very soft
piano (*p*) (pyä′nō) soft
piu (pyōō) more
poco a poco (pô′kō ä pô′kō) little by little
presto (prĕs′tō) very fast
primo (prē′mō) first
quasi (kwä′sē) somewhat like
rallentando (*rall.*) (räl-lĕn-tän′dō) with a gradual decrease in tempo
risoluto (rē-zô-lōō′tō) resolutely
ritardando (*rit.*) (rē-tär-dän′dō) gradually slower
ritenuto (*riten*) (rē-tä-nōō′tō) gradually slower
secondo (sĕ-kōn′dō) second
sempre (sĕm′prā) always
sforzando (sfôr-tsän′dō) *sforzato* (sfôr-tsä′tō) (*sf*, *sfz*. *fz*. or >) strongly accented
smorzando (smôr-tsän′dō) dying away
solo (sō′lō) alone
sostenuto (sōs-tā-nōō′tō) sustained
staccato. (stä-kä′tō) disconnected; opposed to *legato*
tempo (tĕm′pō) time
tenuto (tā-nōō′tä) hold the full value
tranquillo (trän-kwĕl′lō) in a quiet style
troppo (trôp′pō) too much
tutti (tōōt′tē) all together
vigoroso (vē-gô-rō′sô) with energy
vivace (vē-vä′chā) brisk. Also *vivo* (vē′vō)
voce (vō′chā) voice

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